

YANKEE DOLLERIES

*THE MOST CELEBRATED WORKS OF THE BEST
AMERICAN HUMOURISTS*

ARTEMUS WARD, HIS
MAJOR JACK DOWNING

THE NASBY PAPERS
ORPHEUS C. KERR PAPERS
THE BIGLOW PAPERS

WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY
GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

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Shawnee,

ARTEMUS WARD:

HIS BOOK.

INTRODUCTION.

THE acquaintance which the British public has made with the renowned Showman, Artemus Ward (otherwise CHARLES H. BROWNE), is not of very long date; but so far it bids fair to be one of an eminently satisfactory nature. I think I may lay some little claim to having assisted in "digging out" A. W. during my stay in the United States, by adorning some of the letters which I wrote home from that country with choice *mot-craux* from the Artemisian collection. At least Mr. Browne, whom I am very happy to call my friend, was good enough to express some gratitude to me for the pains I had been at in telling newspaper-readers in England that there had started up, in a New York publication of a comic character, entitled *Vanity Fair*, one of the drollest humorists whom American literature had yet produced; and that the contributor to the journal in question (now defunct) was no other than the gentleman who, under the *nom de plume* of "Artemus Ward," had written a "Book," replete with honest, head-over-heels fun, not unrelieved by a good deal of shrewd observation and practical common-sense. I don't think A. W. has any pretensions to be a great satirist, or a great epigrammist, or a great essayist, or, indeed, a great anything; but he is assuredly one of the quaintest fellows that ever whittled a butternut-stick or compounded a cocktail. His conversation is as funny as his book - although

you are often quite as puzzled to know why either book or man make you laugh so heartily. There is nothing saturnine, there is no under-cuticle of melancholy in Artemus's humour. It is dry, quaint, and racy; but quite devoid of cynicism. His irony, or "eyerinny," is of the most good-humoured nature; and his jokes, or "goaks," are simply jocular, and not meant to be any thing more. He is, in short, and in the completest sense of the word, a Wag. About the time I landed in America, some eleven millions of people out of twenty-two—for every other American you meet knows A. W. by heart—were in convulsions of merriment at the answer he had despatched to a telegraphic message from California. Some speculators there had heard that he purposed to visit the Golden State, and to deliver a course of lectures—if that high-sounding name can be given to his ludicrous discourses—and with the commendable economy of verbiage essential in telegraphy, they sent him to New York this inquiry: "What will you take for twenty nights in San Francisco?" With great alacrity Artemus Ward telegraphed back: "Brandy-and-water." There was nothing in this "goak;" and yet every body, from Capo Cod to the Rio Grande, burst out laughing. "Say, ye severest"—in England—"what would ye have done?"

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

61 GILDED STREET, RUSSIA SQUARE,
LONDON, October 1867.

At the Door of the Tent.

Ladies and Gentlemen, the Show is about to commence. You could not well expect to go in without paying, but you may pay without going in. I can say no fairer than that.

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ARTEMUS WARD

ONE OF MR. WARD'S BUSINESS LETTERS.

To the Editor of the —

SIR—I'm movin' along—slowly along—down tords your place. I want you should rite me a letter, sayin' how is the show bizniss in your place. My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amoozin little Raskal—t'would make you larf yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal) wax figgers of G. Washington Gen. Tayler John Bunyan Capt. Kidd and Dr. Webster in the act of killin' Dr. Parkman, besides several miscel-lanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers, &c., ekalled by few & exceld by none. Now Mr. Editor, scratch orf a few lines sayin' how is the show bizniss down to your place. I shall hav my hanbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my hanbills up in flamin' stile. Also git up a tre-menjus excitement in yr. paper 'bowt my onparaeld Show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must work on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em strong. If its a temprance community tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born, but on the contery ef your peple take their tods, say Mister Ward is as Jenuial a feller as we ever met, full of conviviality, & the life an sole of the Soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anythin' abowt my show say my snaiks is as ha' mliiss as the new born Babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewological animil like a snaik under perfect subjecshun! My kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am nuxyus to skewer your in-floounce. I repect in regard to them hanbills that I shall git 'em

struck orf up to your printin office. My perlitercal sentiments agree with yourn exackly. I know thay do, becauwz I never saw a man whoos didn't.

Respectively yures,

A. WARD.

P.S.—You scratch my back & Ie scratch your back.

THE SHAKERS.

THE Shakers is the strangest religious sex I ever met. I'd hearn tell of 'em and I'd seen 'em, with their broad brim'd hats and long wastid coats; but I'd never cum into immejit contact with 'em and I'd sot 'em down as lackin intelleck, as I'd never seen 'em to my Show—leastways, if they cum they was disguised in white peple's close, so I didn't know 'em.

But in the Spring of 18—, I got swampt in the exterior of New York State, one dark and stormy night, when the winds Blue pity-usly, and I was forced to tie up with the Shakers.

I was toilin threw the mud, when in the dim vister of the futer I obsarved the gleams of a taller candle. Ticin a hornet's nest to my off hoss's tail to kinder encourage him, I soon reached the place. I knockt at the door, which it was opened unto me by a tall, slick-faced, solum lookin indiv dooal, who turn'd out to be a Elder.

"Mr. Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another Shaker bein sent to put my bosses and waggin under kiver.

A solum female, lookin sumwhat like a last ye r's bean-pole stuck into a long meal bag, cum in and axed me was I athurst and did I hunger? to which I urbanely anserd "a few." She went orf and I endeverd to open a conversashun with the old man.

"Eld r, I spect?" sed I.

"Yay," he sed.

"Helth's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understans his bizness—or do you devote your sarvices gratooitus?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir."

"Yay."

"If the storm continners there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"It's onpleasant when there's a mess underfoot?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of weskit you wear, incloodin trimmings?"

"Yay!"

I pawsd a minit, and then, thi·kin I'd be fashesus with him and see how that would go, I slapt h'm on the shoulder, bust into a harty larf, and told him that as a *yager* he had no livin ekal.

He jumpt up as if Bilin water had bin squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin and sed: "You're a man of sin!" He then walkt out of the room.

Jest then the female in the meal bag stuck her hed into the room and statid that refreshments awaited the weary travler, and I sed if it was vittles she ment the weary travler was agreeable, and I follered her into the next room.

I sot down to the table and the female in the meal bag pored out sum tea. She sed nothin, and for five minutes the only live thing in that room was a old wooden clock, which tickt in a subdood and bashful manner in the corner. This dethly stillness made me oneasy, and I determined to talk to the female or bust. So sez I, "marrige is agin your rules, I bleeve, marm?"

"Yay."

"The sexes liv strickly apart, I spert?"

"Yay."

"It's kinder singler," sez I, puttin on my most sweetest look and speakin in a winnin voice, "that so fair a made as thou never got hitched to some likely feller." [N. B.—She was upards of 40 and homely as a stump fence, but I thawt I'd tickil her.]

"I don't like men!" she sed, very short.

"Wall, I dunno," sez I, "they're a rayther important part of the populashun. I don't scarcely see how we could git along without 'em."

"Us poor wimin folks would git along a grate deal better if there was no men!"

"You'll excoos me, marm, but I dont think that air would wor. It wouldn't be regler."

"I'm fraid of men!" she sed.

"That's onnecessary, marm. You ain't in no danger. Don't fret yourself on that pint."

"Here we're shot out from the sinful world. Here all is peace. Here we air brothers and sisters. We don't marry and consekently we hav no domestic difficulties. Husbans don't abooze their wives—wives don't worrit their husbands. There's no children here to worrit us. Nothin to worrit us here. No wicked matrimony here. Would thow like to be a Shaker?"

"No," sez I, "it ain't my stilo."

I had now histed in as big a load of parvishuns as I could carry comfortable, and, leanin back in my cheer, commenst pickin my teeth with a fork. The female went out, leavin me all alone with the clock. I hadn't sot thar long before the Elder poked his hed in at the door. "You're a man of sin!" he sed, and groaned and went away.

Directly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin gals as I ever met. It is troo they was dressed in meal bags like the old one I'd met previsy, and their shiny, silky har was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I spose female Josts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diminds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin enuff to make a man throw stuns at his granmother, if they axed him to. They commenst clearing away the dishes, castin sly glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, and sez I, "my pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solunly sed.

"Whar's the old man?" sed I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thow speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean the gay and festiv cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's have sum fun. Let's play puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they axed.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yit, but if they was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I'm a Shaker pro-temporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they was a leetle skeery. I twat 'em Puss in the corner and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I, "my pretty dears, ear I go you hav no objections, hav you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," they sed, and I yay'd.

I went up stairs to bed. I spose I'd been snoozin half a hour when I was woke up by a noise at the door. I sot up in bed, leanin on my elbers and rubbin my eyes, and I saw the follerin pictor : The Elder stood in the doorway, with a taller candle in his hand. He hadn't no wearin appearel on except his night close, which fluttered in the breezo like a Sescshun flag. He sed, "You're a man of sin !" then groaned and went away.

I went to sleep agin, and drempt of running orf with the pretty little Shakeresses, mounted on my Californy Bar. I thawt the Bar insisted on steerin strate for my dooryard in Baldinsville and that Betsy Jane cum out and giv us a warm recepshun with a panfull of Bilin water. I was woke up arly by the Elder. He sed refreshments was redly for me down stairs. Then sayin I was a man of sin, he went groanin away.

As I was goin threw the entry to the room where the vittles was, I cum across the Elder and the old female I'd met the night before, and what d'ye spose they was up to? Huggin and kissin like young lovers in their gushiugist state. Sez I, "my Shaker friends, I reckon you'd better suspend the rules, and git marrid !"

"You must excoos Brother Uriah," sed the female ; "he's subjeck to fits and hain't got no command over hisself when he's into 'em."

"Sartinly," sez I, "I've bin took that way myself frequent."

"You're a man of sin !" sed the Elder.

Arter breakfust my little Shaker frends cum in agin to clear away the dishes.

"My pretty dears," sez I, "shall we *gay* agin ?"

"Nay," they sed, and I *nay'd*.

The Shakers axed me to go to their meetin, as they was to hav sarvices that mornin, so I put on a clean biled rag and went. The meetin house was as neat as a pin. The floor was white as chalk and smooth as glass. The Shakers was all on hand, in clean weakits and meal bags, ranged on the floor like milingtery companies, the mails on one side of the room and the females on tother. They commenst clappin their hands and singin and dancin. They danced kinder slow at fust, but as they got warmed up they shaved it down very brisk, I tell you. Elder Uriah, in particler, exhiberted a right smart chance of spryness in his legs, considerin his time of life, and as he cum a double shuffle near where I sot, I rewarded him with a approvyn smile and said : "Hunky boy ! Go it, my gay and festivy cum !"

"You're a man of sin!" he said, continnerin his shuffle.

The Sperret, as they called it, then moved a short fat Shaker to say a few remarks. He sed they was Shakers and all was ekal. They was the purest and seleckest peple on the yearth. Other peple was sinful as they could be, but Shakers was all right. Shakers was all goin kerslap to the Promist Land, and nobody want goin to stand at the gate to bar 'em out, if they did they'd git run over.

The Shakers then danced and sung agin, and arter they was throw, one of 'em axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "What does it siggerfy?"

"What?" sez he.

"Why this jumpin up and singin? This long weskit bizniss, and this anty-matrimony icide? My frends, you air neat and tidy. Your lands is flowin with milk and honey. Your brooms is fine, and your apple sass is honest. When a man buys a kag of apple sass of you he don't find a grate many shavins under a few layers of sass—a little Game I'm sorry to say sum of my New Englan ancesters used to practiss. Your garding seeds is fine, and if I should sow 'em on the rock of Gibraltar probly I should raise a good mess of garding sass. You air honest in your dealins. You air quiet and don't distarb nobody. For all this I givs you credit. But your religion is small pertaters, I must say. You mope away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by yourselves nothing ever conflicts with your pecooler idees, except when Human Nater busts out among you, as I understan she sumtimes do. [I giv Uriah a sly wink here, which made the old feller squirm like a speared Eel.] You wear long weskits and long faces, and lead a gloomy life indeed. No children's prattle is ever hearn around your harthstuns—you air in a dreary fog all the time, and you treat the jolly sunshine of life as tho' it was a thief, drivin it from your doors by them weskits, and meal bags, and pecooler noshuns of yourn. The gals among you, sum of which air as slick pieces of caliker as I ever sot eyes ou, air syin to place their heds agin weskits which kiver honest, manly harts, while you old heds fool yerselves with the idee that they air fulfillin their mishun here, and air contented. Here you air, all pend up by yorselves, talkin about the sins of a world you don't know nothin of. Meanwhile said world continners to resolve round on her own axeltree onct in every 24 hours, subjeck to the Constitution of the United States, and is a very pleasant place of residence. It's a unnatral,

onreasonable and dismal life you're leadin here. So it strikes me. My Shaker friends, I now bid you a welcome adoo. You hav treated me exceedin well. Thank you kindly, one and all.

"A base exhibiter of depraved monkeys and onprincipled wax works!" sed Uriah.

"Hello, Uriah," sez I, "I'd most forgot you. Wall, look out for them fits of yourn, and don't catch cold and die in the flour of your youth and beauty."

And I resoomed my jerney.

HIGH-HANDED OUTRAGE AT UTICA.

In the Faul of 1856, I showed my show in Utiiky, a trooly grate sitty in the State of New York.

The people gave me a cordyal recepshun. The press was loud in her prases.

1 day as I was givin a descripshun of my Beests and Snaiks in my usual flowry stile what was my skorn & disgust to see a big burly feller walk up to the cage containin my wax figgers of the Lord's Last Supper, and cease Judas Iscarrot by the feet and drag him out on the ground. He then commenced for to pound him as hard as he cood.

"What under the son are you abowt?" cried I.

Sez he, "What did you bring this pussylanormus cuss here fur?" & he hit the wax figger another tremenjis blow on the hed.

Sez I, "You egrejus ass, that air's a wax figger—a representa-shun of the false 'Postle."

Sez he, "That's all very well fur you to say, but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscarrot can't show hisself in Utiiky with impu-nerty by a darn site!" with which observashun he kaved in Judassis hed. The young man belonged to 1 of the first famerlies in Utiiky. I sood him, and the Joory brawt in a verdick of Arson in the 3d degree. .

CELEBRATION AT BALDINSVILLE IN HONOUR OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

BALDINSVILLE, Injianny, Sep the onct, 18&58.— I was summund home from Cinsinnaty quite suddin by a lettur from the Supervizers of Baldinsville, sayin as how grate things was on the Tappis in that air town in refferunse to sellebratin the compleshun of the Sub-Mershine Tellergraph & axkin mo to be Pressunt. Lockin up my Kangeroo and wax wurks in a sekure stile I took my departer for Baldinsville— “my own, my nativ lan,” which I gut intwo at early kandle liti. on the follerin night & just as the sellerbrashun and illumernashun ware commensin.

Baldinsville was trooly in a blaze of glory. Near can I forgit the surbline speekticul which met my gase as I alited from the Staige with my umbreller and verlise. The Tarnern was lit up with taller kandles all over & a grate bon fire was burnin in frunt thareof. A Transpirancy was tied onto the sine post with the follerin wurd— “Giv us Liberty or Deth.” Old Tompkinsis grocery was illumcrnated with 5 tin lantuns and the follerin Transpirancy was in the winder— “The Sub-Mershine Tellergraph & the Baldinsville and Stonefield Plank Road—the 2 grate eventz of the 19th centerry— may intestines strife never nar their grandjuro.” Simkinsis shoe-shop was all ablase with kandles and lantuns. A American Eagle was painted onto a flag in a winder—also these wurd, viz— “The Constitushun must be Presarved.” The Skool house was lited up in grate stile and the winders was filld with mottoes amung which I notised the follerin— “Trooth smashed to erth shall rize agin— YOU CAN’T STOP HER.” “The Boy stood on the Burnin Deck whense awl but him had Fled.” “Prokrastinashun is the theaf of Time.” “Be virtuous & you will be Happy.” “Intemperunse has caused a heap of trubble— hun the Bole,” and the follerin sentiment written by the skool master, who graduated at Hudson Kollege. “Baldinsville sends greetin to Her Magisty the Queen, & hopes all hard feelins which has heretofore previs bin felt between the Supervizers of Baldinsville and the British Parlimunt, if such thero has been, may now be forever wiped from our Escutchuns. Baldinsville this night rejoises over the gerlorious event which segmentz 2 grate nashuns onto one anuther by means of a elektric wire under the roarin billers of the Nasty Deep. QUOSQUE TANFRUM, A BUTTER, CATERLINY, PATENT NOSTRUM!” Squire Smith’s house was lited up regardlis of expense. His little sun William

Henry stood upon the roof firin orf crackers. The old 'Squire hisself was dressed up in soljer clothes and stood on his door step, pintin his sword sollumly to a American flag which was suspendid on top of a pole in frunt of his house. Frequently he wood take orf his cocked hat & wave it round in a impressive stile. His oldest darter Mis Isabeller Smith, who has just cum home from the Perkinsville Female Instertoot, appeared at the frunt winder in the West room as the goldis of liberty, & sung "I see them on their windin way." Booteous 1, sed I to myself, you air an algil and nothin shorter. N. Boneparte Smith, the 'Squire's oldest sun, drest hisself up as Venus the God of Wars and red the Decleration of Inderpendunse from the left chambir winder. The 'Squire's wife didn't jine in the festiverities. She sed it was the tarnulcest nonsense she ever seed. Sez she to the 'Squire, "Cum into the house and go to bed you old fool, you. Tomorrer you'll be goin round half-ded with the rumertism & won't gin us a minit's peace till you get well." Sez the 'Squire, "Betsy, you little appresiate the importance of the event which I this night commemerate." Sez she, "Commemerate a cat's tail—cum into the house this instant, you pesky old critter." "Betsy," sez the 'Squire, wavin his sword, "retirc." This made her just as mad as she could stick. She retired, but cum out agin putty quick with a panful of Bilin hot water which she throwed all over the Squire, & Surs, you wood have split your sides larfin to see the old man jum up and holler and run into the house. Except this unpropishus circumstance all went as merry as a carriage bell, as Lord Byron sez. Doctor Hutchinsis offiss was likewise lited up and a Trauspirancy on which was painted the Queen in the act of drinkin sum of "Hutchinsis invigorater," was stuck into one of the winders. The Baldinsville Bugle of Liberty noospaper offiss was also illumernated, & the follerin mottoes stuck out—"The Press is the Arkermejian leaver which moves the world." "Vote Early." "Buckle on your Armer." "Now is the time to Subscribe." "Franklin, Morse & Field." "Termis \$1.50 a-year—liberal reducshuns to clubs." In short the villige of Baldinsville was in a perfect fewroar. I never seed so many peple thar befour in my born days. He not attemp to describe the seens of that grato night. Wards wood fale me ef I shoood try to do it. I shall stop here a few periods and enjoy my "Oatem cum dig the tates," as our skool master obsarves, in the buzzum of my famerly, & shall then resume the show bisnis, which Ive bin into twenty two (22) yores and nix (6) months.

ARTEMUS WARD.

AMONG THE SPIRITS.

My naburs is mourn harf crazy on the new fangled idear about sperrets. Sperretooul Sircles is held nitely & 4 or 5 long hared fellers has settled here and gone into the sperret biznis excloosively. A atemt was made to git Mrs. A. Ward to embark into the Sperret biznis but the atemt faled. 1 of the long hared fellers told her sho was a ethereal creeter & wood make a sweet mejim, wharcupon she attact him with a mop handle & drove him out of the house. I will hear observe that Mrs. Ward is a invalerble womun—the partner of my goys & the shaker of my sorrers. In my absunce sho watchis my interests & things with a Eagle Eye & when I return sho welcums me in affectionate stile. Trooly it is with us as it was with Mr. & Mrs. INCOMER in the Play, to whit—

2 soles with but a single thart
2 harts which beet as 1.

My naburs injooced me to attend a Sperretooul Sircle at Squire Smith's. When I arrove I found the east room chock full includin all the old mards in the villige & the long hared fellers atsed. When I went in I was salootid with "hear cums the benited man"—"hear cums the hory-headed unbelcever"—"hear cums the skoffer at trooth," etsettery, etsettery.

Sez I, "my frens, it's troo I'm hear, & now bring on your Sperrets."

1 of the long hared fellers riz up and sed he would stato a few remarks. He sed man was a critter of intelleck & was movin on to a Gole. Sum men had bigger intellocks than other men had and thay wood git to the Gole the soonerest. Sum men was beests & wood never git into the Gole at all. He sed the Erth was materiel but man was immaterial, and hens man was different from the Erth. The Erth, continnered the speaker, resolves round on its own axel'tree onct in 24 hours, but as man haint gut no axeltree he cant resolve. He sed the ethereal essnue of the koordinate branchis of superhuman natur becum mettymorfussed as man progest in harmonial coexistunce & eventodally unty humanized theirselves & turned into reglar sperretuellers. [This was versifferusly applauded by the cumpany, and as I make it a pint to get along as pleasant as possible, I sung out "bully for you, old boy."]

The cumpany then drew round the table and the Sircle kommenst to go it. Thay axed me if thare was anbody in the Sperret

land which I wood like to converse with. I sed if Bill Tompkins, who was onct my partner in the show biznis, was sober, I should like to converse with him a few periods.

"Is the Sperret of William Tompkins present?" sed I of the long hared chaps, and there was three knox on the table.

Sez I, "William, how goze it, Old Sweetness?"

"Pretty ruff, old hoss," he replide.

"That was a pleasant way we had of addressin each other when he was in the flesh.

"Air you in the show bizniz, William," sed I.

He sed he was. He sed he & John Bunyan was travelin with a side show in connection with Shakspeare, Jonson & Co's Circus. He sed old Bun (meaning Mr. Bunyan,) stired up the animals & ground the organ while he tended door. Occashunally Mr. Bunyan sung a comic song. The Circus was doin middlin well. Bill Shakspeer had made a grate hit with old Bob Ridley, and Ben Jonson was delitin the people with his trooly grate ax of bossmanship without saddul orbridal. They was rehersin Dixey's Land & expected it would knock the peple.

Sez I, "William, my luvly friend, can you pay me that 13 dollars you owe me?" He sed no with one of the most tremenjis knox I ever experiensel.

The Sircle sed he had gone. "Air you gone, William?" I axed. "Rayther," he replide, and I knowd it was no use to pursoo the subjeck furdur.

I then called fur my farther.

"How's things, daddy?"

"Middlin, my son, middlin."

"Ain't you proud of your orfurn boy?"

"Scacely."

"Why not, my parient?"

"Becawz you hav gone to writin for the noospapers, my son, Bimeby you'll lose all your character for trooth and verrasserty. When I helpt you into the show biznis I told you to dignerfy that there profeshun. Litteratoor is low."

He also statid that he was doin middlin well in the peanut biznis & liked it putty well, tho' the climit was rather warm.

When the Sircle stopt thay axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "my friends I've bin into the show biznis now goin on 23 years. Theres a artikil in the Constitooshun of the United States which sez in effeck that everybody may think just as he darn pleases,

& them is my sentiments to a hare. You dowlis beleve this Sperret doctrin while I think it is a little mixt. Just so soon as a man becoms a reglar out & out Sperret rapper he leeves orf workin, lets his hare grow all over his face & commensis spungin his livin out of other peple. He eats all the dickshunaries he can find & goze round chock full of big words, scarein the wimmin folks & little children & destroyin the peace of mind of evry famerice he enters. He don't do nobody no good & is a cuss to society & a pirit on honest peple's corn beef barrils. Admittin all you say abowt the doctrin to be troo, I must say the reglar perfessional Sperret rappers—they as makes a biznis on it air—abowt the most ornery set of cusses I ever encountered, in my life. So sayin I put on my surtoot and went home.

Respectably Yures,

ARTEMUS WARD.

ON THE WING.

Gents of the Editorial Corps;—

SINCE I last rit you I've mot with immense success a showin my show in varis places, partiely at Detroit. I put up at Mr. Russel's tavern, a very good tavern too, but I am sorry to inform you that the clerks tried to cum a Gouge Game on me. I brandished my new sixteen dollar huntin-cased watch round considerable, & as I was drest in my store clothes & had a lot of sweet-scented wagon-grease on my hair, I am free to confess that I thought I lookt putty gay. It never once struck me that I lookt green. But up steps a clerk & axes me hadn't I better put my watch in the Safe. "Sir," sez I, "that watch cost sixteen dollars! Yes Sir, every dollar of it! You can't cum it over me my boy! Not at all, Sir." I know'd what the clerk wanted. He wanted that watch himself. He wanted to make believe as tho he lockt it up in the safe, then he would set the house a fire and pretend as tho the watch was destroyed with the other property! But he caught a Tomarter when he got hold of me. From Detroit I go Wes'urd hoe. On the cars was a he-lookin female, with a green-cotton umbreller in one hand and a handful of Reform tracks the other. She sed every woman should have a Spear. Them as didn't demand their Spears, didn't know what was good for them. "What is my Spear?" she axed, addressin the people in the cars. "Is it to stay at home & darn stockings & be the

ser-lave of a domineerin man? Or is it my Spear to vote & speak & shew myself the ekal of man? Is there a sister in these keers that has her proper Spear?" Sayin which the eccentric female whirled her umbreller round several times, & finally jabbed me in the weskit with it.

"I hav no objecshuns to your goin into the Spear bizness," sez I, "but you'll please remember I ain't a pickeril. Don't Spear me agin, if you please." She sot down.

At Ann Arbor, boin seized with a sudden faintness, I called for a drop of suthin to drink. As I was stirrin the beverage up, a pale-faced man in gold spectacles laid his hand upon my shoulder, & sed, "Look not upon the wine when it is red!"

Sez I, "this ain't wine. This is Old Rye."

"*It stingeth like a Adder and biteth like a Serpent.*" sed the man.

"I guess not," sed I, "when you put sugar into it. That's the way I ailers take mine."

"Have you sons grown up, Sir?" the man axed.

"Wall," I replide, as I put myself outside my beverage, "my son Artemus junior is goin on 18."

"Ain't you afraid if you set this example b4 him he'll cum to a bad end?"

"He's cum to a waxed end already. He's learnin the shoo makin bizness," I replide. "I guess we can both on us git along without your assistance, Sir," I observed, as he was about to open his mouth agin.

"This is a cold world!" sed the man.

"That's so. But you'll get into a warmer one by and by if you don't mind your own bizness better." I was a little riled at the feller, because I never take anythin only when I'm onwell. I arterwards learned he was a temperance lecturer. and if he can injuce men to stop settin their inards on fire with the frightful lickier which is retailed round the country, I shall hartily rejoice. Better give men Prusick Assid to onct, than to pizen 'em to deth by degrees.

At Albion I met with overwhelmin success. The celebrated Albion Female Semenary is located here, & their air over 300 young ladies in the Institushun, pretty enough to eat without seasonin or sass. The young ladies was very kind to me, volunteerin to pin my handbills onto the backs of their dresses. It was a surblime site to see over 300 young ladies goin round with a advertisement of A. Ward's onparaled show, conspicusly posted onto their dresses.

They've got a Panick up this way and refooze to take Western

ARTEMUS WARD.

money. It never was worth much, and when western men, who know what it is, refooze to take their own money it is about time other folks stopt handlin it. Banks are bustin every day, goin up higher nor any balloon of which we hav any record. These western bankers air a sweet & luvly set of men. I wish I owned as good a house as some of 'em would break into!

Virtoo is its own reward.

A. WARD.

THE OCTOROON.

It is with no ordernary feelins of Shagrin & indignashun that I rite you these here lines. Sum of the hiest and most purest feelins whitch actooate the humin hart has bin trumpt onto. The Amerycan flag has bin outrajed. I've bin nussin a Adder in my Boozum. The fax in the kase is these here :

A few weeks ago I left Baldinsville to go to N. Y. fur to git out my flamin yeller hanbills fur the Summer kampane, & as I was pe-roosin a noospaper on the kars a middel aged man in speckterkuls kum & sot down beside onto me. He was drest in black close & was appecrently as fine a man as ever was.

"A fine day, Sir," he did unto me serateway say.

"Middlin," sez I, not wishin to kommit myself tho he peered to be as fine a man as there was in the world—"It is a middlin fine day Square," I obsarved.

Sez he, "How fares the Ship of State in yurc regine of country?"

Sez I, "We don't hav no ships in our State—the kanawl is our best holt."

He pawsed a minit and ther sed, "Air yu aware, Sir, that the krisis is with us?"

"No" sez I, getting up and lookin under the seet, "whare is she?"

"It's hear—it's evorywhares," he sed.

Sez I, "Why how you tawk!" and I gut up agin & lookt all round. "I must say my fren," I continnered, as I resoomed my seet, "that I kan't see nothin of no krisis myself." I felt sumwhat alarmed, & arose & in a stentowrian voice obsarved that if any lady or gentleman in that there kar had a krisis consealed abowt their persons they'd better projuce it to onct or suffer the konsequences.

Several individooouls snickered rite out, while a putty little damself rite behind me in a pine gown made the observashun, "He, he."

"Sit down, my fren," sed the man in black close, "yu iniskomprehend me. I meen that the perlittercal ellermunts are oreicast with black klouds, 4boden a friteful storm."

"Wall," replide I, "in regard to perlittercal ellerfunts I don't know as how but what they is as good as enny other kind of ellerfunts. But I maik bold to say thay is all a ornery set & unpleasant to hav round. They air powerful hevvy eaters & take up a right smart chans of room, & besides thay air as ugly and revenjeful as a Cusscaroarur Injun, with 13 inches of corn whisky in his stummick." The man in black close seemed to be as fine a man as ever was in the world. He smilt & sed praps I was rite, tho it was ellermunts instid of ellerfunts that he was alludin to, & axed me what was my prinserpuls?

"I haint ght enny," sed I—"not a prinserpul. Ime in the show biznis." The man in black close, I will hear obsarye, seemed to be as fine a man as ever was in the world.

"But," sez he, "you hav feelins into you? You cimpathize with the misfortunit, the loly & the hart-sick, don't you?" He bust into tears and axed me of I saw that yung lady in the seet out yender, pintin to as slick a lookin gal as I ever seed.

Sed I, "2 be shure I see her—is she mutch sick?" The man in black close was appeerently as fine a man as ever was in the world ennywhares.

"Draw closter to me," sed the man in black close. "Let me git my mowth fernenst yure ear. Hush—SHESE A OCTOROON!"

"No!" sez I, gittin up in a exsited manner, "yu don't say so! How long has she bin in that way?"

"Frum her arliest infuncy," sed he.

"Wall, whot upon arth duz she doo it for?" I inquired.

"She can't help it," sed the man in black close. "It's the brand of Kane."

"Wall, she'd better stop drinkin Kane's brandy," I replide.

"I sed the brand of Kane was upon her—not brandy, my fren. Yure very obtoose."

I was konsiderbul riled at this. Sez I, "My gentle Sir Ime a nonresistanter as a ginral thing, & don't want to git up no rows with nobuddy, but I kin nevertholes kave in enny man's hed that cails me a obtoos," with whitich remarks I kommenst fur to pull orf my extry garmint. "Cum on," sez I—"Time! hear's the Benki Boy

fur ye!" & I darned round like a poppit. He riz up in his seet & axed my pardin—sed it was all a mistake—that I was a good man, etsottery, & sow 4th, & we fixt it all up pleasant. I must say, the man in black close seemed to be as fine a man as ever lived in the world. He sed a Octoroon was the 8th of a negrow. He likewise statid that the female he was travelin with was formurly a slave in Mississippi; that she'd purchist her freedim & now wantid to pyr-chiss the freedim of her poor old muther, who (the man in black close obsarved) was between 87 years of age & had to do all the cookin & washin for 25 hired men, whitch it was rapidly breakin down her konstitushun. He sed he knowed the minit he gazed onto my klassic & beneverlunt fase that I'd donate librully & axed me to go over & see her, which I accordinly did. I sot down beside her and sed "yure Sarvant, Marm! How do yer git along?"

She bust in 2 tears & said, "O Sur, I'm so retchid—I'm a poor unfortunit Octoroon."

"So I larn. Yure rather more Roon than Octo, I take it," sed I, fur I never seed a puttier gal in the hull endoorin time of my life. She had on a More Antic Barsk & a Poplin Nubier with Be-rage trimmins onto it, while her Iso & kurls was enuff to make a man jump into a mill pond without bidding his relashuns good by. I pittid the Octoroon from the inmost recusses of my hart & hawled out 50 dollers ker slap, & told her to buy her old muther as soon as posserbul. Sez she "kind sir mutch" thanks." She then lade her hed over onto my showlder & said I was "old rats." I was astonished to heer this obsarvation, which I knowd was never used in refined society & I perlutely but emfattercly shovd her head away.

Sez I "Marm, I'm trooly sirprized."

Sez she, "git out. Yure the nicist old man I've seen yit. Give us another 50!" Had a select : sortment of the most tremenjious thunderbolts descended down onto me I couldn't hav bin more takin aback. I jumpt up, but she ceased my coat tales & in a wild voise cride, "No, He never desart you—let us fli together to a furrin shoor!"

Sez I, "not much we went," and I made a powerful effort to get awa from her. "This is plade out," I sed, whereupon she jerkt me back into the seet. "Leggo my coat you scandaluss female," I roared, when she set up the most unarthly yellin and hollerin you ever heerd. The passengers and the gentlemunly konduktor rusht to the spot, & I don't think I ever experiuensed sich a rumpus in the

hull coarse of my natral days. The man in black close rusht up to me and sed "How dair yu insult my neece, you horey heded vagabone. You base exhibbiter of low wax figures—yu woolf in sheep's close," & sow 4th.

I was konfoozed, I was a loönytic fur the time bein, and offered \$5 reward to enny gentleman of good morrul carracter who wood tell me whot my name was & what town I livd into. The konductor kum to me & sed the insultid parties would settle for \$50, which I immejitly hawled out, & agane implored sumbuddy to state whare I was prinsipully, & if I shoöd be thare a grate while myself ef things went on as they'd bin goin fur sum time back. I then axed if there was enny more Octoroons present, "becawz," sez I, "ef there is, let um cum along, fur Ime in the Octoroon bizpiss." I then throw my specterculs out of the winder, smasht my hat wildly down over my Ise, larfed highsterically & fell under a seet. I lay there sum time & foll asleep. I dreamt Mrs. Ward & the twins had been carrid orf by Ryenosserhosses & that Baldinsville had been captered by a army of Octoroons. When I woked the lamps was a burnin dimly. Sum of the passinjers was a snorein like pawpusses & the little damsell in the pine gown was a singin "Oft in the Silly nite." The onprinsipuld Octoroon & the miserbul man in black, close was gone, & all of a suddent it flasht ore my brane that I'de bin swindild.

EXPERIENCE AS AN EDITOR.

In the Ortum of 18—my frend, the editor of the Baldinsville Bugle, was obleged to leave perfeshernal dooties & go & dig his taters, & he axed me to edit for him doorin his absence. Accordinly I ground up his Shears and commenced. It didn't take me a grate while to slash out copy enuff from the xchanges for one issou, and I thawt I'd ride up to the next town on a little Jaunt, to rest my Branes which had bin severely rackt by my mental efforts. (This is sorter Ironical.) So I went over to the Rale Rood offiss and axed the Sooprintendent for a pars.

"You a editor?" he axed, evijently on the point of snickerin.

"Yes Sir," sez I, "don't I look poor enuff?"

"Just about," sed he, "but our Road can't pars you."

"Can't. hay?"

"No Sir--it can't."

"B'cauz," sez I, lookin him full in the face with a Eagle eye, "*it goes so darned slow it can't pars anybody!*" Methinks I nqd him thar. It's the slowest Hale Road in the West. With a mortified air, he told me to get out of his offfice. I pittid him and went.

OBERLIN.

ABOUT two years ago I arrove in Oberlin, Ohio. Oberlin is whare the celebrated college is. In fack, Oberlin is the college, everything else in that air vicinity resolvint around exclsosivly for the benefit of that institution. It is a very good college, too, & a grate many wurthy yung men go there annocally to git intelleck into 'em. But its my onbiassed 'pin'on that they go it rather too strong on Ethiopians at Oberlin. But that's nun of my bizniss. I'm into the Show bizniss. Yit as a faithful historan I must men-shun the fack that on rainy dase white peple can't find their way threw the streets without the gas is lit, there bein such a numerosity of cullerd pussons in the town.

As I was sayin, I arroved at Oberlin, and called on Perfesser Peck for the purpuss of skowerin Kolonial Hall to exhibit my wax works and beests of Pray into. Kolonial Hall is in the college and is used by the stujents to speak peaccs and read essays into.

Sez Perfesser Peck, "Mister Ward, I don't know 'bout this bizniss. What are your sentiments?"

Sez I, "I hain't got any."

"Good God!" cried the Perfesser; "did I understan you to say, you hav no sentiments?"

"Nary a sentiment!" sez I.

"Mister Ward, don't your blud bile at the thawt that three million and a half of your culled brethren air a clankin their chains in the South?"

Sez I, "Not a bile! Let 'em clank!"

He was about to continner his flowry speech when I put a stopper on him. Sez I, "Perfesser Peck, A. Ward is my name & Ameriky it my nashun; I'm allers the same, tho' humb e is my station, and I've bin in the show bizniss goin on 22 years. The pint is, can I have your Hall by payin a fair price? You air full of sentiments.

That's your lay, while I'm a exhibitor of startlin curiosities. What d'ye say?"

"Mister Ward, you air endowed with a hily practical mind, and while I deeply regret that you air devoid of sentiments, I'll let you hav the hall provided your exhibition is of a moral & elevatin natur."

Sez I, "Tain't nothin shorter."

So I opened in Kolonial Hall, which was crowded every nite with stujents, &c. Perfesser Finny gazed for hours at my Kangaroo, but when that sagashus but onprincipled little cuss set up one of his onarthly yellins and I proceeded to hosswhip him, the Perfesser objected. "Suffer not your angry pashuns to rise up at the poor annimil's little excentrissities," said the Perfesser.

"Do you call such conduct as *those* a little excentrissity?" I axed.

"I do," sed he, sayin which he walked up to the cage and sez he, "let's try moral swashun upon the poor creeter." So he put his hand upon the Kangaroo's hed and sed, "poor little feller—poor little feller—your master is very crooil, isn't he, my untootered frend," when the Kangaroo, with a terrific fell, grabd the Perfesser by the hand and cum very near chawin it orf. It was amoozin to see the Perfesser jump up and scream with pane. Sez I, "that's one of the poor little feller's excentrissities!"

Sez he, "Mister Ward, that's a dangerous quadruped. He's totally depraved. I will retire and do my lasserated hand up in a rag, and meanwhile I request you to meat out summery and severe punishment to the vishus beesz." I hosswhipt the little cuss for upwards 15 minutes. Guess I licked sum of his excentrissity out of him.

Oberlin is a grato place. The College opens with a prayer and then the New York Tribune is read. A kolleckshun is then taken up to buy overkoats with red horn buttons onto them for the indignant cullered people of Kanady. I have to contribit librally two the glowrius work, as they kawl it hear. I'm kompelled by the Fackulty to reserve front seats in my show for the cullered peple. At the Boardin House the cullered peple sit at the first table. What they leeve is maid into hash for the white peple. As I don't like the idee of eatin my vittles with Ethiopians, I sit at the seekind table, and the kousequence is I've devowered so much hash that my inards is in a hily mixt up cendishun. Fish bones hav maid their appearance all over my boddy and pertater peclius air a springin

up through my hair. Howsever I don't mind it. I'm gittin along in a pecunery pint of view. The College has konfired upon me the honery title of T. K., of which I'm suffishuntly proud.

THE SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP.

THERE was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squench't their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forrers; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept reglarly every Sunday in the same meetin house, and the nabers used to obsarve, "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a surblime site, in the Spring of th' year, to see our sevral mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowes pin'd up so thay couldn't sile 'em, affecshuntly Bilin sope together & and aboozin the nabers.

Altho I hankerd intensely arter the object of my affecshuns, I darsunt tell her of the fires which was rajin in my manly Buzzom. I'd try to do it but my tung would kerwollup up agin the roof of my mowth & stick thar, like deth to a deseast Afrikan or a country postmaster to his offiss, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like a old fashioned wheat Flale agin a barn door.

T'was a calm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht and nary zeffor disturbed the screen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her farther's pastur. We'd bin rompin threw the woods, kullin flours & drivin the woodchuck from his Native Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall we sot thar on the fense, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool house when it was fust painted, and I skin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockopied in ballunsin myself on the fense, while my rite was woundid luviny round her waste.

I cleared my throat and tremblinly sed, "Betsy your'e a Gazelle."

I thought that air was putty fine. I waitid to see what effect it would hav upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed,

"You're a sheep!"

Sez I, "Betsy, I think very muchly of you."

"I don't b'leeve a word you say—so there now cum!" with which obsarrashun she hitched away from me.

"I wish thar was winders to my Solo," said I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here," said I, strikin my buzzum with my fist, "to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans!"

She bowd her hed down and commenst chawin the strings to her sun bonnet.

"Ar could you know the sleepis nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractiv to me & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gase on this wastin form and these 'ere sunken cheeks—"

I should have continnred on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortnity I lost my ballunse and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearin my close and severly damagin myself ginerally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawin herself up to her full hite she sed:

"I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'M IN!"

I considered that air enuff for all practical purpusses, and we proceeded immejitly to the parson's, and was made 1 that very nite.

(Notiss to the Printer: Put some stars here.)

I've parst threw many tryin ordeels sins then, but Betsy Jane has bin troo as steel. By attendin strickly to bizniss I've amarsed a handsom Pittance. No man on this foot-stool can rise & git up & say I ever knowinly injered no man or wimmin folks, while all agree that my Show is ekalled by few and exceld by none, embracin as it does a wonderful colleckshun of livin wild Beests of Pray, snaix in grate profushun, a endliss variety of life-size wax-figgers, & the only traned kangaroo in Ameriky—the most amoozin little cuss ever introjuced to a discriminatin public.

THE CRISIS.

[This Oration was delivered before the commencement of the war.]

ON returnin to my humsted in Baldinsville, Injianny, resuntly, my feller sitterzens extended a invite for me to norate to 'em on the Krysis. I excepted & on larst Toosday nite I peared be4 a C of upturned faces in the Red Skool House. I spoke nearly as follers:

Baldinsvillins: Herto4, as I hav numerously obsarved, I have abstrained from havin any sentimunts or principles, my pollerties, like my religion, bein of a exceedin accommodatin character. But the fack can't be no longer disguised that a Krysis is onto us, & I feel it's my dooty to accept your invite for one consecutive nitè only. I spose the inflammertory individooals who assisted in projucing this Krysis know what good she will do, but I ain't 'shamed to state that I don't, scaccly. But tho Krysis is hear. She's bin hear for sevrul weeks, & Goodness nose how long she'll stay. But I venter to assert that she's rippin things. She's knockt trade into a cockt up hat and chaned Bizness of all kinds tighter nor I ever chaned any of my livin wild Beests. Alow me to hear dyggress & stait that my Beests at presnt is as harmless as the new-born Babe. Ladys & gentlemen needn't hav no fears on that pint. To resnom—Altho I can't exactly see what good this Krysis can do, I can very quick say what the origornal cawz of her is. The origornal cawz is Our African Brother. I was into BARNIM's Moozeum down to New York the other day & saw that exsentric Etheopian, the What Is It. Sez I, "Mister What Is It, your folks air raisin thunder with this grate country. You're gettin to be rutler more numeris than interestin. It is a pity you coodent go orf sumwhares by yourselves, and be a nation of What Is Its, tho' if you'll excoose me, I shoooden't care about marryin among you. No dowt you're exceedin charmin to hum, but your stile of luviness isn't adapted to this cold climit." He larfed into my faco, which rather Riled me, as I had been perfectly virtuous and respectable in my observashuns. So sez I, turnin a leetle red in the face I spect, "Do you hav the unblushin impoodents to say you folks haven't raised a big mess of thunder in this brite land, Mister What Is It?" He larfed agin, wusser nor be4, whereupon I up and sez, "Go home, Sir, to Afriky's burnin shores & taik all the other What Is Its along with you. Don't think we can't spair your i :terest in picters. You What Is Its air on the pint of smashin up the gratest Guv'ment ever erected by man, & you actooally hav the owdassity to larf about it. Go home, you low cuss!"

I was workt up to a high pitch, & I proceeded to a Restorator & cooled orf with some little fix'es biled in ile—I b'leeve thay call 'em sardeens.

Feller Sitterzuns, the Afrikan may be Our Brother. Sevrul hily respectyble gentlemen, and sum talentid females tell us so, & fur argymment's sake I mite be injooced to grant it, tho' I don't beleave

it myself. But the Afrikan isn't our sister & our wife & our uncle. He isn't sevrul of our brothers & all our fust wife's relashuns. He isn't our grandfather, and our grate grandfather, and our Aunt in the country. Scacely. & yit numeris persons would hav us think so. It's troo he runs Congress & sevrul other public grosserys, but then he ain't everybody & everybody else likewisa. [Notiss to business man of VANITY FAIR: Extry charg fur this larst remark. It's 'a goak.—A. W.]

But we've got the Afrikan, or ruther he's got us, & now what air we going to do about it? He's a orful noosanso. Praps he isn't to blame fur it. Praps he was creatid fur sum wise purpus, like the measles and New Englan Rum, but it's mity hard to see it. At any rate he's no good here, & as I statid to Mister What Is It, it's a pity he cooden't go orf sumwhares quietly by hisself, where he cood wear red weskits & speckled neckties, and gratterfy his ambishun in varis interestin wase, without havin a eternal fuss kickt up about him.

Praps I'm bearin down too hard upon Cuffy Cum to think on it, I am. He wooden't be sich a infernal noosanse if white peple would let him alone. He mite indeed be interestin. And now I think of it, why can't the white peple let him alone? What's the good of continnerly stirrin him up with a ten-foot pole? He isn't the sweetest kind of Perfoomery when in a natral stait.

Feller Sitterzens, the Union's in danger. The black devil Disunion is trooly here, starin us all squarely in the faco! We must drive him back. Shall we make a 2nd Mexico of ourselves? Shall we sell our birthrite for a mess of potash? Shall one brother put the knife to the throat of another brother? Shall we mix our whisky with each others' blud? Shall the star spangled Banner be cut up into dishcloths? Standin here in this here Skoolhouse, upon my nativ shore so to speak, I anser—Y' 7!

Oh you fellers who air raisin this row, & who in the fust place startid it, I'm 'shamed of you. The showman blushes for you, from his boots to the topmost hair upon his venerable hed.

Feller Sitterzens, I am in the Shcer and Yeller leaf. I shall peg out 1 of these dase. But while I do stop here I shall stay in the Union. I know not what the supervizers of Baldinsville may conclude to do, but for one, I shall stand by the Stars and Stripes. Under no circumstances whatsomever will I sesesh. Let every Stait in the Union sesesh & let Palmetter flags flote thicker nor shirts on Square Baxter's close-line, still will I stick to the good old flag

The country may go to the devil, but I won't! And next Summer when I start out on my campane with my Show, wharever I pitch my little tent, you shall see floatin proudly from the center pole thereof the Amerikan Flag, with nary a star wiped out, nary a stripe less, but the same old flag that allers flotid thar! & the price of admishun will be the same it allers was—15 cents, children half prico.

Feller Sitterzens, I am dun. Accordingly I squatted.

WAX FIGURES VS. SHAKSPEARE.

MR. EDITOR;

ONTO THE WING — 1859.

I take my Pen in hand to inform yu that I'm in good helth and trust these few lines will find yu injoyin the same blossins. I wood also state that I'm now on the summir kampano. As the Poit sez—

ime erlote, ime erlote
On the Swift rollin tied
An the Rovir is free.

Bizness is scacely middlin, but Sirs I manige to pay for my foodo and raiment punctooally and without no grumblin. The barked arrers of slandur has been leveled at the undersined moren onet sins heze bin into the show bizness, but I make bold to say no man on this footstule kan troothfully say I ever ronged him or eny of his folks. I'm travelin with a tent, which is better nor hirin hauls. My show konsists of a serious of wax works, snakes, a paneramy called a Grand Movin Diarea of the War in the Crymear, komic songs and the Cangeroo, which larst little cuss continners to konduct hisself in the most outrajus stile. I started out with the idear of makin my show a grate Moral Entertainment, but I'm kompelod to sware so much at t^hat air infurnal Kangeroo that I'm fr^ode this desine will be frustratid to some extent. And while speakin of morrality, remines me that sum folks turn up their nosis at shows like mine, sayin they is low and not fit to be patrernized by peple of high degree. Sirs, I manetane that this is infernal nonsense. I manetane that wax figgers is more elevatin than awl the plays ever wroten. Take Shakespeer for instunse. Peple think heze grate things, but I kontend heze quite the reverse to the konrtary. What sort of sense is thare to King Leer who goze round cussin his darters, chawin hay and throia straw at

folks, and larfin like a silly old koot and makin a ass of hisself gine-rally? Thare's Mrs. Mackbeth—sheze a nise kind of woomon to have round aint she, a puttin old Mack, her husband, up to slayin Dunkau with a cheeze knife, while heze payin a frendly visit to their house. O its hily moral, I spoze, when she larfs wildly and sez, "gin me the daggers—He let his bowels out," or wurdz to that effect—I say, this is awl strickly propper I spoze? That Jack Fawlstarf is likewise a immoral old cuss, take him how ye may, and Hamlick is as crazy as a loon. Thare's Richard the Three peple think heze grate things, but I look upon him in the lite of a monkster. He kills every body he takes a noshun to in kold blud, and then goze to sleep in his tent. Bimeby he wakes up and yells for a boss so he kan go orf and kill sum more peple. If he isent a fit spocserman for the gallers then I shoold like to know whare you find um. Thare's Iargo who is more ornery nor pizun. See how shameful he treated that hily respectarble injun gentlemun, Mister Otheller, making him for to beleve his wife was two thick with Casheo. Obsarve how Iargo got Casheo drunk as a biled owl on corn whisky in order to karry out his sneekin desines. See how he wurks Mister Otheller's feelins up so that he goze and makes poor Desdemony swallow a piller which cawses her deth. But I must stop. At sum futur time I shall continner my remarks on the dramer in which I shall show the varst supeeriority of wax figgers and snakes over theater plays, in a interlectooat pint of view.

Very Respectively ymres,

A. WARD, T.K.

AMONG THE FREE LOVERS.*

SOME years ago I pitched my tent and unfurled my banner to the breeze, in Berlin Hites, Ohio. I had hearn that Berlin Hites was ockepied by a extensive seck called Free Lovers, who beleaved in affineritys and sich, goin back on their domestic ties without no

* Some queer people, calling themselves "Free Lovers," and possessing very original ideas about life and morality established themselves at Berlin Heights, in Ohio, a few years since. Public opinion was resistlessly against them, however, and the association was soon disbanded.

ARTEMUS WARD.

hesitation whatsoever. They was likewise spirit rappers and high presher reformers on ginerall principles. If I can improve these 'ere misgided people by showin them my onparalleld show at the usual low price of admitants, methunk, I shall not hav lived in vain! But bitterly did I cuss the day-I ever sot foot in the retchid place. I sot up my tent in a field near the Love Cure, as they called it, and bimeby the free lovers begun for to congregare around the door. A ornroer sot I have never sawn. The men's faces was all covered with hare and they lookt half-starved to deth. They didn't wear no weskuts for the purpuss (as they sed) of allowin the free air of hevun to blow onto their boozums. Their pockets were filled with tracks and pamplits and they was bare-footed. They sed the Postles didn't wear boots, & why should they? That was their stile of argyment. The wimin was wuss than the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds, straw hats with green ribbins, and all carried bloo cotton umbrellers.

Presently a perfeckly orful lookin female presented herself at the door. Her gownd was skanderlusly short and her trowsis was shameful to behold.

She eyed me over very sharp, and then startin back she sed, in a wild voice:

"Ah, can it be?"

"Which?" sed I.

"Yes, 'tis troo, O 'tis troo!"

"15 cents, marm," I anserd.

She bust out a cryin & sed:

"And so I hav found you at larst—at larst, O at larst!"

"Yes," I anserd, "you have found me at larst, and you would have found me at fust, if you had cum sooner."

She grabd me vilently by the coat collar, and brandishin her umbreller wildly round, exclaimed:

"Air you a man?"

Sez I, "I think I air, but if you doubt it, you can address Mrs. A. Ward, Baldinsville, Injianny, postage paid, & she will probly giv you the desired informashun."

"Then thou ist what the cold world calls marrid?"

"Madame, I istest!"

The exsentric female then clutched me frantiofly by the arm and hollerd:

"You air mine, O yon air miné!"

"Scaceely," I sed, endeaverin to git loose from her.

But she clung to me and sed:

"You air my Affinerty!"

"What upon arth is that?" I shouted.

"Dost thou not know?"

"No, I dostent!"

"Listin man, & I'll tell ye!" sed the strange female; "for years I hav yearned for thee. I knowd thou wast in the world, sum-whares, tho I didn't know whare. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He *has* cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty! O 'tis too mutch! too mutch!" and she sobbed agin.

"Yes," I anserd, "I think it is a darn sito too much!"

"Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringin her hands like a female play acter.

"Not a yearn!" I bellerd at the top of my voice, throwin her away from me.

The free lovers who was standin round obsarvin the scene comenst for to holler "shame!" "beast," etsettery, etsettery.

I was very mutch^d riled, and fortifyin myself with a spare tent stake, I addrest them as follers: "You pussylanermus critters, go way from me and take this retchid woman with you. I'm a law-abidin man, and bleeve in good, old-fashioned institutions. I am marrid & my orfsprings resemble me if I am a showman! I think your Affinity bizness is cussed noncents, besides bein outrajusly wicked. Why don't you behave desunt like other folks? Go to work and earn a honist livin and not stay round here in this lazy, shiftless way, pizenin the moral atmosphere with your pestifrous idees! You wimin folks go back to your lawful husbands if you've got any, and take orf them skanderlous gownds and trowsis, and dress respectful like other wimin. You men folks, cut orf them pirattercal whiskers, burn up them infurnel pamplits, put sum wes-kuts on, go to work choppin wood, splittin fence rales, or tillin the sile." I pored 4th my indignashun in this way till I got out of breth, when I stopt. I shant go to Berlin Hites agin, not if I live to be as old as Methooseler.

SCANDALOUS DOINGS AT PITTS BURGH.

HEAR in the Buzzum of my famerly I am enjoyin myself, at peas with awl mankind and the wimmin folks likewise. I go down to the village ockashunly and take a little old Rye fur the stummuck's sake, but I avoyd spiritus lickens as a ginral thing. No man evir seen me intossikated but onet, and that air happiad in Pittsburg. A parcel of ornery cusses in that luvly sity bustid inter the hawl durin the nite and aboosed my wax works shaimful. I didnt obsarve the out-rajus transacshuns ontill the next evening when the peple begun for to kongregate. Suddlin they kkommensed fur to larf and holler in a boysterious stile. Sez I good peple what's up? Sez thay them's grate wax wurks, isn't they, old man. I immejitly looked up ter whare the wax wurks was and my blud biles as I think of the sito which then met my Gasc. I hope two be dodrabbertid if them afoursed raskals hadent gone and put a old kaved in hat onter George Washington's hed and shuvd a short black klay pipe inter his mouth. His noze thay had painted red and his trowsis legs thay had shuvd inside his butes. My wax figger of Napoleon Boneypart was likewise mawltreatid. His sword was danglin tween his legs, his cockd hat was drawn klean down over his ize, and he was plased in a stoopin posishun looking zactly as tho he was as drunk as a biled owl. Ginral Tayler was a standin on his hed and Wingfield Skott's koat tales ware pind over his hed and his trowsis ware komplectly torn orf from hisself. My wax works representin the Lord's Last Supper was likewise aboosed. Thre of the Postles ware under the table and two of um had on old tarpawlin hats and raggid pee jackits and ware smokin pipes. Judus Iskariot had on a cocked hat and was appercently drinkin, as a Bottle of whisky sot befour him. This ere specktercal was too much fur me. I klosed the show and then drowndid my sorrens in the flowin Bole.

A VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG.

It is now goin on 2 (too) yeres, as I very well remember, since I crossed the Planes for Kaliforny, the Brite land of Jold. While

crossin the Planes all so bold I fell in with sum noble red men of the forest (N.B. This is rote Sarcasticoul. Injins is Pizin, whar ever found,) which thay sed I was their Brother, & wantid for to smoke the Calomel of Peace with me. Thay than stole my jerkt beef, blankits, etsettery, skalpt my orgin grinder & scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech, he sed he shood meet me in the Happy Huntin Grounds. If he duz thare will be a fite. But enuff of this cro. *Reven Noose Muttons*, as our skoolmaster who has got Talent into him, cussycally obsarve.

I arrove at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U. S. sojers, hosstensibly sent out thare to smash the mormons but really to eat Salt vittles & play poker & other beautiful but sumwhat onsartin games. I got acquainted with sum of the officers. Thay lookt putty scrumpshus in their Bloo coats with brass buttings onto um & ware very talented drinkers, but so far as fitin is consarned I'd willingly put my wax figgers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my grate show in Salt Lake City, so I called on Brigham Yung, the grate mogull amung the mormins, and axed his permishun to pitch my tent and onfurl my banner to the jentle breezis. He lookt at me in a austeer manner for a few minits, and sed :

"Do you bleeve in Solomon, Saint Paul, the immaculateness of the Mormin Church and the Latter-day Revelashuns?"

Sez I, "I'm on it!" I make it a pint to git along plesunt, tho I didn't know what under the Son the old feller was drivin at. He sed I mite show.

"You air a marrid man, Mister Yung, I bleeve?" sez I, preparin to rite him som free parsis.

"I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward. I sertainly am marrid."

"How do you like it as far as you hev got?" sed I.

He sed "middlin," and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly, to which I replido that I wouldn't mind minglin with the fair Seck & Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordingly tuk me to his Scarcum. The house is powerful big & in an exceedin large room was his wives and children, which larst was squawkin and hollerin enuff to take the roof rite orf the house. The wimin was of all sizes and ages. Sum was pretty & sum was plane—sum was helthy and sum was on the Wayne—which is verses, tho sich was not my intentions, as I don't prove of puttin

verses in Proze rittins, tho ef occashun requires I can jerk a Poim ekal to any of them Atlantic Muntthly fellers.

"My wives, Mister Ward," sed Yung.

"Your sarvant, marms," sed I, as I sot down in a cheer which a red-heded female brawt me.

"Besides these wives you see here, Mister Ward," sed Yung, "I hav eighty more in varis parts of this consecrated land which air Sealed to me."

"Which?" sez I, gittin up & starin at him.

"Sealed, Sir! sealed"

"Whare bowts?" sez I.

"I sed, Sir, that they was sealed!" He spoke in a traggerdy voice.

"Will they probly continner on in that stile to any great extent, Sir?" I axed.

"Sir," sed he furnin as red as a biled beet, "don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Profit, may hev as meny wives as I wants?"

"Jes so," I sed. "You are old pie, ain't you?"

"Them as is Sealed to me—that is to say, to be mine when I wants um—air at present my sperretoool wives," sed Mister Yung.

"Long may thay wave!" sez I, seein I shoood git into a scrape ef I didn't look out.

In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt the follerin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere, & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, thare is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meants call him Par, and he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensive. They allers want suthin & ef he don't buy it for um they set the house in a uproar. He sez he don't have a minit's peace. His wives site amung their-selves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshal benefit, & when too of 'em get into a row he has em turned loose into that place, whare the dispoot is setued a cordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sumtimes thay abooz hisself individooally. Thay hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broom-sticks and sich. Occashunly they git mad & scald him with bilin hot water. When he got eay waze cranky thay'd shut him up in a dark closit, previsy whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orsprings git onruly. Sumtimes when he went in swimmin

they'd go to the banks of the Lake and steal all his close, thereby compellin him to sneek home by a sircootius rowt, drest in the Skanderlus stile of the Greek Slaiv. "I find that the keers of a marrid life way hevvy onto me," sed the Profit, "& suntimes I wish I'd remained singel." I left the Profit and startid for the tavern whare I put up to. On my way I was overtuk by a large krowd of Mormons, which they surrounded me & statid that they were goin into the Show free.

"Wall," sez I, "ef I find a individooal who is goin' round lettin folks into his show free, I'll let you know."

"We've had a Revelashun biddin us go into A. Ward's Show without payin nothin!" thay showtid.

"Yes," hollered a lot of femaile Mormonesses, ceasin me by the cote tales & swingin me round very rapid, "we're all goin in free! So sez the Revelashun!"

"What's Old Revelashun got to do with my show?" sez I, gittin putty rily. "Tell Mister Revelashun," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and lookin round upon the ornery krowd with a proud & defiant mean, "tell Mister Revelashun to mind his own bizness, subject only to the Konstitushun of the Unيتد States!"

"Oh now let us in, that's a sweet man," sed several femails, puttin thare arms rownd me in lovin stile. "Becum 1 of us. Becum a Preest & hav wives Scaled to you."

"Not a Seal!" sez I, startin back in horror at the idee.

"Oh stay, ~~Stay~~ stay," sed a tall gawnt femaile, ore whoos hed 37 summirs must hev pased, "stay, & I'll be your Jentle Gazelle."

"Not ef I know it, you won't," sez I. "Awa, you skanderlus femaile, awa! Go & be a Nunnery!" That's what I sed, jes so.

"& I," sed a fat chunky femaile, who must hev wado more thar too hundred lbs., "I will be your sweet gidin Star!"

Sez I, "He bet two dollers and a half you won't!" Whare ear may Rome He still be troo 2 thee, Oh Pety June! [N. B Betsy Jane is my wife's Sir naime.]

"Wiltist thou not tarry hear in the Promist Land?" sed several of the miserabil critters.

"He see you all essenshally cussed bo 4 I wiltist!" roared I, as mad as I cood be at thare infernul noncents. I girded up my Lions & fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum and Germorrer, inhabitid by as theavin & onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in any spot on the Globa.

THE CENSUS.

THE Sence, taker in our town bein taken sick he deppertised me to go out for him one day, and as he was too ill to giv me informa-shun how to perceed, I was consekently compelled to go it blind. Sittin down by the road side I drawd up the follerin list of questions which I proposed to ax the peple I visited :

Wat's your age ?

Whar was you born ?

Air you marrid, and if so how do you like it ?

How many children hav you, and do they sufficiently resemble you as to proclood the possibility of their belongin to any of your nabers ?

Did you ever hav the measels, and if so how many ?

Hav you a twin brother several years older than yourself ?

How many parents have you ?

Do you read Watt's Hims regler ?

Do you use boughten tobacker ?

Wat's your fitin wate ?

Air you trubeld with biles ?

How does your meresham culler ?

State whether you air blind, deaf, idiotic or got the heaves.

Do you know any Opry singers, and if so how much do they owe you ?

What's the average of virtop on the Ery Canawl ?

If 4 barrils of Emptins pored onto a barn floor will kiver it how many plase can Dion Bourcicault write in a year ?

Is Beans a regler article of diet in your family ?

How many chickins hav you, on foot and in the shell ?

Air you aware that Injianny whisky is used in New York shootin galrys instid of pistils, and that it shoots furthest ?

Was you ever at Niagry Falls ?

Was you ever in the Penitentiary ?

State how much pork, impendin crysis, Dutch cheeze, popler suvrinty, standard poetry, c'hildrens' strainer's, slave code, catnip, red flannel, ancient histry, pickled tomaters, old junk, perfoomery, coal ile, liberty, hoop skirt, &c., you hav on hand.

But it didn't work. I got into a row at the fust house I stopt

to with some old maids. Disbeliven the answers they giv in regard to their ages I endevered to open their mouths and look at their teeth, same as they do with hosses, but they floo into a vilent rage and tackled me with brooms and sich. Takin the senses requires experiunse, like any other bizniiss.

AN HONEST LIVING.

I WAS on my way from the mines to San Francisco with a light puss and a hevvy hart. You'd scarcely hav recognized my fair form, so kiverd was I with dust. Bimeby I met Old Poodles, the allfirdist gambler in the country. He was afoot and in his shirt sleeves, and was in a wuss larthier nor any race hoss I ever saw.

"Whither goist thou, sweet nimp?" sez I, in a play-actin tone.

"To the mines, Sir," he unto me did say, "to the mines, to *earn an honest livin'.*"

Thinks I that air ain't very cool, I guess, and druv on.

THE PRESS.

I WANT the editors to cum to my Show free as the flours of May, but I don't want um to ride a free hoss to deth. There is times when Patience seizes to be virtuous. I hev "in my mind's eye, Hurrashio" (cotashun from Hamlick) sum editors in a sertin town which shall be nameless, who air Both sneakin and ornery. They cum in krowds to my Show and then art me ten sents a lines for Puffs. I objectid to payin, but they sed ef I didn't down with the dust thay'd wipe my Show from the face of the earth! They sed the Press was the Arkymedian Leaver which moved the world. I put up to their extorshuns until thay'd bled me so I was a mecr shadder, and left in disgust.

It was in a surtin town in Virginny, the Muther of Presidents & things, that I was shaimfully aboozed by a editor in human form. He set my Show up steep & kalled me the urbane & gentlemunly

manajer, but when I, fur the purpuss of showin fair play all around, went to another offiss to git my handbills printed, what dux this pussillanermus editer do but change his toon & aboozo me like a Injun. He sed my wax wurks was a humbug & called me a horey-heded itinerent vagabone. I thort at fust Ide pollish him orf ar-lar the Beneki Boy, but on reflectin that he cood pollish me much wuss in his paper, I giv it up. & I wood here take occashun to advise peple when thay run agin, as thay sometimes will, these miserable papers, to not pay no attenshun to um. Abuv all, don't assault a editer of this kind. It only gives him a notorosity, which is jest what he wants, & don't do you no more good than it wood to jump into enny other mud puddle. Editors are generally fine men, but there must be black sheep in every flock.

EDWIN FORREST AS OTHELLO.

DURIN a reccent visit to New York the undersigned went to see Edwin Forrest. As I'm into the moral show bizness myself, I ginrally go to Barnum's moral Muscum, where only moral peple air admitted, partickly on Wednesday arternoons. But this time I thot I'd go & see Ed. Ed has bin actin out on the stage for many years, There is varis 'pinions about his actin, Englishmen ginrally bleevin that he is far superior to Mister Macready; but on one pint all agree, & that is that Ed draws like a six ox team. Ed was actin at Niblo's Garding, which looks considerable more like a parter than a garding, but let that pars. I sot down in the pit, took out my spectacles & commenced peroosin the evenin's bill. The awjince was all-fired large & the boxes was full of the clitty of New York. Sevrал opery glasses was leveld at me by Gothum's fairest darters, but I didn't let on as tho I noticed it, tho mobby I did take out my sixteen-dollar silver watch & brandish it round more than was necessary. But the best of us has our weaknesses & if a man has jewelry let him show it. As I was peroosin the bill a grave young man who sot near me, axed me if I'd ever seen Forrest dance the Essence of Old Virginny? "He's immense in that," sed the young man. "He also does a fair champion jig," the young man continnerd, "but his Big Thing is the Essence of Old Virginny." Sez

I, "Fair youth, do you know what I'd do with you if you was my sun?"

"No," sez he.

"Wall," sez I, "I'd appint your funeral to-morrow arternoon & the *korps* should be ready! You're too smart to live on this yearth." He didn't try any more of his capers on me. But another pussylanermuss individoooul, in a red vest & patent lether boots, told me his name was Bill Astor & axed me to lend him 50 cents till early in the mornin. I told him I'd probly send it round to him before he retired to his virtuous couch, but if I didn't he might look for it next fall, as soon as I cut my corn. The Orchestry was now fiddling with all their might, & as the peple didn't understan any thing about it they applaudid versifrussly. Presently, Old Ed cum out. The play was Otheller or More of Veniss. Otheller was writ by Wm. Sha' speer. The scene is laid in Veniss. Otheller was a likely man & was a ginral in the Veniss army. He eloped with Desdemony, a darter of the Hon Mister Brabantio, who represented one of the back districks in the Veneshun legislater. Old Brabantio was as mad as thunder at this & tore round considerable, but finally cooled down, tellin Otheller, howsever, that Desdemony had come it over her Par, & that he had better look out or she'd come it over him likewise. Mr. & Mrs. Otheller git along very comfortable like for a spell. She is sweet-tempered and luvin—a nice, sensible female, never goin in for he-female conventions, green cotton umbrellers and pickled beats. Otheller is a good provider and thinks all the world of his wife. She has a lazy time of it, the hired girl doin all the cookin and washin. Desdemony, in fact, don't hav to git the water to wash her own hands with. But a low cuss named Iago, who I bleeve wants to git Otheller out of his snug government birth, now goes to work & upsets the Otheller family in the most outrajus stile. Iago falls in with a braneless youth named Roderigo & wins all his money at poker. (Iago allers played foul.) He thus got money enuff to carry out his onprincipled skeem. Mike Cussio, a Irishman, is selected as a tool by Iago. Mike was a clever feller & orficer in Otheller's army. He liked his tods too well, howsever, & they floored him, as they have many other promisin young men. Iago injuces Mike to drink with him, Iago slyly throwin his whisky over his shoulder. Mike gits as drunk-as a biled owl & allows that he can lick a yard full of Le Veneshun fancy before breakfast, without sweatin a hair. He meets Roderigo & proceeds for to smash

him. A feller named Montano undertakes to slap Cassio, when that infatocated person runs his sword into him. That miserable man, Iago, pretends to be very sorry to see Mike conduct hisself in this way, & undertakes to smooth the thing over to Otheller, who rushes in with a drawn sword & wants to know what's up. Iago cunningly tells his story, & Otheller tells Mike that he thinks a good deal of him but he can't train no more in his regiment. Desdemony sympathises with poor Mike & interceeds for him with Otheller. Iago makes him bleeve she does this because she thinks more of Mike than she does of hisself. Otheller swallows Iago's lyin' tail & goes to makin a noosence of hisself ginrally. He worries poor Desdemony terrible by his vile insinuations & finally smothers her to deth with a piller. Mrs. Iago cums in just as Otheller has finished the fowl deed & givs him fits right & left, showin him that he has bin orfully gulled by her miserable cuss of a husband. Iago cums in, & his wife commences rakin him down also, when he stabs her. Otheller jaws him a spell & then cuts a small hole in his stummick with his sword. Iago pints to Desdemony's deth bed & goes orf with a sardonic smile onto his countenance. Otheller tells the peple that he has dun the state sum service & they know it; axes them to do as fair a thing as they can for him under the circumstances, & kills hisself with a fish-knife, which is the most sensible thing he can do. This is a breef skedule of the synopsis of the play.

Edwin Forrest is a grate acter. I, thot I saw Otheller before me all the time he was actin, & when the curtain fell, I found my spectacles was still mistened with salt-water, which had run from my eyes while poor Desdemony was dyin. Betsy Jane—Betsy Jane! let us pray that our domestic bliss may never be busted up by a Iago!

Edwin Forrest makes money actin out on the stage. He gits five-hundred dollars a nite & his board & washin. I wish I had such a Forrest in my Garding!

THE SHOW BUSINESS AND POPULAR LECTURES.*

I FEEL that the Show Bizniss, which I've stroven to ornymint is, bein usurpt by Poplar Lectures, as thay air kalled, tho in my pinion thay air poplar humbugs. Individooouls, who git hard up, embark in the lecturin bizness. Thay cram themselves with hi soundin frazis, frizzle up their haro, git trustid for a soot of black close & cum out to lectur at 50 dollers a pop. Thay aint over stockt with branes, but thay hav brass enuff. to make suffishunt kittles to bile all the sope that will be required by the ensooin sixteen ginerashuns. Peple flock to heer um in krowds. The men go becawz its poplar & the wimin folks go to see what other wimin folks have on. When its over the lecturer gozo & ragales 'hissself with oysters and sich, while the peple say "What a charmin lectur that air was," etscttery etscttery, when 9 out of 10 of um don't have no moore idee of what the lecturer sed than my kangaroo has of the sevunth speer of hevun. Thare's moore infurmashun to be gut out of a well conductid noospaper—price 3 sents—than thare is out of ten poplar lectures at 25 or 50 dollers a pop, as the kase may be. These same peple, bare in mind, stick up their nosis at moral wax figgers & sagashus beests, Thay say these things is low. Gents, it greoves my hart in my old age, when I'm in "the Sheer & yellor leef" (to cote frum my Irish frend Mister McBoth) to see that the Show bizness is pritty much plade out, howsomever I shall chance it agane in the Spring.

* It is proper to say that MR. WARD has recently found occasion to change his mind on this subject.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

I PITCHT my tent in a small town in Injianny one day last seeson, & while I was standin at the dore takin monev, a deppytashun of ladies came up & sed they woz members of the Bunkumville Female Moral Reformin & Wimin's Rite's Associashun, and thay axed me if they cood go in without payin.

"Not exactly," sez I, "but you can pay without goin in."

"Dew you know who we air?" said one of the wimin—a tall and feroshus lookin critter, with a blow kotton umbreller under her arm—"do you know who we air Sir?"

"My impreshun is," sed I, "from a kersery view, that you air females."

"We air, Sur," said the feroshus woman—"we belong to a Society whitch beleeves wimin has rites—which beleeves in razin her to her proper speer—which beleeves she is indowed with as much intolleeck as man is—whitch beleeves she is trampled on and aboozed—and who will resist henso4th & forever the incroachments of proud & domineering men."

Durin her discourse, the exscentric female grabed me by the coat-kollor & was swingin her umbreller wildly over my hed.

"I hope, marm," sez I, starting back, "that your intensions is honorable? I'm a lone man hear in a strange place. Besides, I've a wife to hum."

"Yes," cried the female, "& she's a slave! Doth she never dream of freedom—doth she never think of throwin of the yoke of tyrinny & thinkin & votin for herself?—Doth she never think of these here things?"

"Not bein a natral born fool," sed I, by this time a little riled, "I kin safely say that she dothunt."

"O whot—whot!" screamed the female, swingin her umbreller in the air. "O, what is the price that woman pays for her expeeriunce!"

"I don't know," sez I; "the price to my show is 15 cents pur individoal."

"& can't our Sosiety go in free?" asked the female.

"Net if I know it," sed I.

"Crooil, crooil man!" she cried, & bust into tears.

"Won't you let my darter in?" sed anuther of the exsentric wimin, taken me afeckshunitely by the hand. "O, please let my darter in,—shec's a sweet gushin child of natur."

"Let her gush!" roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their tarnal nonsense; "let her gush!" Where upon they all sprung back with the simultanious observashun that I was a Boest.

"My female friends," sed I, "be4 you leeve, I've a few remarks to remark; wa them well. The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boste. It's onpossible to get along without her. Had there bin no female wimin in the world, I should scarcely be here with my unparaleld show on this very occashun. She is good in sickness—good in wellness—good all the time. O, woman, woman!" I cried, my feelins worked up to a hi poostick pitch, "you air a angle when you behave yourself; but when you take off your proper appairel & (mettyforically spoken)—get into pantyloons—when you desert your firesides, & with your heds full of winnin's rites noshuns go round like roarin lyons, sekin whom you may devour someboddy—in short, when you undertake to play the man, you play the devil and air an emfatic noosance. My female friends," I continnered, as they were indignantly departin, "wa well what A. Ward has sed!"

WOULD-BE SEA DOGS.

SUM of the captings on the Upper Ohio River put on a heap of airs. To hear 'em get orf salor lingo you'd spose they'd bin on the briay Deep for a life time, when the fact is they haint tasted salt water since they was infants, when they had to take it for *worms*. Still they air good natered fellers, and when they drink they take a dose big enuff for a grown person.

ON "FORTS."

EVERY man has got a Fort. It's sum men's fort to do one thing, and sum other men's fort to do another, while there is numeris shiftliss critters goin round loose whose fort is not to do nothin.

Shakspeer rote good plase, but he wouldn't hav succeeded as a Washington correspondent of a New York daily paper. He lackt the rekesit fancy and immaginashun.

That's so!

Old George Washington's Fort was to not hev eny public man of the present day resemble him to eny alarmin extent. Where bowts can George's ekal be fownd? I ask, & boldly anser no whares, or eny where else.

Old man Townsin's Fort was to maik Sassyperiller. "Goy to the world! anuther life salved!" (Cotashun from Townsin's advertisement.)

Cyrus Field's Fort is to lay a sub-machinq tellegraf under the boundin billers of the Oshun, and then hev it Bust.

Spaldin's Fort is to maik Prepared Gloo, which mends every thing. Wonder ef it will mend a sinner's wickid wazs. (Imprompto goak.)

Zoary's Fort is to be a femaile circus fuller.

My Fort is the grate moral show bizniss & ritin choice famerly literatoor for the noospapers. That's what's the matter with me,

&c., &c., &c. So I mite go on to a indefnit extent.

Twict I've endeverd to do things which thay wasn't my Fort. The fust time was when I undertuk to lick a owdashus cuss who cut a hole in my tent & krwald throw. Sez I, "my jentle Sir go out or I shall fall onto you putty hevvy." Sez he, "Wade in, Old wax figgers," whareupon I went fo' him, but he cawt me powerful on the hed & knockt me threw the tent into a cow pastur. He pursood the attack & flung me into a mud puddle. As I aroze & rung out my drencht garminits I koncluded fitin wasn't my Fort. He now rize the kurtin upon scene 2nd: It is rarely seldum that I seek consolation in the Flowin Bole. But in a scrtin town in Injianny in the Faul of 18—, my orgin grinder got sick with the fever & died. I never felt so ashamed in my life, and I thowt I'd

hist in a few swallers of suthin strengthin. Konsequents was I histid in so much I didnt zackly know whare bowts I was. I turnt my livin wild beests of Pray loose into the streets and spilt all my wax wurks. I then Bet I cood play hoss. So I hitched myself to a Kanawl bote, there bein two other hosses hitcht on also, one behind and another ahead of me. The driver hollerd for us to get up, and we did. But the hosses bein onused to sich a arrangemunt begun to kick & squeal and rair up. Konsequents was I was kickt vilently in the stummuck & back, and presuntly I fownd myself in the Kanawl with the other hosses, kickin and yellin like a tribe of Cusscaroorus savvijis. I was rescood, & as I was bein carrid to the tavern on a hemlock Bored I sed in a feeble voise, "Boys, playin hoss isn't my Fort."

MORUL—Never don't do nothin which isn't your Fort, for ef you do you'll find yourself splashin round in the Kanawl, siggeratively speakin.

PICCOLOMINI.

GENTS—I arroved in Cleveland on Saturday P.M. from Baldinsville jest in time to fix myself up and put on a clean biled rag to attend Miss Picklehomony's grate musical sorry at the Melodeon. The krowds which pored into the hall augured well for the show bisnis, & with cheerful sperrets I jined the eathoosiastic throng. I asked Mr. Strakhosh at the door if he parst the perfession, and he said not much he didn't, whereupon I bawt a preserved seat in the pit, & obsarving to Mr. Strakhosh that he needn't put on so many French airs becawz he run with a big show, and that, he'd better let his weakut out a few inches or perhaps he'd bust hisself some fine day, I went in and squatted down. It was a sad thawt to think that in all that vast aujience Scacely a Sole had the honor of my acquaintance. "& this ere," sed I Bitturly, "is Fame! What sigerfy my wax figgers and livin wild beasts (which have no ekals) to these people? What do they care becawz a site of my Kangaroo is worth dubble the price of admission, and that my Snakes is as

harmless as the new born babe—all of which is strictly true—?" I should have gone on raisin at Fortin and things sum more, but jest then Signer Maccaroni cum out and sung a hairey from sum opry or other. He had on his store close & looked putty slick, I must say. Nobody didn't understand nothin abowt what he sed, and so they applawdid him versiferusly. Then Signer Brignoly cum out and sung another hairey. He appeared to be in a Pensiv Mood & sung a Luv song I suppose, tho he may have been cussin the audience all into a heap for aht I knewd. Then cum Mr. Maccaroni agin & Miss Picklehomony herself. Thay sang a Doit together.

Now you know, gents, that I don't admire opry music. But I like Miss Picklehomony's stilo. I like her gato. She suits me. There has bin grater singers and there has bin more bootiful winnin, but no more fassinatin young female ever longed for a new gown or side to place her hed agin a vest pat.e.n. than Maria Picklehomony. Fassinatin peple is her best holt. She was born to make hash of men's buzzums & other wimin mad becawz thay ain't Picklehomonies. Her face sparkles with amusin cussedness & about 200 (two hundred) little bit of funny devils air continually dancin champion jigs in her eyes, said eyes bein brite enuff to lite a pipe by. How I shoold like to have little Maria out on my farm in Baldinsville, Injianny, where she could run in the tall grass, wrastle with the boys, cut up strong at parin bees, make up faces behind the minister's back, tie auction bills to the skoochnaster's coat-tails, set all the fellars crazy after her, & holler & kick up, & go it just as much as she wanted to! But I digress. Every time she cum canterin out I grew more and more delighted with her. When she bowed her hed I bowed mine: When she powtid her lips I powtid mine. When she larfed I larfed. When she jerked her hed back and took a larfin survey of the audience, sendin a broadside of sassy smiles in among em, I tried to unjint myself & kollapse. When, in tellin how she drempt she lived in Marble Halls, she sed it tickled her more than all the rest to dream she loved her feller still the same, I made a effort to swaller myself; but when, in the next song, she looked strate at me & called me her Dear, I wildly told the man next to me no mite have my close, as I shoold never want 'em again no more in this world. [The Plain Dealer containin this communicashun is not to be sent to my famerly in Baldinsville under no circumstances whatsomever.]

In conclushun, Maria, I want you to do well. I know you air a

nise gal at hart & you must get a good husband. He must be a man of branes and gumpshun & a good provider—a man who will luv you strong and long—a man who will luv you jest as much in your old age, when your voice is cracked like an old tea kittle & you can't get 1 of your notes discounted at 50 per sent a month, as he will now, when you are young & charmin & full of music, sunshine & fun. Don't marry a snob, Maria. You ain't a Angel, Maria, & I am glad of it. When I see angels in pettycoats I'm always sorry thay hain't got wings so they kin quietly fly off where thay will be appreshiated. You air a woman, & a mity good one too. As for Maccarony, Brignoly, Mullenholler and them other fellers, they can take care of theirselves. Old Mac kin make a comfortable livin choppin cord wood if his voice ever givs out, and Amodio looks as tho he mite succeed in conductin sum quiet toll gate, whare the vittles would be plenty & the labor lite.

I am preparin for the Summer Campana. I shall stay in Cleveland a few days and probly you will hear from me again ear I leave to once more becum a tosser on life's tempestuous billows, meanin the Show Bisnia.

Very Respectively Yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

LITTLE PATTI

THE moosic which I me most use to is the inspirin strances of the hand organ. I hire a artistic Italyun to grind fur me, payin him his vittles & close, & I spose it was them stranes which fust put a moosical taste into me. Like all furriners he had seen better dase, havin formerly bin a Kount. But he aint of much akount now, except to turn the organ and drink Beer, of which bevridge he can hold a churnful, *cissy*.

Miss Patty is small for her size, but as the man sed abowt his wife, O Lord! She is well bilt & her complexion is what might be called a Broonetty. Her ize is a dark bay, the lashes bein long & silky. When she smiles the awjince feels like axing her to doo it sum moor, & to continner doin it 2 a indefuit extent. Her waste is

one of the most bootiful wastisis ever seen. When Mister Strack-norse led her out I thawt sum pretty skool gal, who had jest graduated frum pantalets & wire hoops, was a cumin out to read her fust composishun in public. She cum so bashful like, with her hed bowd down, & made sich a effort to arrange her lips so thayd look pretty, that I wanted to swaller her. She reminded me of Susan Skinner, who'd never kiss the boys at parin bees till the candles was blow'd out. Miss Patty sung suthin or ruther in a furrin tung. I don't know what the sentimunts was. Fur awt I know she may hav bin denouncin my wax figgers & sagashus wild beests of Pray, & I don't much keer ef she did. When she opened her mowth a army of martingales, bobolinks, kanarys, swallers, mockin birds, etsettory, bust 4th & flew all over the Haul.

Go it, little 1, sez I to myself, in a hily exsited frame of mind, & ef that kount or royal duke which you'll be pretty apt to marry 1 of these dase don't do the fair thing by ye, yu kin always hav a home on A. Ward's farm, near Baldinsville, Injiamny. When she sung Cumin threw the Rye, & spoke of that Swayne she deerly luvd herself individoouly, I didn't wish I was that air Swayne. No I gess not. Oh certainly not. [This is Ironical. I don't meen this. It's a way I hav of goakin.] Now that Maria Picklehominy has got married [which I hopes she likes it] & left the perfeshun, Adeliny Patty is the championess of the opery ring. She karries the Belt. Thar's no draw site about it. Other primy donnys may as well throw up the sponge first as last. My eyes don't deceive my earsito in this matter.

But Miss Patty orter sing in the English tung. As she kin do so as well as she kin in Italyun why under the Son dont she do it? What cents is thare in singin wurdz nobody dont understan when wurdz we do understan is jest as handy? Why peple will versiffersusly applawd furrin langwidge is a mistery. It reminds me of a man I onct knew. He sed he knockt the bottum out of his pork Barril, & the pork fell out, but the Brine didnt moove a inch. It stade in the Barril. He sed this was a Mistery, but it wasn't misterior than is this thing I'm speekin of.

As fur Brignory. Ferri and Junky, thay air dowtless grate, but I think sich able boddied men wood look better tillin the sile than dressin theirselves up in bla'k close & white kid guvvs & shoutin in a furrin tung. Mister Junky is a noble lookin old man & orter lead armies on to Battel instid of shoutin in a furrin tung.

Adoo. In the langwidge of Lewis Napoleon when receivin kumpany at his pallis on the Bullyvards, "I saloot yu."

MOSES THE SASSY ; OR, THE DISGUISED DUKE.

CHAPTER I. ELIZY.

My story opens in the classic presinks of Bostin. In the parler of a bloated aristocratic mansion on Bacon street sits a luvly young lady, whose hair is cuvered ore with the frosts of between 17 Summers. She has just sot down to the piany, and is warblin the popler ballad called "Smells of the Notion," in which she tells how with pensiv thought, she wandered by a C beat shore. The son is settin in its horizon, and its gorjus light pores in a golden meller flud through the winders, and makes the young lady twict as beautiful nor what she was before, which is onnecessary. She is magnificently dressed up in a Berage basque, with poplin trimmins, More Antique, Ball Morals and 3 ply carpeting. Also, considerable gauze. Her dress contains 16 flounders and her shoes is red mor-ocker, with gold spangles onto them. Presently she jumps up with a wild snort, and pressin her hands to her brow, she exclaimed : "Methinks I see a voice !"

A noble youth of 27 summers enters. He is attired in a red shirt and black trowsis, which last air turned up over his boots ; his hat, which it is a plug, being cockt onto one side of his classical hed. In sooth, he was a heroic lookin person, with a fine shape. Grease, in its barmiest days near projuced a more hefty cavileer. Gazin upon him admiringly for a spell, Elizy (for that was her name) organized herself into a tabloo, and stated as follers.

"Ha ! do me eyes deceive me carsight ? Is it some dreams ? No, I reckon not ! ' That frame ! them store close ! those nose ! Yes, it is me own, me only Moses !"

He (Moses) folded her to his hart, with the remark that he was "a hunkey boy."

CHAPTER II. WAS MOSES OF NOBLE BIRTH?

MOSES was foreman of Engine Co. No. 40. Forty's fellers had just bin havin an annual reunion with Fifty's fellers on the day I introjuce Moses to my readers, and Moses had his arms full of trofees, to wit: 4 scalps, 5 eyes, 3 fingers, 7 ears (which he chawed off), and several half and quarter sections of noses. When the fair Elizy recovered from her delight at meetin Moses, she said:—"How hast the battle gonest? Tell me!"

"We chawed 'em up—that's what we did!" said the bold Moscs.

"I thank the gods!" sed the fair Elizy. "Thou did'st excellent well. And, Moscs," she continnered, layin her hed confidingly agin his weskit, "dost know I sumtimes think thou istest of noble birth?"

"No!" said he, wilkely ketchin hold of hisself. "You don't say so!"

"Indeed do I! Your dead grandfather's sperrit comest to me the tother night."

"Oh no, I guess it's a mistake," sed Moscs.

"I'll bet two dollars and a quarter he did!" replied Elizy. "He said, 'Moses is a Disguised Juke.'"

"You mean Duke," said Moscs.

"Does not the actors all call it Juko!" said she.

That settled the matter.

"I hav thought of this thing afore," said Moscs, abstractedly. "If it is so, then thus it must be! 2 B or not 2 B! Which? Sow, sow! But enuff. O life! life!—*you're too many for me!*" He tore out some of his pretty yeller hair, stampt on the floor several times, and was gone.

CHAPTER III. THE PIRUT FOILED.

SIXTEEN long and weary years has elapst since the seems narrated in the last chapter took place. A noble ship, the Sary Jane, is a sailin from France to Ameriky via the Wabash Canal. A pirut ship is in hot pursoot of the Sary. The pirut captin isn't a man of much principle and intends to kill all the people on bored the Sary and confiscate the wallerbles. The captin of the S. J. is on

the pint of givin in, when a fine lookin feller in russet boots and a buffalo overcoat rushes forered and obsarves:

"Old man! go down stairs! Retire to the starbud bulk-hed! I'll take charge of this Pote!"

"Owdashus cuss!" yelled the captin, "away with thee or I shall do mur-rer-der-r-r!"

"Skurcely," obsarved the stranger, and he drew a diamond-hilted fish-knife and cut orf the captin's hed. He expired shortly, his last words bein, "we are governed too much."

"People!" sed the stranger, "I'm the Juke d'Moses!"

"Old boss!" sed a passenger, "methinks thou art blowin!" wharo-upon the Juke cut orf his hed also.

"Oh that I should live to see myself a dead body!" screamed the unfortunat man. "But don't print any verses about my deith in the newspapers, for if you do I'll haunt ye!"

"People!" sed the Juke, "I alone can save you from yon bloody pirut! Ho! a peek of oats!" The oats was brought and the Juke, boldly mountin the jibpoop, throwed them onto the towpath. The pirut rapidly approached, chucklin with fiendish delight at the idee of increasin his ill gotten gains. But the leadin boss of the pirut ship stopt suddent on comin to the oats, and commenst for to devour them. In vain the piruts swore and throwd stones and bottles at the boss—he wouldn't budge a inch. Meanwhile the Sary Jane, her hosses on the full jump, was fast leavin the pirut ship!

"Onet agin do I escape deith!" sed the Juke between his clencht teeth, still on the jibpoop.

CHAPTER IV. THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

THE Juke was Moses the Sasy! Yes, it was!

He had bin to France and now he was home agin in Bostin, which gave birth to a Bunker Hill! He had some trouble in gittin hisself acknowledged as Juke in France, as the Orleans Dicnasty and Borebones were fernest him, but he finally conkered. Elizy knowd him right off, as one of his ears and a part of his nose had bin chawed off in his fights with opposition firemen durin boyhood's sunny hours. They lived to a green old age, beloved by all, both grate and small. Their children, of which they have numerous, often go up onto the Common and see the Fountain squirt.

This is my 1st attempt at writin a Tail & it is far from bein

perfect, but if I have indoosed folks to see that in 9 cases out of 10 they can either make Life as barren as the Dessert of Sarah, or as joyyus as a flower garding, my object will have bin accomplished, and more too.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

To my friends of the Editorial Corpse:

I RITE these lines on British silo. I've bin follerin Mrs. Victory's hopeful sun Albert Edward threw Kanady with my onparaleled Show, and tho I haint made much in a pecoonery pint of vew, I've lernt sumthin new, over hear on British Sile, whare they bleeve in Saint George and the Dragon. Provis to cumin over ear I tawt my organist how to grind Rule Britanny and other airs which is poplar on British Sile. I likewise fixt a wax figger up to represent Sir Edmun Hed the Govner Ginral. The statoot I fixt up is the most versytile wax statoot I ever saw. I've showd it as Wm. Pcun, Napoleon Bonypart, Juko of Wellington, the Beneker Boy, Mrs. Cunningham & varis other notid persons, & also for a sertin pirut named Hix. I've bin so long amung wax statoots that I can fix 'em up to soot the tastes of folks, and with sum paints I hav I kin giv their facis a beneverlent or fiendish look as the kase requires. I giv Sir Edmun Hed a beneverlent look, & when sumn folks who thawt they was smart sed it didn't look like Sir Edmun Hed anymore that it did anybody else, I sed, "That's the pint. That's the beauty of the Statoot. It looks like Sir Edmun Hed or any other man. You may kall it what you plesse. Ef it don't look like anybody that ever lived, then it's sertinly a r markable Statoot & well worth seein. I kall it Sir Edmun Hed. You may kall it what you darn plesse!" [I had 'em thare.]

At larst I've had a interview with the Prince, tho it putty nigh cost me my vallerble life. I cawt a glimps of him as he sot on the Pizagro of the hotel in Sarnia, & elbowd myself threw a crowd of wimin, children, sojers & Injins that was hangin round the tavern. I was drawin near to the Prince when a red faced man in Milling-

tery close grabd holt of me and axed me whare I was goin all so bold?

"To see Albert Edard the Prince of Wales," sez I; "who are you?"

He sed he was Kurnel of the Seventy Fust Regiment, Her Magistry's troops. I told him I hoped the Seventy Onesters was in good helth, and was passin by when he ceased hold of me agin, and sed in a tone of indigent cirprise:

"What? Impossible! It kannot be! Blarst my hize, sir, did I understan you to say that you was actooally goin into the presents of his Royal Iniss?"

"That's what's the matter with me," I replide.

"But blarst my hize, sir, its onprecedented. It's orful, sir. Nothin' like it hain't happened sins the Gun Power Plot of Guy Forks. Owdashus man, who air yu?"

"Sir," sez I, drawin myself up & puttin on a defiant air, "I'm a Amerycan sitterzen. My name is Ward. I'm a husband & the father of twins, which I'm happy to state thay look like me. By perfeshun I'm a exhibiter of wax works & sich."

"Good God!" yelled the Kurnal, "the idee of a exhibiter of wax figgers goin into the presents of Royalty! The British Lion may well roar with rage at the thawt!"

Sez I, "Speakin of the British Lion, Kurnal, I'd like to make a bargin with you fur that beast fur a few weeks to add to my Show." I didn't meen nothin by this. I was only gettin orf a goak, but you orter hev seen the Old Kurnal jump up & howl. He actooally fomed at the mowth.

"This can't be real," he showtid. "No, no. It's a horrid dream. Sir, you air not a human bein—you hav no existents—yure a Myth!"

"Wall," sez I, "old hoss, yule find me a ruther onkomfortable Myth ef you punch my inards in that way agin." I began to git a little riled, fur when he called me a Myth he puncht me putty hard. The Kurnal now commenst showtin fur the Seventy Onesters. I at fust thawt I'd stay & becum a Marter to British Outraje, as sich a course mite git my name up & be a good advertisement fur my Show, but it occurred to me that ef enny of the Seventy Onesters shood happen to insert a barronet into my stummick it mite be onplesunt, & I was on the pint of runnin orf when the Prince hisself kum up & axed me what the matter was. Sez I, "Albert Ed-

ard is that you?" & he smilt & sed it was. Sez I, "Albert Edard, hears my keerd. I cum to pay my respoeks to the fater King of Ingland. The Kurnal of the Seventy Onesters hear is rather sinawl pertaters, but of course you ain't to blame fur that. He puts on as many airs as tho he was the Bully Boy with the glass eye."

"Never mind," sez Albert Edard, "I'm glad to see you, Mister Ward, at all events," & he tuk my hand so plesunt like & larfed so sweet that I fell in love with him to onct. He handid me a segar & we sot down on the Pizarro & commenst smokin rite cheerful. "Wall," sez I, "Albert Edard, how's the old folks?"

"Her Majesty & the Prince are well," he sed.

"Duz the old man take his Lager beer reglar?" I inquired.

The Prince larfed & intermatid that the old man didn't let many kegs of that bevridge spile in the sellar in the coarce of a year. We sot & tawked there sum time abowt matters & things, & bimeby I axed him how he liked bein Prince as fur as h'ed got.

"To speak plain, Mister Ward," he sed, "I don't much like it. I'm sick of all this bowin & scrapin' & crawlin' & hurrain over a boy like me. I would rather go through the country quietly, & enjoy myself in my own way with the other boys, & not be made a Show of, to be garped at by every body. When the *people* cheer me, I feel plesed, fur I know they meen it; but if these one-horse offishuls cood know how I see threw all their moves and understan exackly what they air after, and know'd how I larft at 'em in private, thayd stop kissin my hands & fawnin over me as thay now do. But you know, Mr. Ward, I can't help being a Prince, & I must do all I kin to fit myself fur the persishun I must sumtime ockepy."

"That's troo," sez I; "sickness and the doctors will carry the Queen orf one of these dase, sure's yer born."

The time hev'in arove fur me to take my departer, I rose up, & sed: "Albert Edard, I must go; but prevs to doin so I will ob-sarve that you soot me. Yure a good feller Albert Edard, & tho I'm agin Princes as a ginerel thing, I must say I like the cut of your Gib. When you git to be King try and be as good a man as yure mother has bin! Be just and be Jenerus, espeshully to show-men, who hav allers bin aboozed sins the dase of Noah, who was the first man to go into the Mensgery bizniss, & of the daily papers of his time air to be belceved Noah's colleckshun of livin wild beests bect ennything ever seen sins, tho I make bold to dowt ef his snaks

was ahead of mine. Albert Edard, adoo!" I tuk his hand which he shook warmly, & givin him a perpetooal free pars to my show, & also parses to take hum for the Queen & Old Albert, I put on my hat and walkt away.

"Mrs. Ward," I solilerquized, as I walkt along, "Mrs. Ward, of you could see your husband now, just as he proudly emerjis from the presunts of the futur King of England, you'd be sorry you called him a Bcest jest becaws he cum home tired 1 nite and wantid to go to bed without takin orf his boots. You'd be sorry for tryin to deprive yure husband of the priceliss Boon of liberty, Betsy Jane!"

Jest then I met a long perseshun of men with gownds onto 'em. The leader was on horseback, & ridin up to me he sed, "Air you Orange?"

Sez I, "Which?"

"Air you a Orangeman?" he repeated, sternly.

"I used to peddle lemons," sed I, "but I never delt in oranges. They are apt to spile on yure hands. What particler Loonatic Asylum hev you & yure frends escaped frum, ef I may be so bold?" Just then a suddent thawt struck me & I sed, "Oh yure the fellers who air worryin the Prince so & giving the Juke of Noocastle cold sweats at nite, by yure infernal catawalins, air you? Wall, take the advico of a Amerykin sitterzen, take orf thom gownds & don't try to get up a religious fite, which is 40 times wuss nor a prize fite, over Albert Edard, who wants to receive you all on a ekal footin, not keerin a tinker's cuss what meetin houso you sleep in Sundays. Go home and mind yure bisnias & not make noosenses of yourselves." With which observashuns I left 'em.

I shall leave British sile 4thwith.

OSSAWATOMIE BROWN.

I DON'T pertend to be a cricket & consekently the reader will not regard this 'ere pence as a Cricketcism. I cimply design givin the pints & Plot of a play I saw actid out at the theater t'other

nite, called Ossywattermy Brown or the Hero of Harper's Ferry. Ossywattermy had varis failins, one of which was a idee that he cood conker Virginny with a few duzzen loonatics which he had pickt up sumwhares, mercy only nose when. He didn't cum it, as the sekel showed. This play was jerkt by a admirer of Old Ossywattermy.

First akt opens at North Elby, Old Brown's humsted. There's a weddin at the house. Amely, Old Brown's darter, marrys sumbody, and they all whirl in the Messy darnce. Then Ossywattermy and his 3 suns leave fur Kansis. Old Mrs. Ossywattermy tells 'em thay air goin on a long jurny & Blesses 'em to slow fiddlin. Thay go to Kansis. What upon arth thay go to Kansis fur when thay was so nice & comfortable down there to North Elby, is more'n I know. The suns air next seen in Kansis at a tarvern. Mister Blane, a sinister lookin man with his belt full of knives & hoss pistils, axes one of the Browns to take a drink. Brown refuzis, which is the fst instance on record whar a Brown deklined sich a invite. Mister Blane, who is a dark bearded feroshus lookin person, then axis him whether he's fur or fernenst Slavery. Yung Brown sez he's agin it, whareupon Mister Blane, who is the most sinistertest lookin man I ever saw, sez Har, har, har! (that bein his stile of larfing wildly) & ups & sticks a knife into Yung Brown. Another Brown rushes up & sez, "you has killed me Ber-ruthor!" Moosic by the Band & Seen changes. The stuck yung Brown enters supported by his two brothers. Bimeby he falls down, sez he sees his Mother, and dies. Moosic by the Band. I lookt but couldn't see any mother. Next Seen revecls Old Brown's cahin. He's readin a book. He sez freedum must extend its Area & rubs his hands like he was pleased abowt it. His suns come in. One of 'em goes out & cums in ded, havin bin shot while out by a Border Ruffin. The ded yung Brown sez he sees his mother and tumbles down. The Border Ruffins then surround the cabin & set it a fire. The Browns giv themselves up for gone coons, when the hired gal diskivers a trap door to the cabin & thay go down threw it & cum up threw the bulkhed. Their merraklis 'scape reminds me of the 'scape of De Jones the Coarsehair of the Gulf—a tail with a yaller kiver, that I ongt red. For sixteen years he was confined in a loathsum dunj'n, not tastin of food durin all that time. When a lucky thawt struck him! He opened the winder and got out. To resoom—Old Brown rushes down to the foot lites,

gits down on his nees & swares he'll hav rovenge. The battle of Ossawattermy takes place. Old Brown kills Mister Blane, the sinister individooal aforesed. Mister Blane makes a able and elerquent speech, sez he don't see his mother *much*, and dies like a son of a gentleman, rapt up in the Star Spangled Banner. Moosic by the Band. Four or five other Border ruffins air killed but thay don't say nothin abowt seein their mothers. From Kansis to Harper's Ferry. Pictur of a Arsenal is represented. Sojers cum & fire at it Old Brown cums out & permits hisself to be shot. He is tride by two soops in milingtery close, and sentenced to be hung on the gallus. Tabloo—Old Brown on a platform, pintin upards, the staige lited up with red fire. Goddiss of Liberty also on platform, pintin upards. A dutchman in the orkestry warbles on a base drum. Curtin falls. Moosic by the Band.

JOY IN THE HOUSE OF WARD.

Dear Sirs:—

I TAKE my pen in hand to inform you that I am in a state of grate bliss, and trust these lines will find you injoyin the same blessins. I'm reguvinated. I've found the immortal waters of yooth, so to speak, and am, as limber and frisky as a two-year old steer, and in the futer them boys which sez to me "go up, old Bawld hed," will do so at the peril of their hazard, individooally. I'm very happy. My house is full of joy, and I have to git up nights and larf! Sumtimes I ax myself "is it not a dream?" & suthin withinto me sez "it air;" but when I look at them sweet little critters and hear 'em squawk, I know it is a reality—2 realitys, I may say—and I feel gay.

I returned from the Summer Campane with my unparaleld show of wax works and livin wild Beests of Pray in the early part of this munth. The peple of Baldinsville met me cordully, and I immedjitly commenst restin myself with my famerly. The other nite while I was down to the tavern tostin my shins agin the bar room fire & amazin the knowd with sum of my adventurs, who shood cum in bare heded & terrible excited but Bill Stokes, who sez, sez he, "Old Ward, there's grate doins up to your house."

Sez I, "William, how so?"

Sez he, "Bust my gizzard, but its grate doins," & then he larfed as if hee'd kill hisself.

Sez I, risin and puttin on a austeer look, "William, I woodunt be a fool if I had common cents."

But he kept on larfin till he was black in the face, when he fell over on to the bunk where the hostler sleeps, and in a still small voice sed, "Twins!" I ashure you gents that the grass didn't grow under my feet on my way home, & I was follered by a enthoosiastic throng of my feller sitterszens, who hurrard for Old Ward at the top of their voices. I found the house chock full of peple. Thare was Mis Square Baxter and her three grown up darters, lawyer Perkinses wife, Taberthy Ripley, young Eben Parsuns, Deakun Simmuns folks, the Skoolmaster, Doctor Jordin, ctsottery, etsettery. Mis Ward was in the west room, which jines the kitchen. Mis Square Baxter was mixin suthin in a dipper before the kitchen fire, & a small army of female wimin were rushin wildly round the house with bottles of camfire, peaces of flannil, &c. I never secd such a hubbub in my natral born daso. I could not stay in the west room only a minit, so strung up was my feelings, so I rusht out and ceased my dubbel barrild gun.

"What upon airth ales the man?" sez Taberthy Ripley. "Sakes alive, what air you doin?" & she grabd me by the coat talca. "What's the matter with you?" she continnerd.

"Twins, marm," sez I, "twins!"

"I know it," sez she, covering her pretty face with her apun.

"Wall," sez I, "that's what's the matter with me!"

"Wall put down that air gun, you pesky old fool," sed she.

"No marm," sez I, "this is a Nashunal day. The glory of this here day isn't confined to Baldinsville by a darn site. On yonder woodshed," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and speakin in a show actin voice, "will I fire a Nashunal saloot!" saying which I tared myself from her grasp and rusht to the top of the shed where I blazed away until Square Bax'r's hired man and my son Artemus Juneyercum and took me down by mane force.

On returning to the Kitchen I found quite a lot of people seated be4 the fire, a talkin the event over. They made room for me & I sot down. "Quite a eppisode," sed Doctor Jordin, litin his pipe with a red hot coal.

"Yes," sed I, "2 eppisodes, waying abowt 18 pounds jintly."

"A perfeck coop do tat," sed the skoolmaster.

JOY IN THE HOUSE OF WARD.

"E pluribus unum, in proprietor persony," sed I, thinking I'd let him know I understood furrin langwidges as well as he did, if I wasu't a skoolmaster.

"It is indeed a momentous event," sed young Eben Parsuns, who has been 2 quarters to the Akademy.

"I never heard twins called by that name afore," sed I, "but I spose it's all rite."

"We shall soon have Wards enuff," sed the editor of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty*, who was lookin over a bundle of exchange papers in the corner, "to apply to the legislater for a City Charter?"

"Good for you, old man!" sed I, "giv that air a conpickins place in the next *Bugle*."

"How redicklus," sed pretty Sasan Fletcher, coverin her face with her knittin work & larfin like all possessit.

"Wall, for my part," sed Jane Maria Peardey who is the crossdest old made in the world, "I think you all act like a pack of fools."

Sez I, "Mis. Peasly, air you a parent?"

Sez she, "No; I aint."

Sez I, "Mis. Peasly, you never will be."

She l. ft.

We sot there talkin & larfin until "the switchin hour of nite, when grave yards yawn & Josts troop 4th," as old Bill Shakespeare aptlee obsarves in his dramy of John Sheppard, esq., or the Moral House Broaker, when we broke up & disbursed.

Muther & children is a doin well; & as Resolushuns is the order of the day I will feel obleeged if you'll insurt the follerin—

Whereas, two Eppisodes has happined up to the undersined's house, which is Twins; & Whereas I like this stile, sade twins bein of the male perswashun & both boys; there4 Be it

Resolved, that to them nabers who did the fare thing by sade Eppisodes my hart felt thanks is doo.

Resolved, that I do most hartily thank Engine No. 17 who, under the impreshun from the fuss at my house on that auspishus nite that there was a konflagration goin on, kum galyiantly to the spot, but kindly refraned from squirtin.

Resolved, that from the Buttum of my Sole do I thank the Baldinsville brass band fur givin up the idea of Sarahnadin me, both on that groat nite & sinse.

Resolved, that my thanks is doo several members of the Baldins-

ville meetin house who fur 3 whole dase hain't kalled me a sinft skoffer or intreeted me to mend my wicked wase and jine sade meetin house to onct.

Resolved, that my Boozum teams with meny kind emoshuns towards the follerin individoquuls, to whit namelee—Mis. Square Baxtor, who Jenerusly refoozed to take a sent for a bottle of camfire; lawyer Perkinses wife who rit sum versis on the Eppisodes; the Editor of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty*, who nobly assisted me in wollupin my Kangaroo, which sagashus little cuss seriously disturbed the Eppisodes by his outrajus screeetchins & kickins up; Mis. Hiram Doolittle, who kindly furnisht sum cold vittles at a tryin time, when it wasunt konvenient to cook vittles at my house; & the Peasleys, Parsunses & Watsunses for there meny ax of kindness.

Trooly yures,

ARTEMUS WARD.

CRUISE OF THE POLLY ANN.

IN overhaulin one of my old trunks the tother day, I found the follerin' jernal of a vyge on the starnch canawl bote, Polly Ann, which happened to the subscriber when I was a young man (in the Brite Lexington of yooth, when thar aint no sich word as falo) on the Wabash Canawl:

(Monday 2 P.M.) Got under wa. Hosses not remarkable frisky at fust. Had to bild fires under 'em before they'd start. Started at larst very suddent, causin the bote for to lurch vilently and knockin me orf from my pins. (Sailor frase.) Sevrul passenjers on bored. Parst-threw deliteful country. Honist farmers was to work sowin korn, & other projuce in the fields. Surblime scenery. Large red-heded gal reclinin on the banks of the Canawl, bathin her feet.

Turned in at 15 minits parst eleving.

Toosdy—Ris at 5 and went up on the poop deck. Took a grown person's dose of lickier with a member of the Injianny legislater, which he urbanely insisted on allowin me to pay for. Bote tearin throu the briny waters at the rate of 2 Nots a hour, when the boy on the leadin hoss shoutid,

"Sale hoe!"

"Whar away?" hollered the capting, clearin his glass (a empty black bottle, with the bottom knockt out) and bringing it to his Eagle eye.

"Bout four rods to the starbud," screamed the boy.

"Jes so," screeched the capting. "What wassel's that air?"

"Kickin Warriér of Terry Hawt, and be darned to you!"

"I, I Sir!" hollered our capting. "Reef your arft hoes, splice your main jib-boom, and hail your chambermaid! What's up in Terry Hawt?"

"You know Bill Spikes?" sed the capting of the Warriér.

"Wall, I reckon. He can eat more fride pork nor any man of his heft on the Wabash. He's a ornament to his sex!"

"Wall," continued the capting of the Kickin Warriér. "Wilyim got a little owly the tother day, and got to prancin around town on that old white mare of his'n, and bein in a playful mood, he rid up in front of the Court 'us whar old Judge Perkins was a holdin Court, and let drive his rifle at him. The bullet didn't hit the Judge at all; it only jes whizzed parst his left ear, lodgin in the wall behind him; but what d'ye spose the old despot did? Why, he actooally fined Bill ten dollars for contempt of Court! What do you think of that?" axed the capting of the Warriér, as he parst a long black bottle over to our capting.

"The country is indeed in danger!" sed our capting, raising the bottle to his lips. The wessels parted. No other incidents that day. Retired to my chased couch at 5 minits parst 10.

(Wensd.) Riz arly. Wind blowin N. W. E. Hevy sea on and ship rollin wildly in consekents of pepper-corns havin bin fastened to the forrerd hoes's tale. "Heave two!" roared the capting to the man at the rudder, as the Polly giv a frifeful toss. I was sick, an sorry I cum. "Heave two!" repeated the capting. I went below. "Heave two!" I hearn him holler agin, and sticking my hed out of the cabin winder, *I hev*.

The hoeses became dosile eventually, and I felt better. The sun bust out in all his splendor, disregarless of expense, and lovely Natur put in her best licks. Wo parst the beautiful village of Lamy, which lookt sweet indeed, with its neat white cottages, Insti-toots of learnin and other evijences of civillizashum, incloodin a party of bald heded culleded men who was playing 3 card monty on the stoop of the Red Eagle tavern. All, all was fied for my 2 poetic sole. I went below to breakfast, but vittles had lost their charms. "Take sum of this," sed the Capting, shovin a bottle tords my plate.

"It's whisky. A few quarts allers sets me right when my stum-nick gits out of order. It's a excellent tonic!" I declined the seductive flood.

(Thuredy.) Didn't rest well last night on account of a uprore made by the capting, who stopt the Bots to go ashore and smash in the windows of a grosery. He was brought back in about a hour, with his hed dun up in a red hankercher, his eyes bein swelled up orful, and his nose very much out of jint. He was bro't aboard on a shutter by his crue, and deposited on the cabin floor, the passen-jers all risin up in their births, pushin the red curtains aside & lookin out to see what the matter was. "Why do you allow your pashans to run away with you in this onseemly stile, my misgided frend?" sed a sollum looking man in a red flannel nite-cap. "Why do you sink yourself to the Beasts of the field?"

"Wall, the fact is," sed the capting, risin hisself on the shutter, "I've bin a little prejoodiced agin that grosery for some time. But, made it lively for the boys, Deacon! Bet yer life!" He larfed a short, wild larf, and called for his jug. Sippin a few pints, he smiled gently upon the passengers, sed "Bless you! bless you!" and fell into a sweet sleep:

Eventually we reached our jerny's end. This was in the days of Old Long Sign, be4 the iron hoss was foaled. This was be4 steembotes was goin round bustin their bilers & sendin peple higher nor a kite. Them was happy days when peple was intelligent & wax figger's and livin wild beests wasn't scoffed at.

"O dase of me boyhood
I'm dreamin on ye now!"

(Poseokry.)

A. W

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

I HAV no politics. Nary a one. I'm not in the business. If I was I spose I should holler versifrusly in the streets at nite and go home to Betsy Jane smellen of coal ile and gin, in the mornin. I should go to the Poles arly. I should stay there all day. I should see to it that my nabers wa. thar. I should git carriages to take the kripples, the infirm and the indignant thar. I should be on guard agin frauds and sich. I should be on the look out for the infamus lise of the enemy, got up jest be4 elocshun for perlittical effect.

When all was over and my candypate was elected, I should move heving & arth—so to speak—until I got orfice, which if I didn't git a orfice I should turn round and abooze the Administration with all my mite and maine. But I'm not in the bizzness. I'm in a far more respectful bizzness, nix what pollectics is. I wouldn't giv two cents to be a Congressar. The wuss insult I ever requiired was when sertin citizens of Baldiesville axed me to run fur the Legislator. Sez I, "My friends, doatest think I'd stoop to that there?" They turned as white as a sheet. I spoke in my most orfultest tones, & they knowd I wasn't to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to onct.

Theré4, havin no politics, I made bold to visit Old Abe at his humstid in Springfield. I found the old feller in his parler, surrounded by a perfeck swarm of orfice seekers. Knowin he had been captng of a flat boat on the roarin Mississippi I thought I'd address him in sailor lingo, so sez I "Old Abe, ahoy! Let out yer main-stils, reef hum the fore-castle & throw yer jib-poop overboard! Shiver my timbers, my harty!" [N.B. This is genuine mariner langwidge. I know, becawz I've seen sailor plays acted out by them New York theater fellers.] Old Abe lookt up quite cross & sez, "Send in yer petition by & by. I can't possibly look at it now. Iudeed, I can't. It's onpossible, sir!"

"Mr. Linkin, who do you spect I air?" sed I.

"A orfice-seeker, to be sure?" sed he.

"Wall, sar," sed I, "you's never more mistaken in your life. You hain't got a orfiss I'd take under no circumstances. I'm A. Ward. Wax figgers is my perfeshun. I'm the father of Twins, and they look like me—*both of them*. I cum to pay a frendly visit to the President eleck of the United States. If so be you wants to see me say so—if not, say so, & I'm orf like a jug handle."

"Mr. Ward, sit down. I am glad to see you, Sir."

"Repose in Abraham's Buzzum!" sed one of the orfice-seekers, his idee bein to git orf a goak at my expense.

"Wall," sez I, "ef all you fellers repose in that there Buzzum thare'll be mity poor nussin for sum of you!" whereupon Old Abe buttqued his weskit clear up and blusht like a maidin of sweet 16. Jest at this pint of the conversation another swarm of orfice-seekers arröve & cum pillin into the parler. Sum wanted post orfices, sum wanted collectorships, sum wantid furrin missions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Old Abe would go crazy. He hadn't more than had time to shake hands with 'em, before another tremenjis

crowd cum porein onto his premises. His house and dooryard was now perfectly overflowed with office seekers, all clamorous for a immediate interview with Old Abe. One man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of corn whisky into him, mistook me for Old Abe and address me as "The Pra-hayrie Flower of the West!" Thinks I *you* want a office putty bad. Another man with a gold heded cane and a red nose told Old Abe he was "a seckind Washington & the Pride of the Boundless West."

Sez I, "Square, you wouldn't take a small post-offis if you could git it, would you?"

Sez he, "a patrit is abuv them things, sir!"

"There's a putty big crop of patrits this season, aint there Squire?" sez I, when *another* crowd of offis seekers pored in. The house, door-yard, barn & woodshed was now all full, and when *another* crowd cum I told 'em not to go away for want of room as the hog-pen was still empty. One patrit from a small town in Michigan went up on top the house, got into the chimney and slid down into the parlor where Old Abe was indeverin to keep the hungry pack of office seekers from chawin him up alive without benefit of clergy. The minit he reached the fire-place he jumt up, brusht the soot out of his eyes, and yelled: "Don't make eny pintment at the Spunkville postoffis till you've read my papers. All the respectful men in our town is signers to that there dockyment!"

"Good God!" cride Old Abe, "they cum upon me from the skize—down the chimneys, and from the bowels of the yearth!" He hadn't more'n got them words out of his delikit mouth before two fat offis-seekers from Wisconsin, in ondeverin to crawl atween his legs for the purpuss of applyin for the tollgateship at Milwawky, upst the President sleck & he would hev gone sprawlin into the fire-place if I hadn't caught him in these arms. But I hadn't mor'n stood him up strate before another man cum crashin down the chimney, his head strikin me vilently agin the inards and prostratin my voluptuous form onto the floor. "Mr. Linkin," shoutid the infatooated being, "my papers is signed by every clergyman in our town, and likewise the skoolmaster!"

Sez I, "you egrejis ass," gittin up & brushin the dust from my eyes, "I'll sign your papers with this bunch of bones, if you don't be a little more keerful how you make my bread basket a depot in the futer. How do you like that air perfoomery?" sez I, shuving my fist under his nose. "Them's the kind of papers I'll giv you! Them's the paper's *you* want!"

"But I workt hard for the ticket; I toiled night and day! The patrit should be rewarded!"

"Virtoo," sed I, holdin the infatooted man by the coat-collar, "virtoo, sir, is its own reward. Look at me!" He did look at me, and qualod be4 my gaze. "The fact is," I continued, lookin' round on the hungry crowd, "there is scarcely a offis for every ile lamp carrid round durin' this campaign. I wish there was. I wish there was furrin missions to be filled on variis lonely Islands where eppydemics rage incessantly, and if I was in Old Abe's place I'd send every mother's son of you to them. What air you here for?" I continnered, warmin' up considerable, "can't you giv Abe a minit's peace? Don't you see he's worried most to death! Go home, you miserable men, go home & till the sile! Go to peddlin tinware—go to choppin wood—go to bilin' soap—stuff' sassengers—black boots—git a clerkship on sum respectable manure cart—go round as original Swiss Bell Ringers—becum 'origenal and only' Campbell Minstrels—go to lecturin at 50 dollars a nite—imbark in the peanurt bizness—*write for the Ledger*—saw off your legs and go round givin concerts, with techin appeals to a charitable public, printed on your handbills—anything for a honest living, but don't come round here drivin Old Abe crazy by your outrajis cuttings up! Go home. 'Stand not upon the order of your goin,' but go to onct! If in five minits from this time," sez I, pullin' out my new sixteen dollar huntin cased watch, and brandishin' it before their eyes, "Ef in five minits from this time a single sole of you remains on these nere premises, I'll go out to my cage near by, and let my Boy Construct loose! & ef he gits amung you, you'll think old Solferino has cum again and no mistake!" You ought to hev seen them scamper, Mr. Fair. They run orf as tho Satun hisself was arter them with a red hot ten pronged pitchfork. In five minits the premises was clear.

"How kin I ever repay you, Mr. Ward, for your kindness?" sed Old Abe, advancin and shakin me warmly by the hand. "How kin I ever repay you, sir?"

"By givin the whole country a good, sound administration. By poerin' ile upon the troubled wators, North and South. By pursuin' a patriotic, firm, and just course, and then if any State wants to secede, let 'em Seseesh!"

"How 'bout my Cabinit, Mister Ward?" sed Abe.

"Fill it up with Showmen, sir! Showmen is devoid of politics. They hain't got any principles! They know how to cater for the public. They know what the public wants, North & South! Show-

men, sir, is honest men. Ef you doubt their literary ability, look at their posters, and see small bills! Ef you want a Cabin it as is a Cabin it fill it up with showmen, but don't call on me. The moral wax figger perfeshun musn't be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these veins! A. Linkin, I wish you well! Ef Powers or Walcutt wus to pick out a model for a beautiful man, I scarcely think they'd sculp you; but ef you do the fair thing by your country you'll make as putty a angel as any of us! A. Linkin, use the talents which Nature has put into you jadedusly and firmly, and all will be well! A. Linkin, adoo!"

He shook me cordyully by the hand—we exchanged picters, so we could gaze upon each others' liniments when far away from one another—he at the hellum of the ship of State, and I at the hellum of the show bizness—admittance only 15 cents.

THE SHOW IS CONFISCATED.

You hav perhaps wondered whareabouts I was for these many dase gone and past. Perchans you sposed I'd gone to the Tomb of the Cappylets, tho I don't know what those is. It's a pepler noos-paper frase.

Listen to my tail, and be silent that yt may here I've been among the Seseshers, a earnin my daily peck by my legitimit perfeshun, and havn't had no time to weeld my facile quill for "the Grate Komick paper," if you'll allow me to kote from your troothful advertisement.

My success was skaly, and I likewise had a narrer scape of my life. Ef what I've bin threw is "Suthern hosspitality," 'bout which we've hearn so much, then I feel bound to obaserve that they made two much of me. They was alto-rether too lavish with their atten-shuns.

I went among the Seseshers with no feelins of atarmosity. I went in my perfeshunal capacity. I was actooated by one of the most Loftiest desires which can swell the human Buzzun, viz:—to giv the peple their money's worth, by showin them Sagashus Beests, and Wax Statoots, which I venter to say air onsurpast by any other statoots anywheres. I will not call that man who sez my statoots is humbugs a lier and a hoes thief, but bring him be4 me and I'll wither him with one of my scornful frowns.

But to proceed with my tale. In my travels thro' the Sonny South I heard a heap of talk about Secession and bustin up the Union, but I didn't think it mounted to nothin. The politicians in all the villages was swearin that Old Abe (sometimes called the Prairye flower) shouldnt never be aggerated. They also made fools of themselves in varia ways, but as they was used to that I didn't let it worry me much, and the Stars and Stripes continued for to wave over my little tent. Moor over, I was a Son of Malt'y and a member of several other Temperance Societies, and my wife she was a Dawter of Malt'y, an I sposed these fax would scoor me the infloons and pertectium of all the fust families. Alas! I was dispirited. State arter State sceshed and it growed hotter and hotter for the undersined. Things came to a climbacks in a small town in Alabamy, where I was premotorally ordered to haul down the Stars & Stripes. A deppytashun of red-faced men cum up to the door of my tent ware I was standin takin money (the arternoon exhibishun had commenst, an' my Italyun organist was jerkin his sole-stirrin chimes.) "We air cum, Sir," said a millingtary man in a cockt-hat, "upon a hi and holy mishun. The Southern Eagle is screamin threowout this sunny land—proudly and defiantly screamin, Sir!"

"What's the matter with him," sez I, "don't his vittles sit well on his stummick?"

"That Eagle, Sir, wilf continner to scream all over this Brito and tremenjus land!"

"Wall, let him scream. If your Eagle can amuse hissself by screamin, let him went!" The men annoyed me fer I was Bizzy makin change.

"We are cum, Sir, upon a matter of dooty—"

"You're right, Capting. It's every man's dooty to visit my show," sed I.

"We air cum—"

"And that's the reason you are here!" sez I, larfin one of my silvery Jarks. I thawt if he wanted to goak I'd giv him sum of my sparklin oppy.

"Sir, you're insarlent. The plain question is, will you haul down the Star-Spangled Banner, and hist the Southern flag!"

"Nary hist!" Those was my reply.

"Your wax works and beests is then confiscated, & you air arrested as a Spy!"

Sez I, "My fragrant roses of the Southern clime and Bloomin daffodils, what's the price of whisky in this town; and how many cubic feet of that seductive flood can you individooally hold?"

They made no reply to that, but said my wax figgers was confiscated. I ured them if that was ginerally the stile among thieves in that country, to which they also made no reply, but sed I was arrested as a Spy, and must go to Montgomery in fums. They was by this time jined by a large crowd of other Southern patrits, who commenst hollerin "Hang the bald-headed aberlitionist, and bust up his immoral exhibition!" I was ceased and tied to a stump, and the crowd went for my tent—that water-proof pavilion, wherein instruction and amooament had been so muchly combined, at 15 cents per head—and tore it all to pieces. Meanwhile dirty faced boys was throwin stuns and empty beer bottles at my massiv brow, and takin other improper liberties with my person. Resistance was useless, for a variety of reasons, as I readily obsarved.

The Seceshers confiscated my statoots by smashin them to attums. They then went to my money box and confiscated all the loose change therein contaned. They then went and bust in my cages, lettin all the animils loose, a small but helthy tiger among the rest. This tiger has a excentric way of tearin dogs to peaces, and I allers sposed from his gineral conduct that he'd hav no hesitashun in servin human beins in the same way if he could git at them. Excuse me if I was crooil, but I larfed boysterrusly when I see that tiger spring in among the people. "Go it, my sweet cuss!" I inardly exclaimed, "I forgive you for bitin off my left thum with all my heart! Rip 'em up like a bully tiger whose Lare has been invaded by Seceshers!"

I can't say for certain that the tiger serisly injured any of them, but as he was seen a few days after, sum miles distant, with a large and well selected assortment of seats of trowsis in his mouth, and as he lookt as tho he'd bin havin sum vilent exercise, I rayther guess he did. You will therefore perceive that they didn't confiscate him much.

I was carried to Montgomery in fums and placed in darans vial. The jail was a ornery ediffas, but the table was librrally supplied with Bakin an Cabbidge. This was a good variety, for when I didn't hanker after Bakin I could help myself to the cabbige.

I had nobody to talk to nor nothin to talk about, howsever, and I was very lonely, specially on the first day; so when the jailer

parst my lonely sell I put the few stray hairs on the back part of my hed (I'm bald now, but there was a time when I wore sweet auburn ringlets) into an dish-bevild a state as possible, & rollin my eyes like a mannyyuck, I eride: "Stay, jaser, stay! I am not mad but soon shall be if you don't bring me suthin to Talk!" He brung me sum noospapers, for which I thanked him kindly.

At larst I got a interview with Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Conthieveracy. He was quite perlite, and axed me to sit down and state my case. I did it, when he larted and said his gallant men had been a little 2 enthusiastic in confistieatin my show.

"Yes," sez I, "they confistigated me too muchly. I had sum hesses confistigated in the same way onct, but the confisticators air now poundin stun in the States Prison in Injinnapylus."

"Well, wall, Mister Ward, you air at liberty to depart; you air frendly to the South, I know. Even now we have many frens in the North, who sympathise with us, and wont mingle with this fight."

"J. Davis, there's your grate mistaik. Many of us was your sincere frends, and thought certin parties amung us was fussin about you and meddlin with your consarns intirely too much. But J. Davis, the minit you fire a gun at the piece of dry-goods called the Star-Spangled Banner, the North gits up and rises en massy, in defence of that banner. Not agin you as individooals,—not agin the South even—but to save the flag. We should indeed be weak in the knees, unsound in the heart, milk-white in the liver, and soft in the hed, if we stood quietly by and saw this glorious Govymnt smashed to pieces either by a furrin or a intestine foe. The gentle-hearted mother hates to take her naughty child across her knee, but she knows it is her dooty to do it. So we shall hate to whip the naughty South, but we must do it if you don't make back tracks at onct, and we shall wallup, you out of your boots! J. Davis, it is my decided opinion that the Sonny South is makin a egregious mutton-hed of herself!"

"Go on, sir, you're safe enuff. You're too small powder for me!" sez the President of the Southern Conthieveracy.

"Wait up, I go home and start out the Baldinsvill Mounted Hess Cavalry! I'm Captin of that Corps, I am, and J. Davis, beware! Jefferson D., I now leave you! Farewell my gay Sajer Boy! Good bye, my bold buccaneer! Firut of the deep blue sea, adoo! adoo!"

My tower threw the Southern Conthieveracy on my way home was thrillin enuff for yeller covers. It will form the subjeck of my next. Betsy Jane and the progeny air well.

Yours respectively,
A. WARD.

THRILLING SCENES IN DIXIE.

I HAD a narrer scape from the sonny South. "The swings and arrers of outrajus fortun," alluded to by Hamlick, warn't nothin in comparison to my trubles. I come peskynear swearin sum profane oaths more'n onct, but I hope I didn't do it, for I've promist she whose name shall be nameless (except that her initials is Betsy J.) that I'll jine the Meeting House at Baldinsville, jest as soon as I can scrape money enuff together so I can 'ford to be piuss in good stile, like my welthy nabers. But if I'm confistigated agin, I'm fraid I shall continnor on in my present benited state for sum time.

I figgered conspicyusly in many thrillin scenes in my tower from Montgomry to my humsted, and on sevril occasions I thought "the grate komick paper" wouldn't be enriched no more with my lubrications. Arter biddin adoo to Jefferson D. I started for the depot. I saw a nigger sittin on a fence a-playin on a banjo. "My Afrikan Brother," sod I, coting from a Track I onct red, "you belong to a very interesting race. Your masters is going to war ex-cloosively on your account."

"Yes, boss," he replied, "an' I wish 'em honorable graves!" and he went on playin the banjo, larfin all over and openin his mouth wide enuff to drive in an old-fashioned 2 wheeled chaise.

The train of cars in which I was to trust my wallerable life was the scaliest, rickytiest lookin lot of consarns that I ever saw on wheels afore. "What time does this string of second-hand coffins leave?" I inquired of the depot master. He said direkly, and I went in & sot down. I hadn't more'n fairly squatted afore a dark lookin man with a swinister expression onto his countenance entered the cars, and lookin very sharp at me, he axed what was my principles?

"Seceseh!" I ansered. "I'm a Dissoluter. I'm in favor of Jeff Davis, Bowregard, Pickens, Capt. Kidd, Blooboard, Munro Edards, the devil, Mrs. Cunningham and all the rest of 'em."

"You're in favor of the war?"

"Certingly. By all means. I'm in favor of this war and als of the next war. I've been in favor of the next war for ever six teen years!"

"War to the knifo!" sed the man.

"Blud, Bargo, blud!" sed I, tho them words isn't origgerna. with me. Them words was rit by Shakspeare, who is ded. His mantle fell onto the author of "The Seven Sisters," who's goin to hav a Spring overcoat made out of it.

We got under way at larst, an' proceeded on our jerney at about the rato of speed which is ginrally obsarved by properly-conducted funeral processions. A hansum yung gal, with a red musketer bar on the back side of her hed, and a sassy little black hat tipt over her forrerd, sot in the seat with me. She wore a little Secesh flag pin'd onto her hat, and sho was a goin for to see her troo love, who had jined the Southern army, all so bold and gay. So she told me. She was chilly and I offored her my blanket.

"Father livin?" I axed.

"Yes sir."

"Got any Uncles?"

"A heap. Uncle Thomas is ded, tho."

"Peace to Uncle Thomas's ashes, and success to him! I will be your Uncle Thomas! Lean on me my pretty Secesher, and linger in Blissful repose!" She slept as socoorly as in her own housen, and didn't disturb the sollum stillness of the night with 'ary snore!

At the first station a troop of Sojers entered the cars and inquired if "Old Wax Works" was on bored. That was the disro-spectiv stile in which they referred to me. "Becawz if Old Wax Works is on bored," sez a man with a face like a double-breasted lobster, "we're going to hang Old Wax Works!"

"My illustrious and patriotic Bummers!" sez I, a gettin up and takin orf my Shappo, "if you allude to A. Ward, it's my pleasin dooty to inform you that he's ded. He saw the error of his ways at 15 minits past 2 yesterday, and stabbed hissself with a stuffed sled-stake, dyin' in five beautiful tabloos to slow music! His larst words was: 'My perfeshernal career is over! I jerk no more!'"

"And who be you?"

"I'm a stoodent in Sonater Benjamin's law offis. I'm goin up North to steal some spoons and things for the Southern Army."

This was satisfactory and the intossicated troopers went orf. At the next station the pretty little Secesher awoke and said she must git out there. I bid her a kind adoo and giv her sum pervisions. "Accept my blessin and this hunk of gingerbrod!" I sed. She thankd me muchly and tript galy-away. There's considerable human nater in a man, and I'm fraid I shall allers giv aid and comfort to the enemy if he cums to me in the shape of a nice young gal.

At the next station I didn't get orf so eay. I was dragged out of the cars and rolled in the mud for several minits, for the purpose of "takin the conseet out of me," as a Secesher kindly stated.

I was lot up finally, when a powerful large Secesher came up and embraced me, and to show that he had no hard feelins agin me, put his nose into my mouth. I returnd the compliment by placin my stummick suddenly agin his right foot, when he kindly made a spittoon of his able-bodied face. Astoated by a desire to see whether the Secesher had bin vaxinated I then fastened my teeth onto his left coat-sleeve and tore it to the shoulder. We then vilently bunted our heads together for a few minits, danced around a little, and sot down in a mud puddle. We riz to our feet agin & by a suddon and adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Secesher's fist. We then rushed into each other's arms and fell under a two-hoss wagon. I was very much calhaustid and didn't care about gettin up agin, but the man said he reckoned I'd better, and I conclooded I would. He pulled me up, but I hadn't bin on my feet more'n two seconds afore the ground flew up and hit me in the hed. The crowd sed it was high old sport, but I couldn't zackly see where the lafture come in. I riz and we embraced agin. We carecred madly to a steep bank, when I got the upper hands of my antagonist and threw him into the raven. He fell about forty feet, striking a grindstone pretty hard. I understood he was injured. I haven't heard from the grindstone.

A man in a cockt hat cum up, and sed he felt as though a apology was doo me. There was a mistake. The crowd had taken me for another man! I told him not to mention it, and axed him if his wife and little ones was so as to be about, and got on bored the train, which had stopp'd at that station "20 minits for refreshments." I got all I wantid. It was the hartiest meal I ever et.

I was rid on a rale the next day, a bunch of blazin fire crackers boin'tied to my coat tails. It was a fine spectycal in a dramatic pint of view, but I didnt enjoy it. I had other adventers of a

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

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startlin kind, but why continner? Why lasserate the Public Boozum with these here things? Suffysit to say I got across Mason & Dixie's line safe at last. I made tracks for my humsted, but she to whom I'm harnist for life failed to recognize, in the emashediated bein who stood before her, the gushin youth of forty-six summers who had left her only a few months afore. But I went into the pantry, and brought out a certin black bottle. Raisin it to my lips, I sed "Here's to you, old gal!" I did it so natral that she knowed me at once. "Those form! Them voice! That natral stilo of doin things! 'Tis he!" she cried, and rushed into my arms. It was too much for her & she fell into a swoon. I cum very near swoundin myself.

No more to-day from yours for the Pepetration of the Union, and the bringin of the Goddess of Liberty out of her present bad fix.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

DELIVERED JULY 4TH, AT WEATHERSFIELD, CONNECTICUT, 1859.

[I delivered the fullerin, about two years ago, to a large and discriminating awijunce. I was 96 minits passin a given punt. I have revised the orashun, and added sun things which makes it approposser to the times than it otherwise would be. I have also corrected the grammers and punktoated it. I do my own punktoatin now days. The printers in VANITY FAIR ofiss can't punktoate worth a cent.]

FELLER CITIZENS: I've bin honored with a invite to norate before you to-day; and when I say that I skurcely feel ckal to the task, I'm sure you will believe me.

Weathersfield is justly celebrated for her onyins and patritism the world over, and to be axed to paws and address you on this, my fust perfeshernal tower throw New England, causes me to feel—to feel—I may say it causes me to *feel*. (Grate applaws. They thought this was one of my occentricities, while the fact is I was stuck. This between you and I.)

I'm a plane man. I don't know nothin about no ded languages and am a little shaky on livin ones. There4, expect no flowry talk from me. What I shall say will be to the pint, right strate out.

I'm not a politician and my other habits air good. 'I've no enemys to reward, nor friends to sponge. But I'm Union man. I luv the Union—it is a Big thing—and it make my hart bleed to

see a lot of ornery peple a-movin heaven—no, not heaven, but the other place—and earth, to bust it up. Too much good blud was spilt in courtin and marryin that hily respectable female the Goddess of Liberty, to git a divorce from her now. My own State of Injianny is celebrated for unnitchin marriad peple with neatness and dispatch, but you can't git a divorce from the Goddess up there. Not by no means. The old gal has behaved herself too well to cast her off now. I'm sorry the picters don't give her no shoes or stock-ins, but the band of stars upon her hed must continner to shine undimd, forever. I'm for the Union as she air, and withered be the arm of every ornery cuss who attempts to bust her up. That's me. I hav sed! [It was a very sweaty day, and at this pint of the orashun a man fell down with sunstroke. I told the awjince that considerin the large number of putty gals present I was more fraid fo a DAWTER STROKE. This was impromptoo, and seemed to amoose them very much.]

Feller Citizens—I hain't got time to notis the growth of Ameriky from the time when the Mayflowers cum over in the Pilgrim and brawt Plymmuth Rock with them, but every skool boy nose our karcer has been tromonjis. You will excuse me if I don't prase the erly settlers of the Kolonies. Peple which hung idiotic old wimin for witches, burnt holes in Quakers' tongues and consined their feller critters to the treadmill and pillery on the slitest provocashun may hav bin very nice folks in their way, but I must confess I don't admire their stile, and will pass them by. I spose they ment well, and so, in the novel and techin langwidge of the nusepapers, "peas to their ashis." Thare was no diskount, however, on them brave men who fit, bled and died in the American Revolushun. We needn't be afraid of settin 'em up too steep. Like my show, they will stand any amount of prase. G. Washington was abowt the best man this world ever sot eyes on. He was a clear-headed, warm-hearted, and stiddy goin man. He never slopt over! The prevailin weakness of most public men is to SLOP OVER! [Put them words in large letters—A. W.] They git filled up and slop. They Rush Things. They travel too much on the high preasher principle. They git on to the fust poplar hobbyhoss which trots along, not carin a sent whether the beast is even goin, clear sited and sound or spavined, blind and bewky. Of course they git throwed eventooally, if not sooner. When they see the multitood goin it blind they go Pel Mel with it, instid of exertin themselves to set it right. They can't see that the crowd which is now bearin them triumfuntly on

its shoulders will soon diskiver its error and cast them into the hoss pond of Oblivyun, without the slitest hesitashun. Washington never slopt over. That wasn't George's stile. He loved his country dearly. He wasn't after the spoils. He was a human angil in a 3 korned hat and knee britches, and we shan't see his like right away. My friends, we can't all be Washington's, but we kin all be patriots & behave ourselves in a human and a Christian manner. When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin let us not give him a push, but let us seeze rite hold of his coat-tails and draw him back to Morality.

Imagine G. Washington and P. Henry in the character of se-seshers! As well fancy John Bunyan and Dr. Watts in spangled tites, doin the trapeze in a one-horse circus!

I tell you, feller-citizens, it would have bin ten dollars in Jeff Davis's pocket if he'd never bin born!

Be shure and vote at leest once at all cleckshuns. Buckle on yer Armer and go to the Poles. See two it that your naber is there. See that the kripples air provided with carriages. Go to the poles and stay all day. Bewair of the infamous lise which the Opposishun will be sartin to get up fur perlitical effek on the eve of cleckshun. To the poles! and when you git there vote jest as you darn please. This is a privilege we all persers, and it is 1 of the booties of this grate and free land.

I see mutch to admire in New Englan. Your gals in particlkar air abowt as snug bilt peaces of Calliker as I ever saw. They air fully equal to the corn-fed gals of Ohio and Injianny, and will make the bestest kind of wives. It sets my Buzzum on fire to look at 'em.

Be still, my sole, be still,
& you, Hart, stop cuttin up!

I like your skool houses, your meetin houses, your enterprise, gumpshun &c., but your favorit Bevrige I disgust. I allude to New England Rum. It is wuss nor the korn whisky of Injianny, which eats threw stone jugs & will turn the stummuck of the most shiftless Hog. I seldom seek consolashun in the flowin Bole, but tother day I wurrid down some of your Rum. The fust glass induced me to aWare like a infooriated trooper. On takin the second glass I was seezed with a desire to break winders, and arter imbibin the third glass I knocht a small boy down, pickt his pocket of a New York Ledger, and wildly commenced readin Sylvanus Kobb's last

Tail. Its drefful stuff—a sort of lickwid litenin, gut up under the personal supervishun of the devil—tears men's inards all to peaces and makes their noses blossom as the Lobster. Shun it as you would a wild hycny with a fire brand tied to his tale, and while you air abowt it you will do a first rate thing for yourself and everybody abowt you by shunnin all kinds of intoxicatin lickens. You don't need 'em no more'n a cat needs 2 tales, sayin nothin abowt the trubble and sufferin they cawse. But unless your inards air cast iron, avoid New Englan's favorite Bevridgo.

My frends, I'm dun. I tear myself away from you with tears in my eyes & a pleasant oder of Onyins abowt my close. In the langwidge of Mister Catterlino to the Rummuns, I go, but perhaps I shall cum back agin. Adoo, peple of Wethersfield. Be virtuous & you'll be happy!

THE WAR FEVER IN BALDINSVILLE.

As soon as I'd recooperated my physikil system, I went over into the village. The peasantry was glad to see me. The skoolmaster sed it was choerin to see that gigantic intelleck among 'em onct more. That's what he called me. I like the skoolmaster, and allers send him tobacker when I'm off on a travolin campane. Besides, he is a very sensible man. Such men must be encouraged.

They don't git news very fast in Baldinsville, as nothin but a plank road runs in there twice a week, and that's very much out of repair. So my nabers wasn't much posted up in regard to the wars, 'Squire Baxter sed he'd voted the dimicratic ticket for goin on forty year, and the war was a dam black republican lie. Jo Stackpole, who kills hogs for the 'Squire, and has got a powerful muscle into his arms, sed he'd bet \$5 he could lick the Crisis in a fair stand up fight, if he wouldn't draw a knife on him. So it went—sum was for war, and sum was for peace. The skoolmaster, however, said the Slave Oligarky must cower at the feet of the North ere a year had flowd by, or pass over his dead corpse. "Esto perpetua!" he added. "And sine qua non also!" sed I, sternly, wishing to make a impression onto the villagers. "Requiescat in pace!" said the skoolmaster. "Too troo, too troo!" I anserd, "it's a scanderlus fact!"

The newspapers got along at last, chock full of war, and the

patriotic fever fairly bust out in Baldinsville. 'Squire Baxter sed he didn't b'lieve in Coercion, not one of 'em, and could prove by a file of *Eagles of Liberty* in his garrit, that it was all a Whig lie, got up to raise the price of whisky and destroy our other liberties. But the old 'Squire got putty riley, when he heard how the rebels was outtin up, and he sed he reckoned he should skour up his old muskit and do a little square stin for the Old Flag, which had allers bin on the ticket he'd voted and he was too old to Bolt now. The 'Squire is all right at heart, but it takes longer for him to fill his venerable Biler with steam than it used to when he was young and frisky. As I previously informed you, I am Captin of the Baldinsville Company. I riz gradooally but majestically from drummer's Secretary to my present position. But I found the ranks wasn't full by no means, and commenced for to recrroot. Havin notist a ginerall desire on the part of young men who are into the Crisis to wear oppylits, I detarmined to have my company composed exclsosively of offissors, everybody to rank as Brigadeer - Ginaral. The follerin was among the varis questions I put to recrroot:

Do you know a masked battery from a hunk of gingerbread?

Do you know a epyylit from a piece of chalk?

If I trust you with a real gun, how many men of your own company do you speek you can manage to kill durin the war?

Have you ever heard of Ginaral Price of Missouri and can you avoid simlar accidents in case of a battle?

Have you ever had the measles, and if so, how many?

How air you now?

Show me your tongue, &c., &c. Sum of the questions was sarcusstical.

The company filled up rapid, and last Sunday we went to the meetin house in full uniform. I had a seris time gittin into my military harness, as it was bilt for me many years ago; but I finally got inside of it, tho' it fitted me putty clost. Howsever, onct into it, I lookt fine—in fact, aw-inspirin. "Do you know me, Mrs Ward?" sed I walkin into the kitchin.

"Knew you, you old fool? Of course I do."

I saw at once she sed.

I started for the meetin house, and I'm afraid I tried to walk too strate, for I cum very near fallin over backards; and in attemptin to recover myself, my sword got mixed up with my legs, and I fell in among a choice collection of young ladies, who was standin near

the church door a-seeing the sojer boys come up. My cockt nat fell off, and sumhow my coat tals got twisted round my neck. The young ladies put their handkerchiefs to their mouths and remarked: "Te he," while my ancient female single friend, Sary Peasley, bust out into a loud larf. She exercised her mouth so vilently that her new false teeth fall out onto the ground.

"Miss Penseley," sod I, gittin up and dustin myself, "you must be more careful with them store teeth of your'n or you'll have to gum it agin!"

Methinks I had her.

I'd bin to work hard all the week, and I felt rather snoozy. I'm 'fraid I did git half asleep, for on hearin the minister ask, "Why was man made to mourn?" I sod, "I giv it up," havin a vague idee that it was a condrum. It was a onfortnit remark, for the whole meetin house lookt at me with mingled surprise and indignation. I was about risin to a pint of order, when it suddenly occurred to me whare I was, and I kept my seat, blushin like the red, red rose—so to speak.

The next mornin I 'rose with the lark (N. B.—I don't sleep with the lark, tho'. A goak.)

My little dawter was excecootin ballids, accompanyin herself with the Akordeon, and she wisht me to linger and hear her sing: "Hark I hear a angel singin, a angel now is onto the wing."

"Let him fly, my child!" said I, a-butclin on my armer, "I must forth to my Biz."

We air progressin pretty well with our drill. As all air commandin offissers, there ain't no jelasy; and as we air all exceedin smart, it t'aint worth while to try to outstrip each other. The idee of a company composed excloosively of Commanders-in-Chiefs, orriggernated, I spose I skurcely need say, in these Biana. Considered as a idee, I flatter myself it is putty hefty. We've got all the tackticks at our tongs' end, but what we partidly excel in is restin muskits. We can rest muskits with anybody.

Our corpse will do its dooty. We go to the aid of Columby—we fight for the stars!

We'll be chopt into sassage meat before we'll exhibit our coat-tails to the foe.

We'll fight till there's nothin left of us but our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wiggle!

"Ever of thee,"

A WARD.

INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCE NAPOLEON.

NOTWITHSTANDIN I haint writ much for the papers of late, nobody needn't flatter theirselves that the undersigned is ded. On the contrary, "I still live," which words was spoken by Danyil Webster, who was a able man. Even the old-line whigs of Boston will admit *that*. Webster is ded now, howsever, and his mantle has probly fallen into the hands of sum dealer in 2nd hand close, who can't sell it. Leastways nobody pears to be goin round wearin it to any perticler extent, now days. The rigiment of whom I was kurnel, sinclry concluded they was better adapted as Ilomo Gards, which accounts for your not hearin of me ear this, where the bauls is the thickest and where the cannon doth roar. But as a American citizen I shall never cease to admire the masterly advance our troops made ov Washington from Bull Run, a short time ago. It was well dun. I spoke to my wife 'bout it at the time. My wife said it was well dun.

It havin there4 bin detarmined to perfect Baldinsville at all hazards, and as there was no apprehensions of any immojit danger, I thought I would go orf onto a pleasure tower. Accordinly, I put on a clean Biled Shirt and started for Washinton. I went there to see the Prints Napoleon, and not to see the place, which I will here take occasion to obsarvo is about as uninterestin a locality as there is this side of J. Davis's future home, if he ever does die, and where I reckon they'll make it so warm for him that he will si for his summer close. It is easy enough to see why a man goes to the poor house or the penitentiary. It's becaws he can't help it. But why he should voluntarily go and live in Washinton, is intirely beyond my comprehension, and I can't say no fairer nor that.

I put up to a leadin hotel. I saw the landlord and sed, "How d'ya do, Square?"

"Fifty cents, sir," was his r

"Sir?"

"Half-a-dollar. We charge twenty-five cents for *lookin* at the landlord and fifty cents for speakin to him. If you want supper, a boy will show you to the dinin room for twenty-five cents. Your room bein in the tenth story, it will cost you a dollar to be shown up there."

"How much do you ax a man for breathin in this equinomikal tarvun?" sed I.

"Ten cents a Breth," was his reply.

Washington hotels is very reasonable in their charges. [N.B.—This is Sarkassum.]

I sent up my keerd to the Prints, and was immejitly ushered before him. He received me kindly, and axed me to sit down.

"I hav cum to pay my respects to you, Mister Napoleon, hopin I see you hale and hearty.

"I am quite well," he sed. "Air you well, sir?"

"So and as a cuss!" I answered.

He seemed to be pleased with my ways, and we entered into conversation to onct

"How' Lewis?" I axed, and he sed the Emperor was well. Eugeny was likewise well, he sed. Then I axed him was Lewis a good provider? did he cum home arly nites? did he perfoom her bedroom at a onseasonable hour with gin and tanzy? Did he go to "the Lodge" on nites when there wasn't any Lodge? did he often hav to go down town to meet a friend? did he hav a extensiv acquaintance among poor young widders whose husbands was in Californy? to all of which questions the Prints perlately replide, givin me to understan that the Emperor was behavin well.

"I ax these questions, my roy I duke and most noble higness and imperials, becaws I'm anxious to know how he stands as a man. I know he's smart. He is cunning, he is long-headed, he is deep—he is grate. But onless he is *good* he'll come down with a crash one of these days and the Bonyparts will be Bustid up agin. Bet yer life!"

"Air you a preacher, sir?" he inquired, slitley sarkasticul.

"No, sir. But I bleeve in morality. I likewise bleeve in Meetin Houses. Show me a place where there isn't any Meetin Houses and where preachers is never seen, and I'll show you a place where old hats air stuffed into broken winders, where the children air dirty and ragged, where gates have no hinges, where the wimin are slipshod, and where maps of the devil's "wild land" air painted upon men's shirt-bosums with tobacco-jooce! That's what I'll show you. Let us consider what the preachers do for us before we aboose 'em.

He sed he didn't mean to aboose the clergy. Not at all, and he was happy to see that I was inter'ed in the Bonypart family.

"It's a grate family," sed I. "They scooped the old man in."

"How, sir?"

"Napoleon the Grand. The Britishers scooped him at Waterloo. He wanted to do too much, and he did it! They scooped him in at Waterloo, and he subseckently died at St. Heleny! There's where the gratest military man this world ever projuced 'pegged out. It was rather hard to consine such a man as him to St. Heleny, to spend his larst days in catchin mackeril, and walkin up and down the dreary beach in a military cloak drawn titely round him (see picter-books), but so it was. 'Hed of the Army!' Them was his larst words. So he had bin. He was grate! Don't I wish we had a pair of his old boots to command sum of our Brigades!"

This pleased Jerome, and he took me warmly by the hand.

"Alexander the Grate was punkins," I continnerd, "but Napoleon was punkinser! Alic. wept becaws there was no more worlds to scoop, and then took to drinkin. He drownid his sorrers in the flowin hole, and the flowin hole was too much for him. It gine-rally is. He undertook to give a snake exhibition in his boots, but it killed him. That was a bad joke on Alic!"

"Since you air so solicitous about France and the Emperor, may I ask you how your own country is getting along?" sed Jerome, in a pleasant voice.

"It's mixed," I sed. "But I think we shall cum out all right."

"Columbus, when he diskivered this magnificent continent, could hav had no idee of the grandeur it would one day assoom," sed the Prints.

"It cost Columbus twenty thousand dollars to fit out his explorin expedition," sed I. "If he had bin a sensible man he'd hav put the money in a hoss railroad or a gas company, and left this magnificent continent to intelligent savages, who when they got hold of a good thing knew enuff to keep it, and who wouldn't hav seceded, nor rebelled, nor knockt Liberty in the hed with a slungshot. Columbus wasn't much of a feller, after all. It would hav bin money in my pocket if he'd staid to home. Chris. ment well, but he put his foot in it when he saled for America."

We talked sum more about matters and things, and at larst I riz to go. "I will now say good bye to you, noble sir, and good luck to you. Likewise the same to Clotildy. Also to the gorgeous persons which compose your soot. If the Emperor's boy don't like livin at the Tooleries, when he gits older, and would like to imbarck in the show bizniss, let him come with me and I'll make a man of him. You find us sumwhat mixed, as I before obsarved, but come again next year and you'll find us clearer nor ever. The American

Eagle has lived too sumptuously of late—his stummie becum foul, and he's takin a slite emetic. That's all. We're gettin ready to strike a big blow and a sure one. When we do strike the fur will fly and secession will be in the hands of the undertaker, sheeted for so deep a grave that nothin short of Gabriel's trombone will ever awaken it! Mind what I say. You've heard the showman!"

Then advisin him to keep away from the Peter Funk auctions of the East, and the proprietors of corner-lots in the West, I bid him farewell, and went away.

There was a levee at Senator What's-his-name's, and I thought I'd jine in the festivities for a spell. Who should I see but she that was Sarah Watkins, now the wife of our Congresser, trippin in the dance, dressed up to kill in her store close. Sarah's father use to keep a little grocery store in our town and she used to clerk it for him in busy times. I was rushin up to shake hands with her when she turned on her heel, and tossin her hed in a contemptuous manner, walked away from me very rapid. "Hallo, Sal," I hollered, "can't you measure me a quart of them best melasses? I may want a codfish, also!" I guess this reminded her of the little rod store, and "the days of her happy childhood."

But I fell in with a nice little gal after that, who was much sweeter than Sally's father's melasses, and I axed her if we shouldn't glide in the messy dance. She sed we should, and we Glode.

I intended to make this letter very seris, but a few goaks may have accidentally crept in. Never mind. Besides, I think it improves a komick paper to publish a goak once in a while.

Yours Muchly,

WARD (ARTEMUS).

I.

A JUVENILE COMPOSITION,

ON THE ELEPHANT.

THE Elephant is the most largest Annymile in the whole world. He eats hay and kakes. You mst not give the Elephant Tobacco, becoz if you do he will stamp his grate big feet upon to you and kill you fatally Ded. Some folks thinks the Elephant is the most noblest Annymile in the world, but as for Me giv Me the

American Egil and the Stars and Stripes. Alexander Pottles his Peace.

II.

A POEM BY THE SAME.

SOME VERSES SUGGESTED BY 2 OF MY UNCLAS.

Uncle Simon he
 Clum up a tree
 To see what he could see
 When presentlee
 Uncle Jim
 Clum up beside of him
 And squatted down by he.

MARION:

A ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL.

I.

—, Friday, —, 1860.

On the sad sea shore! Always to hear the moaning of these dismal waves!

Listen. I will tell you any story—my story of love, of misery, of black despair.

I am a moral Frenchman.

She whom I adore, whom I adore still, is the wife of a fat Marquis—a lop eared, blear-eyed, greasy Marquis. A man without soul. A man without sentiment, who cares nought for moonlight and music. A low, practical man, who pays his debts. I hate him

II.

She, my soul's delight, my empress, my angel, is superbly beautiful.

I loved her at first sight—devotedly, madly.

She dashed past me in her coupé. I saw her but a moment—perhaps only an instant—but she took me captive then and there, forevermore.

Forevermore!

I followed her, after that, wherever she went. At length she came to notice, to smile upon me. My motto was *en avant!* That is a French word. I got it out of the back part of Worcester's Dictionary.

III.

She wrote me that I might come and see her at her own house. Oh, joy, joy unutterable, to see her at her own house!

I went to see her after nightfall, in the soft moonlight.

She came down the graveled walk to meet me, on this beautiful midsummer night—came to me in pure white, her golden hair in splendid disorder—strangely beautiful, yet in tears!

She told me her fresh grievances.

The Marquis, always a despot, had latterly misused her most vilely.

That very morning, at breakfast, he had cursed the fishballs and sneered at the pickled onions.

She is a good cook. The neighbours will tell you so. And to be told by the base Marquis—a man who, previous to his marriage, had lived at the cheap eating-houses—to be told by him that her manner of frying fishballs was a failure—it was too much.

Her tears fell fast. I too wept. I mixed my sobs with her'n. "Fly with me!" I cried.

Her lips met mine. I held her in my arms. I felt her breath upon my cheek! It was Hunky.

"Fly with me. To New York! I will write romances for the Sunday papers—real French romances, with morals to them. My style will be appreciated. Shop girls and young mercantile persons will adore it; and I will amass wealth with my ready pen.

Ere she could reply—ere she could articulate her ecstasy, her husband, the Marquis, crept snake-like upon me.

Shall I write it? He kicked me out of the garden—he kicked me into the street.

I did not return. How could I? I, so ethereal, so full of soul, of sentiment, of sparkling originality! He, so gross, so practical, so lop-eared!

Had I returned, the creature would have kicked me again.

So I left Paris for this place—this place, so lonely, so dismal.

Ah me!

Oh dear!

TOUCHING LETTER FROM A GORY MEMBER OF THE HOME GUARD.

Dear Father and Mother: — BROADWAY, Dec. 19, '61.

We are getting along very well. We mess at Delmonico's. Do not repine for your son. Some must suffer for the glorious Stars and Stripes, and, dear parents, why shouldn't I? Tell Mrs. Skuller that we do not need the blankets she so kindly sent to us, as we bunk at the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan. What our brave lads stand most in need of now, is Fruit, Cake and Waffles. Do not weep for me.

HENRY ADOLPHUS.

EAST-SIDE THEATRICALS.

THE Broadway houses have given the public immense quantities of Central Park, Seven Sisters, Nancy Sykes, and J. Cadé. I suppose the Broadway houses have done this chiefly because it has paid them, and so I mean no disrespect when I state that to me the thing became rather stale. I sighed for novelty. A man may stand stewed veal for several years, but banquets consisting exclusively of stewed veal would become uninteresting after a century or so. A man would want something else. The least particular man, it seems to me, would desire to have his veal "biled," by way of a change. So I, tired of the thread-bare pieces at the Broadway houses, went to the East Side for something fresh. I wanted to see some libertines and brigands. I wanted to see some cheerful persons identified with the blacksmith and sewing-machine interests triumph over those libertines and brigands, in the most signal manner. I wanted, in short, to see the Downfall of Vice and Triumph of Virtue. That was what ailed me. And so I went to the East Side.

Poor Jack Scott is gone, and Jo. Kirby dies no more on the East Side. They've got the blood and things over there, but alas! they're deficient in lungs. The tragedians in the Bowery and Chatham Street of to-day don't start the shingles on the roof as their predecessors, now cold and stiff in death, used to when they threw themselves upon their knees at the footlights and roared a red-hot curse after the lord who had carried Susan away, swearing to never more eat nor drink until the lord's vile heart was torn from his body, and thor-rown to the dorge—rattling their knives against the tin-lamps and glaring upon the third tier most fearfully the while.

Glancing at the spot where it is said Senator Benjamin used to vend second-hand clothes, and regretting that he had not continued in that comparatively honourable vocation instead of sinking to his present position;—wondering if Jo Kirby would ever consent, if he were alive, to die wrapped up in a Secession flag!—gazing admiringly upon the unostentatious sign-board which is suspended in front of the Hon. Izzy Lazarus's tavern;—glancing, wondering, and gazing thus, I enter the old Chatham theatre. The pit is full, but people fight shy of the boxes.

The play is about a servant-girl, who comes to the metropolis from the agricultural districts, in short skirts, speckled hose, and a dashing little white hat, gaily decked with pretty pink ribbons—that being the style of dress invariably worn by servant-girls from the interior. She is accompanied by a chaste young man in a short-tailed red coat, who, being very desirous of protecting her from the temptations of a large city, naturally leaves her in the street and goes off somewhere. Servant-girl encounters an elderly female, who seems to be a very nice sort of person indeed, but the young man in a short-tailed coat comes in and thrusts the elderly female aside, calling her “a vile hag.” This pleases the pit, which is ever true to virtue, and it accordingly cries “Hi! hi! hi!”

A robber appears. The idea of a robber in times like these is rather absurd. The most adroit robber would eke out a miserable subsistence if he attempted to follow his profession nowadays. I should prefer to publish a daily paper in Chelsea. Nevertheless, here is a robber. He has been playing poker with his “dupe;” but singularly enough the dupe has won all the money. This displeases the robber, and it occurs to him that he will kill the dupe. He accordingly sticks him. The dupe staggers, falls, says “Dearest Eliza!” and dies. Cries of “Hi! hi! hi!” in the pit, while a gentleman with a weed on his hat, in the boxes, states that the price of green smelts is five cents a quart. This announcement is not favourably received by the pit, several members of which come back at the weeded individual with some advice in regard to liquidating a long-standing account for beans and other refreshments at an adjacent restaurant.

The robber is seized with remorse, and says the money which he has taken from the dupe's pockets “scorches” him. Robber seeks refuge in a miser's drawing-room, where he stays for “seven days.” There is a long chest, full of money and diamonds, in the room. The chest is unlocked; but misers very frequently go off

and leave long chests full of money unlocked in their drawing-rooms for seven days; and this robber was too much of a gentleman to take advantage of this particular miser's absence. By and by the miser returns, when the robber quietly kills him and chucks him in the chest. "Sleep with your gold, old man!" says the bold robber, as he melodramatically retreats—retreats to a cellar, where the servant-girl resides. Finds that she was formerly his gal, when he resided in the rural districts, and regrets having killed so many persons; for if so be he hadn't, he might marry her and settle down, whereas now he can't do it, as he says he is "unhappy." But he gives her a ring—a ring he had stolen from the dupe—and dies. Presently the dupe, who has come to life in a singular but eminently theatrical manner, is brought into the cellar. He discovers the ring upon the servant-girl's finger: servant-girl states that she is innocent, and the dupe, with the remark that he sees his mother, dies, this time positively without reserve. Servant-girl is taken to Newgate, whither goes the robber and gains admission by informing the turnkey that he is her uncle. Throws off his disguise, and, like a robber bold and gay, says he is the guilty party, and will save the servant-girl. He drinks a vial of poison, says he sees his mother, and dies to slow fiddling. Servant-girl throws herself upon him wildly, and the virtuous young party in a short-tailed coat comes in and assists in the tableau. Robber tells the servant-girl to take the party in the short-tailed coat and be happy—repeats that he sees his mother (they always do), and dies again. Cries of "Hi! hi! hi!" and the weeded gentleman reiterates the price of green smolts.

Not a remarkably heavy plot, but quite as bulky as the plots of the Broadway sensation-pieces.

SOLILOQUY OF A LOW THIEF.

My name is Jim Griggins. I'm a low thief. My parents was ignorant folks, and as poor as the shadder of a bean pole. My advantages for gettin' a eddycation was exceedin' limited. I grewed up in the street, quite loose and permis ou see, and took to vice because I had nict'ing else to take to, and because nobody had never given me a sight at virtue.

I'm in the penitentiary. I was sent here onct before for prig-

gin' a watch. I served out my time, and now I'm here agin, this time for stealin' a few insignificant clothes.

I shall always blame my parients for not eddycatin' me. Had I bin liberally eddycated I could with my brilliant native talents, have bin a big thief—I b'leeve they call 'em defaulters. Instead of confinin' myself to prigginn' clothes, watches, spoons and sich like, I could have plundered princely sums—thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars—and that old humbug, the law, wouldn't have harmed a hair of my head! For, you see, I should be smart enough to get elected State Treasurer, or have something to do with Banks or Railroads, and perhaps a little of both. Then, you see, I could ride in my carriage, live in a big house with a free stun frunt, drive a fast team, and drink as much gin and sugar as I wanted. A investigation might be made, and some of the noosepapers might come down on me heavy, but what the d—l would I care about that, havin' previously taken precious good care of the stolen money? Besides, my "party" would swear stout that I was as innersunt as the new-born babe, and a great many people would wink very pleasant, and say, "Well, Griggina understands what he's 'bout, he does!"

But havin' no eddycation, I'm only a low thief—a stealer of watches and spoons and sich—a low wretch, anyhow—and the Law puts me through without mercy.

It's all right, I s'pose, and yet I sometimes think it's wery hard to be shut up here, a wearin' checkered clothes, a livin' on cold vittles, a sleepin' on iron beds, a lookin' out upon the world through iron muskeeter bars, and poundin' stun like a galley slave day after day, week after week, and year after year, while my brother thieves (for to speak candid, there's no difference between a thief and a defaulter, except that the latter is forty times wuss) who have stolen thousands of dollars to my one cent, are walkin' out there in the bright sunshine—dressed up to kill, new clothes upon their backs and piles of gold in their pockets! But the Law don't tech 'em. They are too big game for the Law to shott at. It's as much as the Law can do to take care of us ignorant thieves.

Who said there was no difference 'tween tweedledum and tweedledee? He lied in his throat, like a villain as he was! I tell ye there's a tremendous difference. *

Oh that I had been liberally eddycated!

JIM GRIGGINS.

SING-SING, 1860.

SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS

It was customary in many of the inland towns of New England, some thirty years ago, to celebrate the anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, by a sham representation of that important event in the history of the Revolutionary War. A town meeting would be called, at which a company of men would be detailed as British, and a company as Americans—two leading citizens being selected to represent Washington and Cornwallis in the mimic surrender.

The pleasant little town of W——, in whose schools the writer has been repeatedly "corrected," upon whose ponds he has often skated, upon whose richest orchards he has, with other juvenile bandits, many times dashed in the silent midnight; the town of W——, where it was popularly believed these bandits would "come to a bad end," resolved to celebrate the surrender. Rival towns had celebrated, and W—— determined to eclipse them in the most signal manner. It is my privilege to tell how W—— succeeded in this determination.

The great day came. It was ushered in by the roar of musketry, the ringing of the village church bell, the squeaking of fifes, and the rattling of drums.

People poured into the village from all over the county. Never had W—— experienced such a jam. Never had there been such an onslaught upon gingerbread carts. Never had New England rum (for this was before Neal Dow's day) flowed so freely. And W——'s fair daughters, who mounted the house-tops to see the surrender, had never looked fairer. The old folks came, too, and among them were several war, scarred heroes, who had fought gallantly at Monmouth and Yorktown. These brave sons of '76 took no part in the demonstration, but an honoured bench was set apart for their exclusive use on the piazza of Sile Smith's store. When they were dry, all they had to do was to sing out to Sile's boy, Jerry, "a leetle New Englan' this way, if *you* please." It was brought forthwith.

At precisely 9 o'clock, by the schoolmaster's new "Lepeen" watch, the American and British forces marched on to the village green and placed themselves in battle array, reminding the spectator of the time when

"Brave Wolf draw up his men
In a style most pretty,
On the Plains of Abraham
Before the city."

The character of Washington had been assigned to 'Squire Wood, a well-to-do and influential farmer, while that of Cornwallis had been given to the village-lawyer, a kind hearted but rather pompous person, whose name was Caleb Jones.

'Squire Wood, the Washington of the occasion, had met with many unexpected difficulties in preparing his forces, and in his perplexity he had emptied not only his own canteen but those of most of his aids. The consequence was—mortifying as it must be to all true Americans—blushing as I do to tell it, Washington at the commencement of the mimic-struggle was most unqualifiedly drunk.

The sham-fight commenced. Bang! bang! bang! from the Americans—bang! bang! bang! from the British. The bangs were kept hotly up until the powder gave out, and then came the order to charge. Hundreds of wooden bayonets flashed fiercely in the sunlight, each soldier taking very good care not to hit any body.

"Thaz (hic) right," shouted Washington, who during the shooting had been racing his horse wildly up and down the line, "thaz right! Gin it to 'em! Cut their tarnal heads off!"

"On Romans!" shrieked Cornwallis, who had once seen a theatrical performance and remembered the heroic appeals of the Thespian belligerents, "on to the fray! No sleep till mornin'."

"Lot eout all their bowels," yelled Washington, "and down with taxation on tea!"

The fighting now ceased, the opposing forces were properly arranged, and Cornwallis, dismounting, prepared to present his sword to Washington according to programme. As he walked slowly towards the Father of His Country he rehearsed the little speech he had committed for the occasion, while the illustrious being who was to hear it was making desperate efforts to keep in his saddle. Now he would wildly brandish his sword and narrowly escape cutting off his horse's ears, and then he would fall suddenly forward on to the steed's neck, grasping the mane as drowning men seize hold of straws. He was giving an inimitable representation of Toodle on horseback. All idea of the magnitude of the occasion had left him, and when he saw Cornwallis approaching,

with slow and stately step, and sword-hilt extended toward him, he inquired,

"What 'n deyl you want, say (hic) now?"

"General Washington," said Cornwallis, in dignified and impressive tones, "I tender you my sword. I need not inform you, Sir, how deeply—"

The speech was here cut suddenly short by Washington, who driving the spurs into his horse, playfully attempted to run over the commander of the British forces. He was not permitted to do this, for his aids, seeing his unfortunate condition, seized the horse by the bridle, straightened Washington up in his saddle, and requested Cornwallis to proceed with his remarks.

"General Washington," said Cornwallis, "the British Lion prostrates himself at the foot of the American Eagle!"

"Eagle! EAGLE!" yelled the infuriated Washington, rolling off his horse and hitting Cornwallis a frightful blow on the head with the flat of his sword, "do you call me a *Eagle*, you mean sneakin' cuss?" He struck him again, sending him to the ground, and said, "I'll learn you to call me a *Eagle*, you infernal scoundrel!"

Cornwallis remained upon the ground only a moment. Smarting from the blows he had received, he arose with an entirely unlooked-for recuperation on the part of the fallen, and in direct defiance of historical example, in spite of the men of both nations, indeed, he whipped the Immortal Washington until he roared for mercy.

The Americans at first mortified and indignant at the conduct of their chief, now began to sympathize with him, and resolved to whip their mock foes in earnest. They rushed fiercely upon them, but the British were really the stronger party and drove the Americans back. Not content with this they charged madly upon them and drove them from the field—from the village, in fact. There were many heads damaged, eyes draped in mourning, noses fractured and legs lamed—it is a wonder that no one was killed outright.

Washington was confined to his house for several weeks, but he recovered at last. For a time there was a coolness between himself and Cornwallis, but they finally concluded to join the whole county in laughing about the surrender.

They live now. Time, the "artist," has thoroughly white-washed their heads, but they are very jolly still. On town meeting days the old Squire always rides down to the village. In the mind

part of his venerable yellow wagon is always a bunch of hay, ostensibly for the old white horse, but really to hide a glass bottle from the vulgar gaze. This bottle has on one side a likeness of Lafayette and upon the other may be seen the Goddess of Liberty. What the bottle contains inside I cannot positively say, but it is true that 'Squire Wood and Lawyer Jones visit that bottle very frequently on town meeting days and come back looking quite red in the face. When this redness in the face becomes of the blazing kind, as it generally does by the time the polls close, a short dialogue like this may be heard :

"We shall never play surrender again, Lawyer Jones!"

"Them days is over, 'Squire Wood!"

And then they laugh and jocosely punch each other in the ribs

THE WIFE.

Home they brou-ht her warrior dead :

She nor swooned, nor uttered cry—

All her maidens, watching, said,

"She must weep or she will die."

THE propriety of introducing a sad story like the following, in a book intended to be rather cheerful in its character, may be questioned ; but it so beautifully illustrates the firmness of woman when grief and despair have taken possession of "the chambers of her heart," that we cannot refrain from relating it.

Lucy M—— loved with all the ardour of a fond and faithful wife, and when he upon whom she had so confidently leaned was stolen from her by death, her friends and companions said Lucy would go mad. Ah, how little they knew her !

Gazing for the last time upon the clay-cold features of her de-
 rided husband, this young widow—beautiful even in her grief :
 ethereal to look upon and yet so firm!—looking for the last
 me upon the dear, familiar face, now cold and still in death—Oh,
 looking for the last, last time—she rapidly put on her bonnet, and
 thus addressed the robbing gentlemen who were to act as pall-
 bearers: "You pall-bearers just go into the buttry and get some
 rum, and we'll start this man right along!"

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

INTRODUCTION.

IN Major Jack Downing—the resuscitated *ridôlon*, by the way, of a personage once as celebrated in America as Colonel Davy Crocket—the English reader is introduced to a personage of whom, on this side the Atlantic, very little is known; and that little has hitherto remained under a dense cloud of misapprehension. Major Jack Downing is a sample—in burlesque, it is true, but with much that is closely true to nature in the burlesque—of the American “politician.” Although politics sometimes run very high in our own favoured and constitutional country, we have few politicians of the Jack Downing stamp among us. The American politician is an individual with very little to remind us of Lord Russell, or Lord Derby, or Mr. Gladstone at home, or of M. Drouyn de L’Huys or M. de Persigny on the Continent, or even of Mr. Seward, or Mr. Chase, or Mr. Stanton in America. He is a production indigenous to the Yankee soil—to the sub-soil it may be; for the “politician” in the States is, as a rule, as low as the Bedford level. He may have been a “kinder” editor, or a “sorter” stockjobber, or a half-bred lawyer; but, in the majority of cases, he is emphatically what the Americans term a “bad egg.” I have met with all kinds of

"politicians" in my time. Some of them were "Ward politicians," others rose to the dignity of "stumping" a State, or "running" for the local legislature, while others were content to hang about the bar of Willards and Washington, or loafe about the White House, importuning the President, whenever they could "button-hole" him, to be appointed to a consulate in Europe, to a post-mastership in Nebraska, or to a lighthouse on the coast of Florida—it did not much matter, so long as they got something, with a salary attached. There are Tammany Hall politicians, and Mozart Hall politicians; there are politicians who are "log-rollers," others who are "wire-pullers," or "lobbyers," or "pipe-layers," or "financiers." They are all, in fine, adventurers who make politics a trade, and who do their best to live at free quarters on the goods and chattels of the sovereign people. Major Jack Downing has all the shrewdness of the class, but with a spice of rollicking fun added; and under the circumstances he will be welcome. A "politician" without any fun in him is a very dull dog indeed.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

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INTRODUCTION.

DOWNINGVILLE, July 15, 1864.

To the Editors of the Dabcock :

SURE : I got your letter tellin me that Mister Bromley and Kumpany wanted to print my letters in book form, and as you seem to think they understand such kind of work, and are proper persons to do it, I ain't got eny perticular objections. It is now jest thirty years sence my first Book of Letters was printed by Harper and Kumpany, but I hear that they have turned Abolishinists since then, and if that is so, I wouldn't let 'em print a book of mine for love nor money.

After I got your letter, I sot down and writ the Kernel, askin his opinion as to printin the Letters in book form, and he wrote back to me rite off, saying I must do it without sale. The Kernel has got 'em all cut out of the papers and put in a scrap-book, but it's kinder onhandy, and he wants to get 'em in better shape. I've promised him that you would send him a copy jest as soon as it was out, and you must not fail to tell Bromley and Kumpany to do so. I also writ the Kernel that I thought it would be a good idee to issue a Proclamashin, ordering all the people to buy the book, espeshilly the Loyal Leegers, the soldiers in the army, all the Tax-Collectors, Custom-House Officers, Provo-Marshalls, Postmasters, Copperheads, War Dimmerats, Abolishinists, Black Republikins, etc., etc. The Kernel sed it was a capital idee, and he told me to write it for him. He sed Seward had wrote most all of his Proclamashins, but he would trust me to write this. He also looked upon my letters as "Pub. Doc.," and hence Congressmen ought to frank 'em, and read 'em too. He said he didn't mind the little jokes in 'em on him, for ef there was anything on arth he could forgive a man for, it was for making a joke. He didn't see how eny one who knew enuf to make one could help doin it.

So I have writ a Proclamashin, which you will find at the bottom of this letter, which you can print with it. I think when Ginneral Banks, and Rosykran, and all them Ginnerals who sometimes stop books and papers, read it, they will understand that it will not answer to interfere with my book.

There is one thing that makes me a little bashful about publishin a book. My eddicashin was not very well taken keer of when I was a boy, and the consequence is, I ain't quite so smart in grammer and spellin as sum peepil. But one thing is certun, I allers make myself understood, and that, after all, is the main

thing. I want Bremley and Kumpany to fix up the spellin a leetle, and then I think the book will pass muster.

I don't ever expect to live to write another book; in fact, I don't want to. I have labored as hard for the good of my kentry as any man in it, and yet I've lived to see it all go to rack and ruin. I don't raly know whether I shall write another letter, for a man of my years don't feel like such work. But there is one thing I feel sure of. Though the clouds look dark and black now, and though I don't expect to live to see everything all rite' again, yet the Dimmoocracy will triumph in the end. There is no blottin this out. It is in the natur of things. Peepel are nat'ally Dimmoocrats, so old Ginntral Jackson used to say, and it takes a good deal of hard lying to make 'em anything else. Sometimes the liars got the upper hand for a time, jist as they have now, but it can't last always.

I don't want you to put any preface to my book, for I have most always found the prefaces are filled full of falsehoods. I jist want my book to go on its merits, if it has any. I've tried to tell the truth about politics, as I understand it, and ef Linkin had only taken my advice, the kentry would now be nigh about as good as new. But he wouldn't do it, and so I've left him to get out of the scrape he is in the best way he can. The Kernel, however, don't think eny the less of me becrase I've been plane with him. He thunks my ideas of niggers are all rong, and I think his are all rong, and there is jist where we split, for tarn this question upside down or inside out, and, after all, the nigger is at the bottom of it. Jist as a man's ideas run on niggers, jist about in that style will be his views on the war. Take an' out-an out Abolishinist, who thunks niggers are a little better than white folks, and he is for subjugashun, confis-kashin, and exterminashin to the bitter end. Ef he think niggers are jist as good as white folks, but no better, then 'he is a little milder on the South; and so on down through every grade of a war man, the bitterness agin the South runs jist about even with the ignorance about niggers. Finally, the man who knows jist what niggers are fit for, and what they need to make 'em useful and happy, is the strongest opponent of the war. So you see this proves that the nigger is at the bottom of the hull war.

There are, however, a good many things that make matters worse. Greenbacks, offices, &c., are terribal upon corruptin the peepul. Almost every other man has an office now-a-days, and them that ain't got office are interested in greenbacks. It will take a hard pull to get the present party out of power; but ef the Dimmoocrats will only be honest and plucky, they can do it. I want to live long enuff to vote the Dimmoocratic ticket this fall, and help do it.

Yours till deeth,

MAJER JACK DOWNING.

"A. LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION CONCERNING MAJOR JACOB DOWNING'S BOOK.

Washington, July 15, 1864.

"Whereas, my friend Major Jacob Downing, of the Dickinsonville Militia, has issued a Book of Letters, containing his views on Public Affairs, the War, &c., &c.,

"Now, therefore, I do hereby issue this my Proclamation, enjoining upon every loyal as well as disloyal citizen, includin Loyal Leaguers, Abolitionists, Republicans, War Democrats, Copperheads, Clay Banks, Charcoals, &c., to buy this book and to read the same, under penalty of the confiscation of all their property, including niggers of every description. Furthermore, all officers under me, whether civil, military, or otherwise, are hereby ordered, under penalty of court-marshal, to purchase the sed book and read it. This order applies to all Postmasters and their clerks (who are also ordered to assist in the sale of the book), to all Custom-House officials, to all Provo-Marshalls, to all Tax-Collectors, Assessors, Recruiting officers, Runners, Brokers, Bounty Jumpers, and especially to all Government Swindlers, Contractors, Defaulters, &c., to all Furrin Ambassadors, Ministers Plenipotentiaries, and their Secretaries of Litigations, also to Ministers of the Gospel, Tract Distributors, Nigger Missionaries, male and female, &c., &c. Furthermore, Ginnerals Grant, Sherman, and all other Ginnerals, includin Ginneral Banks, will see to it that the Major's letters are widely circulated in their armies, as the menny good stories of mine, as well as the Major's, in the book, will keep the sojer in good spirits.

"Furthermore, if any disloyal edditer shall presume to say anything against this book, or advise any person not to sell or circulate the same, or aid and abet them in so doing, he shall at once be arrested and his paper stopped.

"Further, if any person, in order to avoid the penalties mentioned above, shall borrow said book, he shall, if it be proved, be fined \$1000 in gold. If there be no proof, he shall be sent to Fort La Fayette.

"Finally, every person purchasing a copy of the Major's Letters shall be exempt from the draft. All others are at once to be seized and sent to the front.

"Done in this my city of Washington, in the fourth year of my reign.

"A. LINCOLN."

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

I.

The Major Announces that he "Still Lives"—The Reason why he has not Spoken before—Writes to "President Linkin," who at once Sends for him—How Lincoln Shakes Hands—His Trouble—The Major's Advice—Lincoln to get an "Appintment on General McClellan's Staff"—A Story About Old Rye, from Mr. Lincoln.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4th, 1862.

To the Editors of the Cawcashi, New York :

SUBS :—I spose eenamost everybody believed I wus ded, 'cause they aint seen any letters of mine in the papers for a good while. But it taint so. I'm alive, and though I can't kick quite as spry as I used to, yet I kin ride a hossback about as good as I could twenty year ago. I am now nigh on eighty years old, and yet, except getting tuckered out easier than I used to, I believe I feel jest about as smart as I did when I was a boy. The last lettefs I writ fer the papers was about ten years ago, when I went all around the country with Kossoot, and showed him the sights. Sence then I've been livin' in Downingville, county of Penobscot, State of Maine, and enjoyin' in gineral a good state of helth. But if the public haint heard from me, it taint because I wasn't keepin' a close eye on matters and things. But the sartin truth is jest here : I seen, a good while ago, how things was shapin'. I told Kossoot that the pesky Abolishunests would ruin him, and thay did, and I've knowed for a long time that thay would run this country off the Dimokratic track and smash it all to flinders. Wall, they've done it. You may wunder why I haint spoke and told the country all this before. Wall, the reason is jest here : I saw that the breechin' was broke some years ago, and there is no use of talkin or hollerin "Whoa! whoa!" after that. I've seen the laziest old hoss that ever lived kick and run like all possessed as soon as the shafts tetched his heels, and that's jest the condishun we've been in in this country for some time. We've been kickin' and runnin' and raisin' the old scratch generally for ten years, all about these darned kinky-boded niggers. As there is no use of tryin' to stop a runaway hoss after the breechin' brakes unil he gets

to the bottom of the hill, so there is no use of talkin' to a count'y while it is goin' in the same direcshun. Didn't Noah preach to a hull genera-shun of aunty-Delavens, and it warn't any use. They laied him rite in the face; and cum round him and axed what he intended to do with a boat full of chicken coops, hoss stables, and so on. And at last, when the ruin begun to cum down like all possessed, they swore it "warn't much of a freshet arter all." Wal, jest so it is with this geherahshun. I spects the *aunty-slaveryites* are sum relashun to the *aunty-Delavens*, and that accounts for their simolur behaveyur.

But I think that we've got most to the bottom of the hill now, and it is about time to get things rited up in some short of shape. Havin come to this conclushin, about ten days ago I wrote a letter, to President Linkin, tellin him how that Ginerel Jackson's old friend was yet alive, and that if he wanted my services or advico I would come on to Wash- ington and help him thro'. Wal, I got a letter rite back, in which Linkin said he "was tickled all into a heap to hear that Ginerel Jackson's old friend, Major Jack Downing, was still alive, and that he wanted him to cum on to Washington rite off." So I put off, like shot off a shovel, and dident even stop in York a day, or I should have called to see you. The truth is, I'm darn glad I cum. I went rite up to the White House, which looks as nat'ral as when Ginerel Jackson and I lived there, and sent in my keerd. In a minnit the sarvent cum buck, and ses he, "Walk up." I went up-stairs, and then into Linkin's room, and you never seed a feller gladder to see a man than he was to see me. He got hold of my hand, and ses he, "Major, you are a brick. I've thought a thousand times that if I only had such a friend as Ginerel Jackson had in you, that I could git along as easy as snuff. But ye see, Major, all these pollyticens are a set of tarnel hyppercrits, and I hate 'em." And he kept talkin and shakin my hand until I thot hed sprain my rist. So I ses, "Mr. Linkin, I can't stand hard squeezin as well as I used to, so don't hold on quite so hard." Then he apologized, and said "how he was so anxus to see me that he was almost crazy." I told him that "I hed cum to see him through, jist as I did Ginerel Jackson, and that I would atick by him as long as there was a shirt to his back, if he would only do 'te."

"Wal," ses he, "Major, that is jist what I want to do. But it's awful hard work to tell what is rite. Here I am pulled first one way and then tother."

"Now," ses I, "Linkin, I'm goin to talk rite out to you. The fact is, there never was a President that had such a party at his back as you've got. You see it's made up of Old Whigs, Abolitionists and free sale Dimmycrats. Now, there ain't any more rale mixture to this conglommyrate than there is to ile and water. The truth is, I'd as soon tuke Illinoy muck, and Jersey mud, and Massachusetts cobble stuns to make a fine coat mortar of, as I would to get such materials to put into a pollyticol party. You can't never make them gee."

"Wal," ses he, "Major, I've began to think that way myself. The truth is, I've been tryin' all summer to please everybody, and the more I try to do it, the more I don't succeed. When I am conservative, then the aanty-slaveryitics come down on me like all possessed, with old Horass Greele at their hod. When I go a little t'other way, then the conservatives and my old neighbors, the Kentuckians, they come down upon me, and that takes me right off the handle. I can't stand it. So you see, Major, I'm in hot water all the time."

"I see your troubles," ses I, "Mr. Linkin, and I'll have to look about some days afore I can get the exact hang of things, but as soon as I do, I'll make matters as clear as a pipe-stem."

"Wal," ses he, "Major, I want you to make yourself at hum, and jist call for anything you want."

I told him there warn't but two things that I keered for except victuals, and that was a pipe and tobacco, and jist a little old rye, now and then. That gave him the hint, and Linkin rang a bell, and a sneakin' lookin' feller, in putty bad clothes, made his appearance. Linkin told him to get some tobacco and the black bottle. The feller soon fetched them in, and Linkin said that that "old rye" was twenty years old, and jist about the best licker he ever drank. He said he found it very good to quiet his nerves after a hard day's work. I told him that that was jist what General Jackson always said. "Did he?" ses Linkin; "wal," ses he, "I only want to imitate Jackson. That would be glory enough for me."

"Wal, now," ses I, "Linkin, the first thing you must do, in order to be poplar, is to be a military man. That was the way Jackson got up in the world, and if I had never been a Major, I really believe I'd never been heard of out of Downingville. Now, jist as soon as the people believe you are an officer, with epaulettes on, they'll think you are the greatest man that ever lived."

"Wal," ses Linkin, "I think that is a fust chop idea. How can it be carried out?"

"Wal," ses I, "you must get an appointment on *Gen. McClellan's staff*! with the rank of *Kernel*. Nothing short of that will answer at all. Then got a splendid uniform and a fine boss, and have the papers describe them, and get up pictures, and the shop-keepers will have their windows full of lithographs, and in six months you will be the most poplar man in the country, and sure to be next President."

When I sed that, he jumped right up, and ses he, "Major, you're worth your weight in gold. You have hit the nail right on the head. I'll do it; by the Eternal, I'll settle this trouble yet!"

"That's the talk," ses I. "Jist put your foot down, and let it stay down, and you may be sure it will all come out right."

Then Linkin said to me, ses he, "Major, take a good swig of this old rye. If you feel sick, have got a cold or looseness in the bowels, or need physic, or have got the rheumatiz, or pain in the back, or the head-

ache, there's nothen like old rye to set you on your pins just as good as new. Why, Major, let me tell you a story. There was a feller out West, who got a splinter in his foot. He was splittin' rails one day, and the axe glanced off, and sent a piece of chesnut timber in his heel about as big as an axe-handle. Wal, he tried everything on 'arth. Finally, he came to me, and I gave him some old rye, and the splinter came out in five minutes afterwards."

"Wal," ses I, "Linkin, that is a purty good story, and old rye is a capital drink, but as for medicin', giv' me my old stuff, elderberry bark tea. It's handy to use. Scrape it downwards, and it makes a fust-rate fnic, and scrape it upwards it is a capital emetic. The only danger is that when you scrape it round-about-ways, it stirs up a young earthquake in a man's bowells equal to Mount Vesuvius on a bust. Kossoot made a mistake of this once, and I had to hed him up in a flour barrel, and roll him round the room afore he cum to."

When Linkin heard how I rolled Kossoot in a flour barrel, he laid back and larfed as hard as he could roar, and said he hadn't felt in such good spirits since he had been in Washington.

I telled him he mustn't get the blews, and that I should cheer him up. Then he tuk me by the han' and bid me a very feelin' good-night, and the feller in bad clothes showed me to my room. I slept as sound as a bug in a rug all night, and feel good as new this mornin'.

I shall soon get things straightened out here, I hope, and if anything interestin' happens, you may hear from me agin.

Your friend till death,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

II.

Deacon Jenkins, of Downingville, Sent for to Cut and Make the President's Uniform—A Provoking Accident—Mr. Lincoln Tells a Story—The Major as a "Commentator" on the Constitution—Mrs. Lincoln's Party—Luaine Stebbins, of the Downingville Insensibles, Writes a Paradox for the Occasion—The Major gets Angry—Lincoln Tells a Story about Virginia Mud.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15, 1862.

To the Editors of the Cawcashin:

Surs:—Didn't I tell you that, as soon as I got here, I would straiten things out? You never see a happier man now-a-days, than Linkin is. When I cum here he was eenamost redly to go into a hasty consumpskin. He had been lettin things go on at loose ends with two or three fellers managing things, and they were eternally pullin' jest as many ways. Linkin had been in the habit of sayin' that he waint no

military man. I telled him he must stop that at onct—that he knowed jest as much as any of em. So when I telled him he must be a Kernel, he at once went in for it. Wal, I hav been just as busy as a bee in a tar bucket gettin' his soldier clothes red dyed; I sent clear to Maine to get Deacon Jenkins, who made all the clothes for the Downingville Insensibles, and he arrived here last week. It ain't no easy matter to cut for Linkin's figer, but I knowed the Deacon could do it, if any body on arth could. But Deacon Jenkins, you see, is a small, strumpy man, not much longer than he is wide—while Linkin is cerna most as tall as a rail, and mity near as slim. Wal, I hadn't thought o' this; so when the Deacon cum he couldn't measure Linkin round the neck for a military stand up collar, any more than he could climb a been pole. Linkin sed he'd git down on his nees, or on all fores, if necessary, but I wouldn't let him 'cause it would be wantin' in dignity. So I got two cheers and laid a board across 'em, and Deacon Jenkins got up on 'em. While he was standin' thor, the board broke, and down come the Deacon rite on the floor, makin' the White House all shake agin. He turned dredful red in the face, but Linkin sed "it warn't a suckenstance to a fall he onct had out of a chestnut tree. He sed when he was a boy, he used to go out, and jest for a breakfast spell split a load of rails. One mornin' he clumb a tree to get some young crows out of a nest, and the linn broke and down he cum full thirty feet. Sum people thought he was ded, but he allers believed it was the rosin he was so tall, for he started groin' rite off after that, and didn't stop till he was six feet five inches!"

By the time Linkin got t'n tellin' his story, the Deacon hed got up on the cheers agin and tuk the measure. Then he hed the clothes made, and in three days they cum hum all rite. Wal, I wish the whole country could see the Kernel (I call him Kernel all the time now) in his new clothes. He looks like a new-man, and, what is more, he acts like a new man.

The other day I telled him he must give the orders to the new Sekretary of War, but he kinder held back, and sed he didn't like to take too much on his shoulders at onct. Besides, he didn't feel it was right for a Kernel to dictate in that way. Then I telled him that the place was only a complimentary one, but that he was ralsey a General and a Commydore all in one. Wal, he sed "he couldn't see intn that." Then I telled him how that the Constetushin said that he was "Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy," and that that made him a General and a Commydore. Wen I said that, he jumped out of his cheer, and ses he, "Majer, you are jest about the keenest commentator on the Constetushin I ever heerd talk. Why, Majer, ef I had only thought of that, I would hev put it in my Inaugerole. Wouldn't it hev made a sensashin?"

Wal, ever since the Kernel has tuk the ribbins into his hands, he has been puttin' things rite thin, and victories hev cum along jest as

fast as possible. Linkin is a terribul feller to work wen he has a mind to. He run Seckatary Stanton into a fit of the vertogris the very furst week he went into the harness, and as for the other members of the Cabbynet, there ain't one that kin hold a candle to him.

There's bin a terrribil time about the Secedence since I hev bin here; but the victorics in Kentuckee and Rawlinsport hev made a good many long faces look as good natured as ef the Union was all the again. I telled General Wilsin, from Missagoew-sits, the other day, that he orter vote a gold meddle to the President in honor of the good deces, but Somnure wanted to insert the Wilmut Proviso in the bill, and so I wouldn't hev nothing to do with it. I don't expect that, after all, they'll be willin' to giv' Linkin the credit he deserves, for ther ain't a man here from a Senator in Congress down to a sargant of the Hoos mareens, who don't expect to be next President.

Wal, I hev run on so about politicks and so forth, that I benamost forgot to tell you about Mrs. Linkin's party. I've seen a good many big things in that way, sence I was a boy, but this was a leetle ahead of all. The sagers, and the witumen and the Cabbynet, and the forren Ministers Pennitenshery, with their Seckateries of Literature, were all ther. The tables were all kivered over with sugar frost, benamost as white as a Maine snow bank, and Mrs. Linkin loked like a young gal jest out of schule. The way she did intertane the kumpany was a caushin to peepul who don't know the ropes. Insine Stebbins, of the Downingville Insensibles, was ther, and ef ther is a smart feller in the army, the Insine is one. He kin rite poetry almost equil to Longfeller, and as for singin', the Italian band-ditty can't begin with him. Wen the kumpany were sot down to the table, Deacon Jenkins was kalled on to say grace, and wen they got thru, the hull kumpany kalled on Insine Stebbins to sing a paradox which he had kumposed specially for the occashin, as follows:

From Vermont's my mountain,
From Licker-hatin' Maine,

Where streams of golden whisky,
Go strate agin' the grate;

From menny a country cawkie,
From menny a country shop,

We cum to greet thee, Linkin,
At this here Linkin hop!

Wot tho' the Nor-west breezes
Blow sum o'er Georgetown hill,

And likewise also freezees
The troops at Traft's Mill?

Wot tho' the army horses
Die off for want of food?

We'll drink Old Rye with Abran,
Because Old Rye is good.

Wot tho' the Yankee Washin
Pores out the warlike fud,

And sagers of all stabin
Are stashed in the mud?

Wot th' sly contractors
 Defend us rite and left
 And Uncle Sam's old stockin'
 Of all his cash y' rest?
 Wot th' the taxin' plague
 Cane keep o' corn-must' till
 Wot th' folk, three times over
 'Tis voice-groan is must' till
 Wot th' the Dr. (cheever,
 And shall be speke in vain?)
 Command us to deliver
 The land from slavery's chain?
 Shall we whose hats are litted
 With Hye and Crik and wine,
 Shall go to C. ft and Dink
 Give nought but crust and ine?
 Abolition! Abolition!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each reagent in gear
 Has leaved the Linkin' train!

"Amen! seel-er!" yelled out Deacon Jenkins, at the very tip-top of his voice, while nigh about the hull kumpany seemed to be hily tickled, except Linkin and his wife and me. I was so mad that I cennamost bust my hiler. I went rite strate up to the Insine, and ses I, "Insino Stebbins, I knowed you and Deacon Jenkins was both red-hot Abolishunists, but I tho't all the folke in Downingville had kommun sence, and woud know better than to interduce pollyticks on a festiv occashin, specially anything favorable to Cheever and Gree-he and kumpany, who are the hull time abusin Linkin and Mis Linkin." Then the Insino said that Sumnure had helped him rite the p. u. d. o. x. jest on purpose to see how Linkin woud like it. Wall, I told him, "that that was jest as much sence as well as manners as I shud expect from Sumnure." Then Deacon Jenkins cum up and sed sumthing, and I hid out him for hollerin' "Amen," right afore the hull diplomatick core, jest as ef he'd been at a prayer meetin' in the Downingville schule house. Mrs Linkin was very much pleased at the way I laid down the law to the Deacon. The Keenel didn't say much, but looked daggers out of his eye and seemed nigh about as cross as a cross-out saw all the rest of the evenin'. The hawl, howsumever, went off in all other respects in first-rate stile, and Mis. Linkin is now regarded as the very a lost of fashion.

There's not much else that's new this week. The roads have been in an impossibul condishun for some time, and unless some feller kin invent a patent rite for settin' them up 'edge ways to, drane, I don't believe they'll be scasely settled before the summer solstis. I tolled Linkin I never seed such mud in my born days. "Wal," ses he, "let me tell you a story about mud. Virganny can't hold a kandel to Illinoy in that respect. One time a man was travellin' 'long the road jest a little nor-east of Springfield, when he found a hat layin' in the mud, rite in the middel of the road. He stepped out keerful to get it, and he

was all struck up a heap to find a man's hed under it, and he in the mud clean up to his very chin. 'Darn my pectur, nabor, if you ain't in a fix. Cum, let me git hold of you, and I'll help pull you out.' 'No! no!' sed the feller in the mud, spittin' out the dirty water; 'no! no! I don't want your help—much ableeged to you—for I've got a good hoss under me, and he'll fetch me out as sure as preachin'!"

"Wal," ses I, "Kernol, I shau't try to match that story to-day." The truth is, that I didn't feel like it. I've bin kinder under the wether since the bawl. Washington is a terrible place for nager and fever, and all kinds of hillyus kemplantcs. One of the President's lectle shavers has bin dangrus sick for sum daze, but I hope he'll rekker.

I got yuere letter tellin' me that sum of yuere subscriburs wanted me to rite a letter every week for yuere paper. Wal, I will, if I kin, but I can't promis sartin. You see an old man nigh on eighty years old don't feel jest limber enuf to rite at any and all times, but wenever I hev'n't got the lambager or rumatiz, and my idecs ain't froze up, you'll heer from me once in two weeks, and perhaps oftener, wen the weathor gets more stody.

Your friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

III.

The Major has an Attack of the Agus and Fever—Begins to get the Hang of Matters at Washington—Mr. Lincoln's Improvement in "Military Nollage"—Studying "Stratygims" for Gen. McClellan—The Major Suggests a Difficulty—Mr. Stanton Called on—The Negroes at Port Royal—"The Nigger Teachin' Pevet"—Deacon Jenkins' Daughter goes to Port Royal to Teach the Negroes.

WASHINGTON, March 1st, 1862.

To the Editors of the *Cawcaskin*:

I've had a terribul fit of the ager sence I wrot yu last, and one time I thought it was about "nip and go tuck" wether the ager or natur wud whip, but I've got a strong constetushin, and it cum out best, as it allers has so far in life. Linkin, too, has been kinder under the wether. The loss of his little boy affected him terribully. Ef it hadn't ben for the good noose and the Union victoies I don't know how we could have got along. But we are all gettin' better very fast now, and things begin to look brighter.

I begin to get the hang of matters here now, and the way Linkin and Stantin and me will settle affairs before long will be a cawshin. Stantin is a steem injine in breeches. The grate trubbul Linkin now has is the

Abolishinests. They are tryin' to drive him to free all the niggers down South, and all the preachers, moril reformers and lecterers are constantly writin' letters here prayin' Linkin to go rite on and turn the niggers all loose. Sometimes we get as many as three bushels of letters in one mornin', from the strong-minded wimmie and weak-minded men in the North, who don't know any more about niggers, than they do about the man in the moon. Linkin don't pretend to read 'em or even take a look at 'em. He told me one day that I might look 'em over, and see ef thar was enny sence in enny of 'em, but I couldn't find ennything but texts of Scriptur, and sains and hims and extracts from Greele's paper and Cheevur's sarmons. Wen I told Linkin that he sed he didn't want to know enny more about 'em, for he had had about enuff of such pesky fanaticks. I kin jist tell them fellers that are writin' here such long letters, that it aint any use.

But the grate subject that has occupied the attenshin of all of us for two weeks past, has ben the grand forrard movement. Linkin improves mitey fast in military nollige, and is eenamost reddy to graduate from a Kernel into a Ginneral. Wal, as I was sayin', we've been as bizzy as bees in gittin things reddy for a start. Ef Stantin and Ginneral McClellin, and the Kernel and me didn't work hard at stratygims, then thar aint any such word in the dickshinnery. We had charts, and maps, and diaphragms, and kumpasses to measure the distance with, and all sorts of queer looking instruments that I can't remember the name of. But Ginneral McClellin knew all about 'em, I tell you. He could tell how fur it was from one place to tother on the map, jest as easy as if he'd been over the ground and measured it with a ten foot pole. Wal, wen he'd tell the distonse from one place to tother, the Kernel would put it down on a piece of paper so as to see jest how fur the grand army would have to travil afore they got to Richmond. Wal, bime by Linkin had got a string of figers which kivered a hull page of writin paper, and then he undertook to ad 'em up. It warn't long, however, before he got things so mixed up that he couldn't tell hed from tale. Finally he turned to me and ses he, "Majer, can't you help me out of this scrape?" I told him I would ef he would only send for a slate, but that I couldn't figer on paper, that I larned to sifer on a slate, and that it allers cum terribel onhandy for me to figer in enny uther stile. So he called that feller in purty bad clothes, and told him to get a slate. Wen it cum I went to work, and tho' my hand aint ben in the business much sence I sifered up the ackounts for Ginneral Jackson in Squire Biddle's bank, yet I soon stratened matters out, and Linkin was dredful tickled at it. He sed "Apostle Paul couldn't beet it himself." I forgot to tell you that the Kernel calls Ginneral McClellin his Apostle Paul, so you needn't believe enny of the stories in the Abolishin papers about the Kernel and Ginneral McClellin being at Logger-heds. Even Ginneral Jackson and Mr. Van Buren were never better friends than Linkin and McClellin. Wal, to make a long story short, we got every thing all

settled, tho' it took the last night till eenamost morning before we got thru. I had bent over the tabil so long, lookin at the diaphragus, that I had a stitch in my back, and Linkin was bent eenamost d-d-d.

After it was all over with and every thing had been decided on, ses Linkin, ses he, "Major, don't you think that that is a capytal stratygem?" Ses I, "Yes, Kernal, that is jest about as nigh rite as you kin get it; but," ses I, "there's one thing you ain't provided for." Ses he, "What's that?" "Wal," ses I, "for a fire in the rear!" "Wal," ses Linkin, "now the Major is gettin off a joke on us, for thar ain't no chance for a fire in the rear, except it comes from John Bull, and ain't Seward spiked his guns?" "Now," ses I, "Kernal, you ain't so old as I am; ef you was you would see jest what I mean." Ses I, "Don't you know that the Aboleshin papers hate Ginneral McClellin as bad as they do Jeff Davis, and jest as soon as the grand army begins to move they'll expose all his plans, and the rebils will have 'em all in Richmund in time to defeat 'em?" "Wal, that is a fact," ses Linkin, "I never thought of that; but they will as sure as preachen do jest what the Major ses; but what kin we do?" "Wal," ses I, "I'll tell you what to do. Jest let Secketary Stanton issu an order stopping all war news, and put every Abolishin editer that dares to disobey it into Fort La Fayette. Giv em a dose of their own fisic, and see how they'll like it."

When Linkin heard that he jumped rite up, and ses he, "That is jest the checker. These Aboleshinests have bin as much trubble to me as the seecesh, and I don't know but a little more. I spect I'll have to hang a few on em yet before I can git a settled peece."

Then Linkin asked Secketary Stanton what he thought of my idee, and he sed it was jest what was needed, and so Linkin told him to draw up the order and put it thru strong. Wal, so you see how the "Yonkase," as sum of our York editors call it, cum it to be issued. I see sum of em growled and snarled over it like mad dogs, but it warn't no use. They know now how it feels to be put under the thum screws. So ef you can git the news, jest keep quiet a little while and you'll hear music.

There ain't much else that's new here jest now. But tother day there was a feller cum on here from York to see Linkin about what should be done for the niggers at Port Royal. He asked Linkin what could be done? "Wal," ses Linkin, "I spose you've heerd the story about a feller who won an elephant at a raffle, and after he got him didn't know what to do with him? Wal, so it is with the niggers we've got. There they are, but of any live man kin tell what to do with em, I'do like to hear him. They eat more than the sojers, are lazy, and cost more than they cum to, jest like the old Injin's dog."

Then this feller, who seemed to be a spirital chap, something like a dominy, put on a long face, and sed "how these enlered peepal were our bretheren in the Lord, and that they had been brought up as hethens, hed never been taught reedin, or ritin, or rithmetic, but ground down

to the arth with chains and slavery. Ho said he felt deeply for 'em, and that his consence wouldn't let him rest day nor nite, but he was willin' tu devote his dazs tu preachin' the Gospel tu 'em, &c., &c., but the cute feller wound up by axing Linkin whether he wouldn't reckon-mond Congress tu appropriate sum money for the good of these poor crecturs. Wen he sed that I seen rite thrn him, and I give Linkin the wink. So he put him off by sayin' he would think it over. Wen he went away I told Linkin jest what I thought of him. How that he was one of that kind of salm singin' Yankes who was alters lookin' out for sum way tu git a livin' without workin'.

It is astonishin' tho' how this nigger teachin' fever is goin'. It has broke out even here in Washin' ton. Deacon Jenkins' darter, Jerushy Matilda, who cum on with her par, when he was sent for tu make Linkin's sojer clothes, cum acfong that feller, an he talked her intu goin' down to Port Royal tu teach nigger schules. Now, Jerushy is a smart gal; her mother an my wife were second cuzzins. She kin rite poetry purty good for a gal of her age, for she ain't more than twenty-two, but she's got all the nigger nonsense in her hed, and I can't no more drive it out than I kin fly. Somehow Abolishin gits hold of the feelins of the winnin folks, an it cum from their not knowin' what the nigger really is; so I telled Jerushy tu go, an ef she didn't get sick of tryin' to make niggers do an act, and larn, and sifer, an read, like white folks, then I would pay all her expenses, an turn nigger misheenery myself. But she sed I was an old fogey. It appears that solem feller told her that the niggers hed been whipped by their masters every mornin' before breakfast, with a cat-a-nine-tailes, an that all they had tu eat was corn-stalks and cotton seeds! This tuck hold of Jerushy's feelins amazinly, an she packed up her best clothes, and went off with him. She promised tu rite ras how she got along, and what she thinks of things down there. Ef ther's eny thing interestin' in the letter, I'll send it tu yu tu print.

Your friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING

IV.

A Delegation Calls Upon the President—The Major Indignant—Mr. Lincoln Tells a Story—Curious Composition of the Republican Party—Difficulty of Keeping 'em Together—The President Hopes to do it by "Sh-shin About"—Deacon Jenkins Again—He is a Temperance Man, but takes a Glass of Old Rye.

WASHINGTON, March 18th, 1862.

To the Editors of the Cawcassin:

SEAS:—We've all ben at sixes and sevons here since I writ you last. The rebils have knocked all our strutygims into a knocked hat. Tho

fact was, we had the plan fixed to catch 'em jest as easy as you can kill a rabbit under a ded fall, but they wouldn't stay to be catched. Linkin ses "they are like to Paddy's flea, when you get where they are they ain't there." It is generally believed here that some of the Somnure click who hate Ginneral McClellin so much, ralely informed the enemy of our movements, and that that give 'em time to pack up their trumpery and git out of the trap. You see Somnure, Greelie & Co. are afeerd that McClellin will be the next President, and they are doin all they kin to brake him down. The other day a hull boodle of these Abolishinists come in a boddy to the President to demand "justis to Freemount." I was standin jest back of Linkin up in the office room, when old Moril, of my State, and Lavjoy, and Somnure, and Hale, and Julian, and Ashley, and a hull lot more of the same stripe, cum in. They sed "they cum as a community from a cawkin of the party to demand, as an act of justis, that Freemount should be appointed to sum kommand." Wen I heered 'em say that they demanded it, I felt my blud bileing away down to my booties; in fac, it seemed as ef my booties was full of bileing water. They sed they represented the B. Jolican party, and that the party demanded it, that the peopul demanded it, and that the noosepapers demanded it, and that ef he didn't do it, they would consider that he intended to forsake his party, and go over to the Dimmycrats. All the wile I felt as ef I'd giv a thousan dollars for one hour of Old Hickery. How he would hey make the fur fly ef any body had undertuk to dictate to him in that way. But Linkin didn't say nothing until after they got all thro, then he rez up kinder limpsey, and ses he, "Gentlemen, I will consider this ere matter over, and see what I kin do. I reckon I kin kinder fix things o. to suit you." Then they went off.

After they were gone Linkin turned to me and ses he, "Majer, what do you think of that?" "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, I tell you jest what I was thinkin while that insultin feller was talkin. I was wishin that Ginneral Jackson was alive and President for about twenty-four hours. Why, ef that feller had talked to him in that way, he would have seized his hickory and kaned him out of the room." Ses I, "Kernel, you are too good-natured. These pesky pollyticians will driv you to perdishin, and the country, too, ef you ain't kerful."

"Wal," ses Linkin, "what am I to do?" There ain't no doubt that my party are all amty-slavery, and a good many of 'em out and out immediate Abolishinists. They are a pullin me like all possessed. They've got hold of my feet, my toes, my cole tale, my trowsers, and pullin away as ef they meant to rip every rag of clothin off me, and I don't feel sure but they'll pull my legs off my boddy. I am holdin on as hard as I kin, but I feel as ef my hold was slippin. Now, what on arth am I to do?"

"Wal," ses I, "Kernel, there's nothin like getten a fresh hold wen you feel that you are slippin. So jest spit on your hands, as the sailyers do, and take a new hold."

"Now, Major," says Linkin, "that reminds me of a story. Some Irishmen were once diggin a well, and by sum means the rope on the windless broke, and the bucket went down to the bottom. How to get it was the questshin. After plannin and thinkin for some time, Paddy O'Brien, who was the boss, he ses to Teddy O'Flanagan, ses he, 'I will take hold of the windless with my hands, and Teddy, you take hold of my legs, and let Patrick take hold of Teddy's legs, and so on, until we can git down to the bucket and rache it up.' So they all went at it, but it whint long before Paddy found that the heft was too grate for him, an he felt that his hold on the windless was shippin. So he sung out to Teddy, who was below him, ses he, 'Teddy, my boy, hould fast there till I spit on me hands,' an as he let go to spit on his hands, down the hull party went to the bottom of the well. Now," ses Linkin, ses he, "that would be jest the way with me. Ef I let go to spit on my hands, down my hull party will go, and no one will ever see it agin."

"Wal," ses I, "Kernel, ef you go down in that way you will be on top!" "That's a fact," ses Linkin. "I didn't think of that, but then, who would want to be on the top of *such* a party! You see, ef the party had any timber in it that you could use to make another out of, there would be sum prospect ached. But yo see thar ain't. The stuff is cross-rained and rotty, and a good deal of it mny rotten. Ef I could split it about half in two, so as to weld one piece on to the Demmycratic party, I would do that. But you can't split it any more than you can kin-pepperage log. I know sumthin about splittin, and ef any man could do it I could. No, Major, ef my party goes to pieces at all, it will brake up into a thousand splinters, jest like a chesnut tree wen it is struck by lightning."

"Wal," ses I, "Kernel, are you goin to give a command?" "Wal," ses he, "I hope I'll hev to do sumthin for him. I'll give him some place where he can't do no harm; but I don't, these fellers will stop the wheel of government, an I can't cryin at any longer." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, ef they stop the wheel, I'll give the government then I'd run it on the axletrees where I'd give fits out these pesky critters. You kinder give in to em on your own. An she ke, lamashin, and ef yn keep on you're gone, and the governin dreadful queer. You can't restore the Union in that way emny more, pretty soon it will be a stone wall out of clam shells. Besides, you'll be tuckee friends."

"Wal, yes, that's so," ses I, "which I had dar. You see, Major, I've got to break off with *sumbody*. I'm old of her, and the Kentuckians want me tu, then I shall break with my party, and ef I don't, then I shall have to break off with them. Now which shall it be? That's the question. Now, thar ain't Dimmycrats enuff in Congress to be of emny service to me, and the few that are thar are most of em like the last run of sh-1. Very poor and very mean. Thar aint more than three or four antiracally say the souls are their own, and I can't sit along with such that dare that. I hope I'll git thru by slosin' by. I'm marchin a party as an in a first one way and then tother,

without havin a rumpus with enny of em, but ef I don't, 'sufficient to the day is the evil of it,' as the Scriptur ses."

I aint had a letter from Jerushy Matilda, the darter of Deacon Jenkins, sence she went off to Port Royd with that solem feller. Her par, Deacon Jenkins, who made Linkin's sojer clothes, is still here. He is a very pious man, the Deacon is, and he thinks Jerusha is goin to do a heap of good to the niggers in turnin mishinary. He thinks the niggers are all brought up as heathens, and never heerd the name of God. I telled him "I guessed ef they went around much whar the Maine sojers were, that they would heere his name pretty often, for they kin outswore any sot of men I over heerd talk." Wen the Deacon heard how that Manassah was taken, he cum rite up to the White House and congratulated Linkin on his success. Linkin felt kinder tickled at first about it, but when I telled him how it warent much of a victory to let a hull army slip thru our fingers, Linkin seemed to think so, too. But Deacon Jenkins, he sed he could prove it from Scriptur, and so he got a big Bibil and red the 61st Sam, which is all about Manassah an Gil-ed and Mo-abe and washpots, and so on. I telled him I cou'nt find no simularity in it, but he stuck to it that it tiferfied the rebils. Linkin red it over two or three times, and sed it trefeat of the world like one of Seward's non-committal letters. First he'd for all the did, and then he thought it didn't, and finally he giv it up. I thought it I telled 'em then they might try to draw consershishin from the dispare, but I felt down about the matter, and didn't know as I could sibil, Linkin sed he felt bad, too, but the Deacon declared he felt first rap. I telled Liukin I must have sum Old Rye afore I could go to bed, and he sed his nerves were very uneasy too. So the feller in bad clothes fetched in the black yegle, and we tuk a good swig. I telled the Deacon that he needn't kin enny, as he felt so good, but he would have sum. The Deacon pre Wal, to be a grate temperance man wen he is hum, but I find he likes tin fel of wiskey now and then, espeshly if he thinks the Downingville d Presion't heer of it. I hope I shall heer from Jerusha by the time to him inon agin.

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V.

A Blue Time—The Major Wins a Hat of the Richmond—The Richmond Expedition of Gen. McClellan—Mr. Lincoln's Trick on the Major—The Letter from Jerushy Matilda Jenkins—She Gives Her Experience in Negro Teaching—Freddy Huggins and Elder Smith—Close the Negro Girl who "Could not be Good unless she was Bicked"—A Negro Meeting—Dancing and Singing—The Discontented Quaker—Barnum Steals Miss Huggins' Clothes—They Purloin Jerushy's Petticoat—It is Thought that their Religion is not "Very Deep"—Mr. Lincoln Hears the Letter Read—He Declares that Fort Royal is a "Curst Hole"—Deacon Jenkins Shocked—He Proves it by the Scriptures.

Washington, April 1st, 1862.

To the Editors of the Cawtashin:

SURS:—I've ben awfully down in the month sence I writ you last. Things don't move nigh as fast as we all expected they would a spell ago; but I can't tell you the resin, for it wouldn't do to rite noose, for the rebils would get it. Linkin has been feelin amazin bad; one day, wen we both had the dumps, Seward cum in, and ses he, "Cheer up; it's all goin to be over in thirty days." Linkin ses Seward reminds him of fellers he's seen out West who had the ager and fever. One day they think they are well, and the next they are shakin agin like all possessed. Wal, Linkin ralely did think that McClellan would be in Richmond by the 1st of April; even McClellan thought so. I tolled Linkin he wouldn't, and bet him a brun new hat on it. So to-day I wen it, but will you believe it, Linkin got a bet on me. He's a dread-ful cute critter in his way. Ses he to me, kic "r fuggin me I thought, ses he, "Major, will you make a bet with me?" Ses I, "Yes, Kernel, I've jest won a bet of you, and taint r'ere than fair to let you have a chance now." "Wal," ses he, "I'll cryin a hat that I kin sneeze jest wen I've a mind to." Ses I, "Oh, don't believe it, and so I'll bet you. Now," ses I, "let's see rite out eze." "Wal," ses he, "I aint a mind to now." So," ses I, "a she kep that new hat." Ses he, "Major, you aint quite rere, dreadful queer ought you was." Ses I, "Kernel, now jest hold on, pretty soon it was thar part of a minit. You bet me a new hat but bu'll t as if she never the." Ses I, "you kin tako the old one." "Wal," ses I, "which I had ju' are jest the keenest Yankoo I ever heard tell on. Wal, old of her, and to get ahead of me after all."

The other day I got a letter from Jerushy Matilda, Deacon Jenkins' larter, and Linkin was ecomost crazy to see how Chasse's missionaries cum on. So I sot down, Deacon Jenkins was thar too, and read it all to Linkin, and I send it to you to print, jest as I promised. So here it is in full. Jerushy is a proper smart gal, and I guess thar aint menny of her age who can beat her.

BEAUFORT, S. O., March 25, 1862.

DEAR UNCLE—I take my pen in hand to fulfil my promise to you.

Now, I'm goin to rite you the hull truth about things in this part of the Lord's vinyard. I shall tell you some grate news, so you must not tell par of it, for ef you do he'll rite hum about it, and then it will soon be all over Downingville. I jest as live men would know it as not, but then she'll tell aunt Betsy Wiggles, and aunt Betsy will go rite over to old Deliverance Grimes, and tell her, and then Deliverance she'll put on her bonnet and start all over town, and ef Jim Pendergrass gets hold of it, he'll hector me to death, for he's a rale-pro-slavery Dimmocrat, and thinks that our coloured brethren and sisters are fit only for slaves. I can't deny that I've been much disencouraged sence I've been here. You see we've got a very queer set of gals and men here with us. Some of 'em are quite old gals, who haint been very lucky in life, and naturally they feel kinder sour towards men in general. Some of 'em have been sence married for a good many years, and some have been milliner gals. Two of 'em had a rale spat on the boat while we were comin here. The way it happened was this: There was a spruce looking old maid by the name of Priscilla Huggins, from Bosting, who is very gifted in prayer, and she tuk a great notion to Elder Sniffles, a young preacher, who is one of the pieiest men I ever see. She is quite an old gal, and there was another gal, a nice looking and quite young gal, from York. Her name was Melissy Buggs. One day Melissy give Miss Huggins a terribel slap by tellin her that she guessed she made believe being so pious jest to ketch Elder Sniffles. When Miss Huggins heard this, she sed something unrespectful of milliner gals. "She didn't believe," she sed, "that any of 'em had religion, and what's more than that, they war'n't any more respectable than they oughter be." When she sed that, Melissy jumped rite at her with both her hands, and ketch'd hold of her head, and bless me, if she didn't pull nigh about all the hair off her head, and sed out it was false hair and not geonine. When Miss Huggins it tur'd her on the floor, she turned as red as a beet, and Melissy said her heart was jest as false as her har. This made her red, and jest at this point Elder Sniffles came along. He cum up and see'd her, and sed, "My dear sisters, this is not the way to walk in the fear of the Lord, and with gordly conversashen edefin one another. I fear that the Lord will not bless your labours with our dear coloured brethren, who have so long been groavin and cryin to the saints for deliverance from chains and slavery." This sort of talk rebuked them, but there's been a constant jingle in our company ever sence.

When we arrived here, we were all very much disappointed not to find a stage ready to take us to the hotel; but las morn they ain't got any kind of decent livin here. Instead of a hotel, they telled us we must cook our own vitals, and what do you think they giv us? The government promised to board us an ledge us for teachin the poor dear coloured people, and takin keer of their souls, an we thought they would do it in decent stile. Instead of that, all we could get was sum

salt pork and dry bread, jest the same as they giv to the common sojers. I tell you, didn't all of us feel hoppin, when the feller in brass buttons told us that, was all he had for us. To think of tervin off ladies an gentlemen with such stuff was shakin. I tell you, didn't Elder Sniffles giv him a piece of his mind, an brothers Sleek and Goodenough, and Elder Wattles, and young Samson Bonible all jined in, but they couldn't move the feller a mile. So we took a house, the best one we could find empty, an commenced living for ourselves.

But I must tell you something about our coloured brethren an sisters. The sojers here treat 'em very badly, kick and cuff 'em, an swear at 'em such horrible oaths that it makes the blood run cold. But we have taken 'em by the hand and leadin 'em by love. That old gal from Boston, Priscilla Huggins, actually hugged and kissed one old coloured lady, until all the others laughed and jumped as if they thought it was very funny. For my part, I took a great notion to a young black gal, wen I first come here. She sed her name was Cloe, but she acted so much like Topsey, in that dear good novel of that dear good woman, Miss Stowe, that I took Topsey for me to teach. First off, I got along very well with her. I axed her a good many questions, among others, where she was born. She sed she warn't born at all, but "was raised over on the Edisto." But jest as soon as I got done talkin to her, she seemed to forget all about it, an would go to dancin an cuttin up Jim Crow cipers. In a day or two she got rale sassy, an I couldn't do nothin with her. One day I had to actually drive her out of my room, but it warn't but a little while before she put her wooly head in again. Then I tq'd her again, "how that I had come down there on purpose to elevate her, an to educate her, that she was jest as free as I was, and that she would never have to mind her old mistress agin." Wen I sed that, she bust out a cryin jest like a baby. Ses I, "What is the matter, dear Topsey?" "Oh," ses she, "I can't nebber hear old missus talked of, but I bust rite out cryin. Oh! what a good missus she was! bool, bool bool" an she kept on cryin as if her heart would break. I thought it was dreadful queer that she should be cryin to go back to bondage. But pretty soon it was all over, an she began to dance around the room jest as if she never thought of cryin. Pretty soon she upset a chair, on which I had laid some things, an I was awfully provoked. I took hold of her, and felt jest like shaking her to pieces, wen I axed her, ses I, "Topsey, why don't you be good?" "Las me I missus," she replied, "*I can't be good unless I'm licks*." I tell you I was discouraged. That night I went to a coloured meeting. The coloured people are very religious, though their religion don't seem to be so deep as it ought to be. They danced and sung somethin like the Shaking Quakers, and I can't say that it was very edefyin. There was nothing spiritual about it, and the smell in the room was very unpleasant. Somehow coloured people have a very singular smell, that I

never knew of before I come down here, and the brothers and sisters don't like it at all. I had actually to hold my nose all through meeting in my pocket handkerchief, and yet it was almost more than I could stand.

When meeting was over I was mighty glad to get out, I tell you. I don't know what we will do here all summer, but I trust we shall soon get used to it. The very next day after the meeting, what do you think happened? Well, we all went out to see a plantation, and while we were gone, the coloured brethren that we made so much of, and who had pretended to be so pious, stole all the provisions that the government gave us! They were all gone, and what is more, I lost my best dress and a brand new petticoat that aunt Betsey Wiggles gave me just before I started for Washington. But you would have laughed to see old Miss Huggins go on about what she lost. They took all but one pair of stockings, and the best night gown she had. When Melissy Buggs heard of it she jumped rite up, and clapped her hands and cried "Good!" They also took off old Miss Huggins' stuff for cleaning her false teeth, and you never heard a woman go on so in all your life. I guess if Elder Sniffles had heard her rave and tare as I did, he would think her piety warn't very deep. I didn't keer so much for the loss of my petticoat, but if aunt Betsey finds it out I'll never hear the last of it, and then if Jim Pendergrass gets hold of it, what shall I do? He is the most awful hectorer that ever lived, and he sets in church at Downingville, rite in front of par's pew. He'll grin at me the hell time. But I cum off good, I tell you. The other gals had to divide up with Miss Huggins, or I don't know what she would have done. As it is, ef much more is stolen from us we will all have to come home and get new wardrobes. All the brothers and sisters have been very much puzzled about this strange affair. The coloured people all seem to be so very pious that it was not believed for a long time that they could have stolen the things, but it seems they did, for old Miss Huggins was determined to find out, and she went off to some of the cabins, and there she found them tryin' to comb their woolly heads with one of her fine teeth combs!

I tell you what it is, uncle Jack, I am afraid I've come on a fool's errand. Somehow there aint the right look to things here, and ef we don't succeed better in the future than we have so far, in educating these coloured people, I fear our labour will be lost. They will talk well enough before your face, but it don't last. But don't you let on to the Downings, ef folks that I'm at all discouraged. If I come home it will be on the excuse that the church don't agree with me. Elder Sniffles says no one must leave it, any other reason for that would bring down odium on the great cause. Elder Sniffles is going to preach hereafter regularly to the coloured brethren, and he hopes he will soon teach them how wicked it is to steal. As soon as he teaches them that, then he is going on to other subjects, but that must be

taught them at once, for one or two more hauls on us would send us all home with "nothing to wear."

Your affectionate niece,

MARY MARYLIN JENKINS.

Now I got birds, birds, birds, and I'm sure I'll make 'em sing and sing, and sing as long as I can. The Major says, "What a cursed hole that Fort Royal must be!" Deacon Jenkins says, "Don't speak wickedly with your lips, Mr. President." "Wal," ses Linkin, "it is a cursed hole, and I ken prove it by the Scriptur." "I guess not," ses the Deacon. "Wal," ses Linkin, "didn't the Lord make the earth for man's sin?" "Yes," ses the Deacon. "Wal," ses Linkin, "whether you think Fort Royal was an exception?" I never seed a feller look so chop-fallen as the Deacon did, and I snorted rito out a laughin, for the Deacon thinks he's so smart on Scriptur. Linkin, however, declares that he ain't got nothin' to do with this nigger schule teachin, but that it is all Chase's plans. But it's turnin out jest as expected; Jernsha now begins to see that what I telled her was true. The gal will be comin back afore long, you may be sure, but she'll be cured of niggerism; that will be one good thing. I only wish I could send all the old maids and silly gals in New England down there. They would soon get the nigger notions out of their heads.

Your friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

VI

The Question of the "Countryman"—Lincoln and the Major Discuss It—The Major Tells a Story—Seward and Chase and the Government is Out of Order—Says It's a "Democratization Machine" and that Seward and Chase Don't Know How to Run It—They are like Old Jim Dumbutter and the Threshing Machine—The Major Tells Another Story—"The Kernel"—Gals a Joke on Seward—Tells a Story About the "Glascutis."

WASHINGTON, April 15th, 1862.

To the Editors of the *Countryman*:

Sir—I've been kinder sick sence I writ you last. The truth is, this climate in the spring is realy very weeknin to the constishin. Linkin, too, has been terribly sick about war dodges and the nigh approach of hot weather. But the great subject which the Kernel and I have been considerin is the "countryman." "What is to be done with 'em?" That's the question, and Linkin ses he'd like to see the feller that can tell him. One night Linkin got a big map, an he set down, and "Now," ses he, "Major, let's take a look at all crenshin, an see if ther aint sun place whar we kin send these pesky kinky heds, and get red of 'em."

"Wal," ses I, "Kernel, I'm agreed." So we went at it. First Linkin pnt his finger on Easy. "Now," ses he, "ther's an island that jest snits the nigger counttishin. Suppose they go thar?" "But," ses I, "Kernel, they won't go, an ef they did, they wouldn't do nothin." "Wal," ses he, "no matter, if they won't trouble us here enny longer." "But," ses I, "ther's one more resin. The land aint large enuff to hold all the niggers—long millions or thereabouts." "Wal," ses he, "ther's Centrll Ameriky—what do you think of that spot?" "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, that's a fine country, naterally. The Creator fixed it up on a grand scale, but you can't make a treaty with it, enny more than you can count the spots on a little pig, when he keeps runnin' about the hull time. The truth is, you can't tell who'll be President of it from one mornin' to the next, and the niggers you send there might all git their throats cut jest as soon as they landed." "Wal," ses Linkin, "that's a slight objecshin. But let's turn over to Afriky. Ther's Libery, how would that do, Major?" "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, that cuntry is about the biggest humbug of the hull lot. Fust off, sum-rally good peepul thought it was goin to amount to sumthin, but after forty years of spendin money on it, ther aint enny more chanst of civilizin Afriky in that way than ther is of makin a rifled cannon out of a basswood log. A few dominyes, who can't git enny boddy willin to hear 'em preach, hev got hold of it, an are makin a good thing out of it. As for sendin our niggers ther, why it would tuko all the shippin of the world, and more money than Chase could print by steam in a year." "Wal," ses Linkin, "where on arth kin we send 'em?" "Now," ses I, "Kernel, I've got an idee of my own about that matter. I think they are best off where they are and jest as they are, but ef you must get red of 'em, I would send 'em all to Massa-chews-it! Peepul who are so anxus to have other folks overrun with free niggers ought to be willin to share sum of the blessing themselves. So let all that are here in Washington be sent rite off to Boston." "Yes, that might do," ses Linkin, "but then, ef they are entitled to their freedom, they orter be allowed to go where they are a mind to." "But," ses I, "sum States won't have 'em at all, an they can't go there. So what's to be done?" "Wal," ses Linkin, "I tell you what it is, Major, this is an almighty tuff subjeck. I know somethin about splittin rails, and what hard work is generally, but this nigger questshin has puzzled me more than enny thing I ever got hold of before." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, I kin explain the resin why." Ses he, "Let's hear you, Major." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, where do you carry your pocket-book?" Ses he, "What on arth has that to with the subjeck?" Ses I, "Hold on, you'll see." "Wal," ses he, "I always carry it rite there, in my left hand trousers pocket." Ses I, "Didn't you ever have a hole in that pocket for a day or two, and had to put your pocket-book in sum other?" Ses he, "Major, I have." Ses I, "What did you do with it then?" "Wal," ses he, "I put it in my right hand pocket, but it kinder chafed my leg there, cause it waru'd

used to it, and it also felt mity onhandy. So I put it in my side coat pocket, but every time I stooped over it would drop out. Then I put it in my coat tail pocket, but I was kept all the time on the *qui vivere*, afeerd sum pickpocket would steal it. At last, in order to make it safe and sure, I put it in the top of my hat under sum papers, but the hat was too top-heavy, and over it went, spoiling everything. I tell you I was glad when my pocket was fixed, and I got it back in the old spot."

"Now," ses I, "Kernel, that's jast the case with the niggers. The minnit you get 'em out of ther place, you don't know what on earth to do with 'em. Now, we've been here all the evenin searchin over the map to see ef we can't find a sum place to put 'em. But it is all no manner of use. You've got to do with 'em jest as you did with your pocket book. Put 'em whar they belong, an then you won't have any more trubbil."

Linkin didn't see eggzactly how I was gwin to apply the story, an wen he did, he looked kinder struck up. Wen I saw that I hed made a hit on him, I follered it up. Ses I, "Kernel; this government ain't out of order, as Seward an Chase kontend. They are only tryin to run it the *rong way*—that's what ruakes all the trubbil. I once hed a thrashin machine, an I sold it to old Jim Dumbutter, an after he got it he said it warn't good for nothin—that it wouldn't run, &c. So I went over to see it, an I vow ef he didn't have the machine all *rong end foremost*. I went to work at it, an, after a leetle wile, it went off like grease, jest as slick as a whistle. You see, old Dumbutter didn't onderstand the machine, an, therefore, he couldn't make it go. Now," ses I, "Kernel, our Constitushin is a Dimmycratic machine, an it's got to be run as a Dimmycratic machine, or it *won't run at all*! Now, you see, Seward is tryin to run it on his 'higher law' principle, but it warn't made for that, an the consikence is, the thing is pretty nigh smashed up."

"Wal," ses Linkin, "things do look kinder dark. I don't know whar we will come out, but I guess I'll issuo a proclamashin for the ministers to pray for us. Perhaps they will do sum good." Ses I, "Kernel, that reminds me of old Elder Doolittle, who cum along the road one day rite by whar old Sol Hopkins, a very wicked old sinner, was heein corn. The season was late, as the corn was mity slim. Ses the Elder: 'Mr. Hopkins, your corn is not very forrard this year.' 'No, it's monstrous poor,' ses Hopkins, 'an I guess I shan't have half a crop.' 'Wal,' ses the Elder, 'Mister Hopkins, you ought to pray to the Lord for good drops; perhaps He will hear you.' 'Wal, perhaps He will, an perhaps He won't,' ses old Sol, 'but I'll be darned ef I don't believe that this corn needs *manure* a ternel sight more than it does prayin for.' Now," ses I, "Linkin, I think this country is something like old Hopkins' corn. It needs *statesmanship* a good deal more than prayin for." Linkin didn't seem to like that observa-

shin of mine much, for he turned the subick, an he ein't axed me what it was best to do with the niggers sence.

The other day the Kernel got off a good joke on Seward. You know what a solemn looking chap he is naturally. Wal, since he has got to be Chief Clerk of the President, he seems to look solemnier than ever. He came into Linkin's room, an the Kernel ses, "Have you heard the news, Boss?" "No," ses Seward, "what is it?" "Wal," ses Linkin, "the Giascutis is loose." "What a that?" ses Seward. "Why," ses Linkin, "ain't you never heard the story of the Giascutis?" Seward sed he never had. "Wal," ses the Kernel, "I must tell you. Several years ago, a couple of Yankees were travellin out West, an they got out of money. So they concluded to 'raise the wind' as follers:— They were to go into a village, an announce a show, pretendin that they had a remarkabul animal, which they had jest captured on the Rocky Mountings. A bran' new beast such as was never seen before. The name was the 'Giascutis.' It was to be shown in a room, and one of the fellers was to play 'Giascutis.' He was put behind a screen an had some chains to shake, an he also contrived to growl or howl as no critter ever did before. Wal, the people of the village all cum to see the Giascutis, an, after the room was filled, his companion began to explain to the audience what a terribul beast he had, how he killed ten men, two boys, and five hosses in ketchin him, an now how had got him, at 'enormous expense,' to show him. Jest as everybody was gapin an starin thar was, all at once, a most terrific growlin, and howlin, an rattlin of chains; an, in the excitement, the showman, almost breathless, yelled out, at the top of his voice, 'The Giascutis is loose! Run! run!' An away went the people down stairs, heels over head, losin all they had paid, an seein nothin. Now," ses Linkin, "'the Merrymac is out,' an when I read about the vessels, an tog-boats, an steamers, all scamperin off as soon as she was seen, I thought she was the 'Giascutis,' sure, only I am afraid she is a real Giascutis, an no mistake." Since then, Linkin calls the Merrymac the Giascutis all the time.

Your friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

VII.

Wal "Noose"—The President's Anxiety—Mr. Lincoln's Disposition to Apply "the Principle"—The story of Zenas Humpston—The Major's Virginia Negro—Poetry—The Emancipation Ball—The Major going to a "Line" on the Potomac.

WASHINGTON, April 20th, 1862.

To the Editors of the Caucasian:

SUNS.—We are all on the *qui vivere* here for war noose. Tankin gets up sometimes in the middul of the nite to hear a dispatch received by Sekratary Stanton, and as much of it as is thought good for the health of the peepil is sent to the papers. The other nite Linkin called me. This was very unushul for him, for he ginrally tells me in the mornin, at the breckfast tabel, and axes my opinion, but he sent for me that nite and sed that I must git up and read the noose. So I went down and he showed me the dispatch that Genneral Mitchell got of Bowregards. "Now," ses the Kernel, "you see, Major, we've got the raskils in a koiner. They've got to fite or run, and if they fite they're licked, and if they run, they're licked. We shall now soon have Memphis, and that jest pens up Jeff Davis in Virginny. You see, Major, Bowregard ses he ain't got but 35,000 troops." Ses I, "Kernel, let me take a look at that dispatch." I put on my specs and read it over twice or three times very kerfully, and then ses I, "Kernel, I don't think you oter put grate faith in that. As Elder Doolittle used to say, 'It may be a bee, and then again it may be a wasp.' That Bowregard is a grate feller at strategy, and it might be another dodge of his. And then again, Kernel, that ~~was~~ afore you signed the bill abolishin slavery in the District of Coludity. As sure as you're born that will be worth a hundred thousan sojers to Jeff Davis." "Wal," ses Linkin, "let it, who cares? The truth is, Major, we Republicans have been talkin about the great principle of the equality of all men, includin Injins, niggers, Chinees and so on, and now they want me to apply the principle, and I'm goin to do it. I think there is sum humbug in it sumwhere, but I don't exactly see where, and as they will give me no peace, and will never be satisfied ennyhow until it is dun, I'm goin to put it thru." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, go ahead, but look out for squalls. Perhaps," ses I, "you never heard the story about Zenas Humpston 'applyin the principle.' I hope you won't hev as bad luck as he did." "No," ses Linkin, "I never heard that story. What was it?" "Wal," ses I, "Zenas was a god-natered feller, who lived in Downingville, and a wonderful inquirin sort of a chap, allers and forever prying into things. If he bought a clock he'd take it all apart with his jack-knife, jest to see how it went together. So about the time that the telegraph was started and an ofis was set up in our town, Zenas was eenamost puzzled to deth to get

the hang of the critter, as he called it. One day he went to the office and axed the feller to show him all about it. The chap was very perlit, and explained to him the grate principle on which it worked, but Zenas didn't exactly see through it, and kept axin questions and botherin the feller till he got clean out of patience. Finally, ses he to Zenas, 'Perhaps you would like to see ma apply the principle.' Zenas said he would, of course. 'Wal, ses he, then you jest take hold of them brass nobs and stick to 'em tight.' So Zenas grabbed hold of 'em like all possessed, but he hadn't more than fairly got hold before he lay sprawlin on the floor. The 'principle' had knocked him clean over. Now, Zenas was a terrible feller to smoke, and allers carried his pockets full of lusifer matches to lite his pipe with. It so happened that he had a hull box-full in his coat-tail pocket as he keeled over on the floor, and as he fell they scratched agin one another so strong that they all got adre. It warn't but a little while afore Zenas' coat-tail was all in a blaze, and before it could be put out it had burnt an awful big hole in the seat of his trowsers, and scorched him thereabouts amazingly. Zenas yelled and hollered awful; and sed he didn't want to know enything more about 'applyin the principle.' Now," ses I, "Kernel, I hope you won't hev as bad luck as Zenas did, but depend on't, this applyin principles you don't exactly understand is dangerous business. If you don't get burnt somewhere it will be a wonder."

"Wal," ses Linkin, "Majer, you are a cute chap in tellin a story, but now, tell me, do you think the nigger an the white man didn't cum from the same parrient?" "Now," ses I, "Kernel, that's axin a deep question. You see its onpossibl to tell what the Creatur may have done. He might have made only one kind of man at fust, an then altered their constitushins, an complexion, an brains afterwards. You see everything is possibl to the Creatur. Or the nigger may have cum from Hain, who was cussed for his sins, but then I don't see that is enything agin the Scriptoors to believe that all the kinds of men were made at the beginnin jest as they are now. But it don't make any difference how they cum so, so long as they *are* different. You can't eny more make a white man out of a nigger now than you can breed a lion out of a polecat. You see, it's plar agin natur to expect to make the nigger enything but a nigger. Yo can't get a peach out of a crab-apple, nor a pumpkin out of a water-melon, nor eagles out of ducks' eggs. You can't raise chickens from egg-plants, or produce goslings from gooseberries. You see, Kernel, everything in natur must go accordin to natur. If the nigger had been intended to be equal to the white man, he'd been made jest like a white man, and the very fact that he ain't made so, is proof positive that he warn't intended to be put in a white man's place. Trying to make a nigger act like a white man is jest like old Sol Hopkins, one year harnessing his off ox an his boss together to plow corn. The ox was lazy as he could be, and the boss was a young, high-strung animil, an such a pulling an haulin team you

never did see. it almost killed both. You see, it was workin agin natur. It was tryin to make a hoss an ox, and an ox a hoss, neither of which things can be did. You see, Kernel, *everything in natur must go according to natur.*"

"Wal," ses Linkin, "there is a good deal in what you say, but then the peepil don't believe it. They think the nigger is only accidentally black, and if he lacks in mind and capacity, it is all owing to slavery, an they won't believe any other way until they see for themselves. I tell you, Majer, the principle has got to be applied, no matter how many coat-tails or how many trousers are burnt."

"But," ses I, "Kernel, can't they see how the thing has worked in places whar nigger equality has been tried?" "That don't settle the question, Majer. Peepil are jest like hogs in that respect. Did you ever see a lot of hot swill put in a trough, an every single hog in the pen would go an stick in his snoot an get it burned? Not one would larn from the others. After we've tried nigger equality, we'll know what it is, an how we like it. We must apply the principle, an in some way, you may depend upon it, Majer, all the niggers down South will be sot free."

"Wal," ses I, "Kernel, I guess that there are other folks who think jest as you do, for somebody has sent me some varses in relashin to the nex great emancipashin which is to cum off, cut from some noospaper I will read 'em to you:

THE EMANCIPATION BALL,

GIVEN TO FOUR MILLIONS OF NEGROES, BY THE GREAT REPUBLICAN T-A-I-E-T-Y.

Another Great Ball is soon to be,
De like of which you nigher did see,
Da bid's is out, I've seen a few,
De guests I know, and so do you.
Lubly Rosa! Sambo come!
Don't you hear de banjo?
Tum! Tum! Tum!

De fust on de list is Mistah Snow,
And de n-ers Jeames and Dinah Crow;
Chalk and ivory! heels and shins!
White man wait till the dance begins!
Lubly Rosa! Sambo come!
Don't you hear de banjo?
Tum! Tum! Tum!

Pompey Senash and his lady fair!
You may bet your life dey will hoba be dare!
And Mistah Ducklegs—bully for he!
Such a wizard foot you never did see.
Lubly Rosa! Sambo come!
Don't you hear de banjo?
Tum! Tum! Tum!

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

And Gumbo Squash wid his blessed grin,
 His cutlug hat and his e o shin—
 De King ob Hearts will come to de Bal,
 Let the gals look out for dese lack-luns all !
 Lubly Ro a ! Simbo come !
 Don't you hear de banjo ?
 Tum ! Tum ! Tum !

Ole Uncle Ned, frow down dat hoe !
 And Dinah, drop dat kitchen dough !
 All Dixie's free, wid noffin to do
 But to dances all night, and all day too.
 Lubly Rosa ! Sambo come !
 Don't you hear de banjo ?
 Tum ! Tum ! Tum !

De white trash dey have nuffin to say,
 But to work ! work ! and de taxes pay ;
 While the blessed dukes dance dere hill,
 Let de white trash foot the fiddle's a bill !
 Lubly Rosa ! Simbo come !
 Don't you hear the banjo !
 Tum ! Tum ! Tum !

White Men ! White Men ! Sure as you're born,
 The crows are going to take your corn !
 They surround your fields on every side,
 And they blacken the sky as far as we see.
 Lubly Rosa ! Simbo stay,
 In the land of Dixie,
 I a away.

Linkin laughed at it when I got thru, an sed it done very well for some sore-hed Dimmycrat, but that Whittier could write one on t'other side that this would not be a primin to. I telled him Whittier might make better poetry, but I doubted whether ther would be as much truth in it as this had.

Linkin ses he wants me to study up the finances for him. He ses the debt is gettin fearful, an as I am good at cyferin, he ses I must try to help him out on that subject. He wants to put in his nex message. It is some time since I did such 'work, but if I feel like it, I will go into it, an will write you how I get along.

Your frend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

VIII.

Matters get Confused—The "Kernel and the Major" Called to go to Fortran Monroe to Straighten Things Out—Mr. Lincoln Takes his Revolver—The Major Sticks to his Hickory—Arrival at Fort Monroe—They go oua "Theographical Misnomer"—A Night Alarm—Societyary Stanton Tries to get on the "Pantaloons".

WASHINGTON, May 13th, 1862.

To the Editors of the *Caucasian*:

SUBS:—Wal, if I ain't cepamost tired out, I wouldn't say so. . Wen I writ you last, I told you that Linkin wanted me to look into the finances and offer where we was a coming to, but I ain't had time to do it yet. Things have ben in a kind of a dubbel and twisted snarl hero lately. Sekretary Stanton and Gins, McClellin and McDowell have been almost by the ears. One of em hells Linkin one way and another t'other way, until he got cepamost crazy. McClellin wanted more sojers. Stanton sed he didn't have em for him. McDowell sed he wanted more, and Banks wanted more. So you see here was a pretty kettle of fish. Finally, Mr. Linkin, ses he, "Majer, wat on erth shall I do?" "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, I tell you my idee. You better go down to Fort Monrow, and see for yourself. I allers found, when I had a lot of hands in the field a mowin, there was nothing like havin the boss on hand. If he ain't there, they all want to be boss." "Wal," ses Linkin, "I think that is a good plan, Majer; and if you will go along with me, I will go down there, and if I don't straiten things out there, my name ain't Abe Linkin. But, Majer, how shall we go?" "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, do jist as Ginneral Jackson used to; step of kinder unbeknown to any one, but you kin invite all your a mind to go along." "Wal," ses he, "I guess I'll take Obase and Stanton along. I want Stanton sò ns to ask questions; and if I leave Chase here, he and Seward will git a quarrelin sure as you live. I never see two men so jealous of each other. They both want to be President so bad, that I expect nothin else but some day they'll steal my old boots."

The next day Linkin got all ready, put on his best close, and slicked up so he looked purty nice. Then he got his six-barreled revolver, and put it in his side coat-pocket. Ses I, "Kernel, wat on arth do you want of revolvers?" "Wal," ses he, "Majer, aint we goin down to the land of the Secesh, and who knows but we may git in an hambushcade?" "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, that's a fact; but I shan't carry anything but my old hickory. Ginneral Jackson cum pretty nigh killin a man oncs with his hickory, and I believe, Kernel, old as I am, I'd give any Secesh a pretty good tussel with that old shag bark."

"Wal," ses Linkin, "I warn't brought up that way. I'd rather have an ax than any other weepin, for I believe I could split the Southern Confederacy into rails in a week, and fence it in, if it were only fashionable to warfare in that manner; but you see, Majer, we've got to lick

the rebils according to science, or John Bull and Looe Napoleon will kick up a rumpus. So I'll have to stick to revolvers."

"Wal," ses I, "Kernel, that's right; but give me the hickory. If I don't defend myself with that, then my name ain't Major Jack Downing. I ain't going to make a masked battery of myself."

So we all got reddey and went of in the Miami, so quiet like, that Washington people didn't scarcely know it. Ginneral Wool was terribly tickled to see us, and he shook me by the hand jest as hard as he could. I hadn't seen the old Ginneral for a great many years, but he don't seem a'mite older than he did nigh on twenty years ago. The next day after we got there, we had a council of war, and it was decided to attack Norfolk. But how to do it was the question. "Wal," ses Linkin. "I tell you what, I know somethin about boatin, and the Major here is quick at oemalmost anything. So we'll go on a tipper-graphical rekonnaisanze to-morrow." Ses I, "Kernel, them big words may be all right, but I'll be darned if I believe they're English." Ses I, "aint it jist as easy to say that we're going on a military tower of observashin?"

The next mornin we started off in the Miami, and went towards Norfolk. Every place we cum to, the naval officers sed wouldn't answer to land troops on. It couldn't be done. Finnerally, I showed Linkin a spot close in shore, and ses he "Them old canal-botes up there at the Fort, that you sed looked as if they were the ruinin gear of Noah's ark are fit for nothin else but to be towed over here for the troops to land on." Ses I, "Kernel, that's so, and if the sea captains can't do it, I kin, for I sailed a sloop once down in Maine, and I know somethin about the bizness." So wen Linkin pinted out the spot, they tried to find fault agin, and talked about the tide and the sinkin of the boats, etc. Just then I stepped up, and ses I, "Mr. President, I'm an old man, but if you want sojers landed there, I'll land 'em safe and sound as a pipe stem; if I don't, then my name ain't Major Jack Downing." Wen the brass button pompous chaps heered me say that I was Major Jack Downing, you never seen a wisker set of fullers. They all at once began to make apologys and sed that they would try it, that they guessed it could be done, and so on. I see thru the fencers at once. They didn't want Linkin to have any of the credit of it; but when they see that I was goin to do it, and take all the credit, then they were willin to go to work. I rarely believe there ain't a officer in the navy or army but what expects to get glory enuff in this war to make him a President. Wal, after we fixed on this place, we all went back to the Fort, and Ginneral Wool give us all first rate rooms in the officers' quarters. The next mornin, bright and arly, the sojers were off, and Ginneral Wool leadin 'em. As it turned out, everthing went off jest as slick as could be. The rebils had cut sticks and run, and there was no one to take. The Ginneral went into town, run up the stars and stripes, and it was all over with. Norfolk was ours.

Ginneral Wool was so tickled with his success that the old man cum post haste back agin, late at nite, to tell Linkin and Stanton of it. We had all got to bed. We slept in rooms that joined each other, Linkin occupyin the middle room, an myself an Stanton one on each side, with the doors openin into Linkin's room. Wen we went to bed, ses the Kernel to me, kinder jokin, ses he, "Major, if the Secesh attack us to-nite, you must have your hickory ready." Ses I, "Kernel, look out for your revolver, an put it under your pillow, so you kin grab it handy." Wal, what should happen along towards mornin but a most terribul noise, some one beatin, an stampin, an yellin, like all possessed. First, I thought of the Secesh, and I grabbed my hickory at once, an made for the Kernel's room in my nite-shirt to see how he was feelin. I came pretty nigh bustin my sides a laughin, for there Linkin stood up on a cheer, lookin for all the world like a treed porcupine; his hair stood on ends, and he was a shaking his pistol around as if he meant to shoot. Ses I, "Hold on, Kernel; don't fire. Let's see what this rumpus is all about before you shoot." Stanton was in Linkin's room, lookin like a spook in his white nite-gown; an I'm darned if the critter warn't bizzy tryin to get on Linkin's trowsers! He got 'em on after a fashion, but his legs didn't more than go half thru 'em, an there he stood kinder tangled up like, lookin awful sorry about somethin, as if he'd wanted to issue a bulletin an couldn't! All the while the noise kept growin louder, an finally ses I, "Who on arth is that makin such a tarnal racket?" "It's me. It's me," says a voice. Ses I, "Who is me?" are you Union or Secesh?" "I'm Ginneral Wool," ses he, "an I want to tell you the noose." Now, we didn't no more expect to see Ginneral Wool than we did Jeff Davis; but sure enuff, it was him, and he cum thunderin in an brought his old cane down on the floor with a ring. Ses he, "Norfolk is ours, by ——" I won't put in the swearing part. You never did see such a change. Linkin jumped down out of the cheer, and ketched the old Ginneral by the hand, and cum pretty nigh shakin it off, while Stanton took him rito in his arms. Wen the story had all been heard, and Linkin went to look for his trowsers, there was Stanton with his legs in 'em, holden them up by his hands. Ses I, "Kernel, Mr. Stanton will get to be President if you ain't kerful, for I see he's got on the President's trowsers." Wen I sed that, I thought Stanton would wilt. He looked awfully struck up, but sed he'd no idee there was Linkin's trowsers, and he backed out of them quick.

The next day there was great rejoicing in the hull army, and we all cum back to Washington in the Miami. I've jist got back, and have only had time to write you this letter. Wen you hear from me agin I hope I shan't be so tired, and I'll try to givo you a more interesting letter.

Your friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

IX.

The Major Figures on the "Nashinul Debt"—Horse Contracts and "Abolishin Preachers"—Bank, Debated—The Major Suggests a New Fashioned Shield expressly for Re-troats—A Wheelbarrow for every Soldier!—Excitement in Washington—The President not Scared "a Hooter."

WASHINGTON, May 26th, 1862.

To the Editors of the Caucasian:

DURN:—Sence I writ to you last, I've been figering on the nashinul debt, and I tell you what it is, it is jest about the most intricit subjec I ever got hold of. I've used up two duzen slates and about a cart load of slate pencils. Linkin has sent on to York for a fresh supply, and wen they cum I'in gonn' at it agin. Squire Biddle's Bank warn't a primin to this war debt. You see the contractors and the pollyticians, and the Members of Congress and the Guv-ernors of the States, and the editors and even the Abolishin preachers are mixed up in it close to their ize. It's very queer how so many of these preachers have had horse contracts. It seems as if Abol-ishin and horse jockeying goes together. One pious chap wrote on the back of his contract, "An horse is a vain thing for safety. Put your trust in the Lord." I should think that such hosses as he furnished would be a vain thing for safety, for nigh about the hull of 'em was spayed, or ring-boned, or foundered, or had the blind staggers. I tell you it's edefyin to look over these contracts. Linkin has giv me a cart blank to pry into the hull subjec, but Chase squirms terribully wen I questshin him "close. But I ain't got half done. The other day, as I was porerin over my last slate, which was pretty nigh sifered full, Linkin sent for me in a grate hurry. I started rite off, wunderin what on arth was up. Wen I went in, the Kernel had his cote off and his sleeves rolled up, an ses he, "Major, do you know where I can get a first-rate axe?" Ses I, "Kernel, I know where there is the best axe that ever chopped wood, but," ses I, "it's way up in Downingville." Ses he, "That won't do, Majer; I must have an axe rite off, or I shall bust; I can't live unless I work off this steem." I see the Kernel had on a high-prep-are excitement, and ses I, "Hold on a minnit, Kernel, and tell me what on arth's the matter?" "Matter!" says he, "jest read that, Majer, and tell me whether you don't think that that infernal cuss, Stantin, ought to be kicked out of the Cabinet?" I took up the paper and, there was a despatch from Ginneral Banks, saying how the rebils had licked him and was drivin him back like all possessed, and all because Stantin had tukin away his troops and sent 'em away where they warn't wanted. Ses I, "Kernel, I have had a good deal of doubt about that feller, Stantin, ever sence he tried to get on

your trowsers down at Fort Munrow. You see you can't never depend a grate deal on a turn coat. He once perfoessed to be a pro-slavery man, but now he goes in for the Abolishinists even stronger than the Simon-pures. I tell you, Kernel, you better look out for him." "Wal," ses Linkin, "we ain't got no time to talk about that. The Secesh are almost on Washington agin, and jest think what Franco and England will say. Why, Seward rote 'em at the last steamer that it was all over—that New Orleans was open—that Richmond would be taken in a few days; and here, by this stupid blunder, we are agin jest back where we were a year ago, and I've got to call for more troops to defend the Capital. What on arth will we do?" "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, if swarin or even choppin wood do any good, I would advise you to do one or both; but you see they won't. So put on your coat and let's talk this matter over." So we jest went over the subjer, and soon decided what to do. I tell you we made the telegraph fly all day Sunday, and by night we all began to feel a grate deal easier. That nite the Kernel and I had a long talk, and I told him I had invented a new military system to prevent the dangers of a retreat, and that ef it had been adopted in Ginneral Banks' case he would have come off with all his men, and almost without a scratch. The Kernel he was dreadful anxious to know what it was. So I told him that my idea was to have every man supplied with a sheet-iron shield, about five foot long and about two foot wide, to strap rite on his back when he commenced to retreat. Then the enemy might fire as hard as they pleased, while our sojers could take their time, and not be compelled to run themselves out of breath.

"Wal," ses Linkin, "how would they carry it when marchin?" He thought he had me there, but ses I, "Kernel, my plan involves a hull change in the art of war. Insted of so many baggage waggins and such long trains, I would have a wheelbarrow for every sojer! Don't you see," ses I, "Kernel, how nice that would work? Every man could carry his own vitals, and his ammunition, his shield, &c., &c., jest as complete as could be. Wen there was any fightin to be done, the wheelbarrows could all be placed in the rear, the sojers arm themselves and go out and fight. If they were whipped, all they would have to do would be to fall back to the wheelbarrows, strap on their shield and walk off! There would be no runnin then to get out of the reach of bullets, and retreats of thirty-five miles a day would be useless. With an army of that kind, Kernel, we could subdue the Southern Confederacy in 'sixty days,' and make out Seward a prophet after all." "I'm afraid, Major, it's too late in the day to introduce your new military system. This infernal Southern Confederacy has got to be whipped pretty soon with such old hosses and waggins as we have got, or this Union is split jest as sure as my name is Abe Linkin. You see, Major, you can't make a whistle out of a pig's tail, and it seems to me jest about impossibal ever to make Union men agin out of the rebels. How-

ever, they shan't have Washington, ef I have to call every man in North here to defend it." Ses I, "Kernel, that's right. I'd stick the White House until the top blowed off and the cellar caved in."

You better believe we've been in an awful excitement here sence the news about Banks cum. Seward looks paler than ever, while Chase is skert half to deth for fear of its effect on the Treasury. The Kernel and I, however, keep cool, and we are getting things pretty well straightened out, so ef the Secesh come here now, they may wish they had never got so nigh Washington.

Linkin ses "he wur'n't skored a hooter, but was only rarin mad." At any rate, he looked awful savage, and ef he had had my axe, I raleiy believe he might have split rails enough to fence the Southern Confederacy in.

I had intended to be back to Downingville before the first of June, but Linkin says he wont hear of my goin until he sees more daylight down South. I must be there the 4th of July, at any rate, for I never allow that day to go by without reviewin the Downingville melisha.

Your friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

X.

The Major Troubled with his old Complaint, the "Rumatics."--He Examines the Finances -- Mr Chase Frightened--The Major Figures up the Accounts on His slate--Returns and Shows the Result to Mr Linkin--He is Astonished--The "Kernel and the Major" take some Old Rye--The Major Proposes to Return to Downingville to Spend the 4th of July.

WASHINGTON, June 8th, 1862.

To the Editors of the *Caucasian* :

SIRS --It has been mighty unpleasant wether sence I writ you last, an I have had a rale sharp twinge of the rumatics. Those cold rains in June are hard on a constitushin tha' has had a thasle with nigh on to about eighty winters; but howsoever, with a little elder bark tree, my favourite remedy wen it's mix'd with a good deal of old rye, I've got now about as good as new agin. So the other day I telled Linkin I was agin to finish up my sifering on the finances. He sed he wished I would, for he was already beginnin' to think about laying the foundation for his nex message, an he wanted the facts to put in. So I telled him he must give me a letter of authority that I might show th- Secretary of the Treasury, so that he would see that I warn't evy common chap coming to pry into what was none of my business. So Linkin sat down an writ a letter as follows:

"DEER SUN:—Major Jack Downing is authorized to examine into the state of the finances in *partickelar*. A. LINKIN."

Wen the Kernel first writ this letter, he didn't have on the last two words in *italicks*. I asked him to put em on, an he did. "Major, what do you want them words for?" "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, them words will puzzle Oldest egnamost to death, an will so trubbel him that he will think if he dares to keep back the truth, that you'll be sure to give him his walkin' papers. You see, Kernel, you must be a little mysterious with these politicians, or else they don't got nofear of you."

I then put the letter in my hat, rite under the linen, an, takin my slute under my arm, and my hickory in my hand, I started for the Treasury buildin. It ain't far from the White House, an I soon got there. It's a mity big pile of stones, I tell you, and must have cost a heap of money to have got it fixed up so nice. Jest as I was goin in the door, I met Mr. Chase comin out. He know me and I knew him, tho' he didn't suspect for a minnit what I was after. Ses he, "Major, I'm mighty tickled to see you. It does my heart good to see a genuino loyal man in these days of rebellyn, an I know you're one." "Wal," ses I, "Mr. Seckatary, if Ginnoral Jackson was a loyal man, then I'm one, and ef he warn't loyal then ther ain't any sich thing as loyalty." Ses he, "Major, you're rite, an whaw kin I do for you this mornin?" "Wal," ses I, "Mr. Seckatary, I've come around to inquire into the state of the finances. The President ses he's very busy, and secin as I was good at figers, he wanted me to jest take a look at the books and see how the accounts stand."

Wen I sed this, I see he didn't look pleased at all. He began to make sum sort of apologies, that the accounts were behindhand, and so on, but I telled him I warn't partickelar about all the little items, an that I only wanted to get at the ginneral sum; but as he still seemed to be hesitatin, thinks I to myself, now's the time to show him the President's letter—that will fix him, saro. So I took off my hat and showed it to him. Wen he red it he was as perlike as a nigger wen he wants to humbug you. He looked at it a long time before he sed anything. Wen he did speak, ses he, "Major, what do those last words, 'in partickelar' mean?" "Wal," ses I, "I don't know as I can tell. The President put em in there, and I didn't ask him what he meant by 'em." You see, I warn't goin to be fool enough to let him think I had suggested his putting 'em there, for that would have spoilt all my plans. I see he was worried, and that was jest what I wanted.

After that he asked me to come in his office, and he began to tell me that the finances were in a very prosperous condishun. He took down a big book which he sed his clerks had prepared for him, so that he could see every Saturday night jest how much the Government was in debt. I took a look at it, but I couldn't tell head nor tail to it. He sed they kept their books by dabbel entry. I telled him that I should think that a single entry would be as many times as such a debt as ours

ought to be chalked down. "Now," ses I, "Mr. Seckatary, I want to get at this subject in a way that 'plain people,' as the Kernel says, can understand it." Ses I, "What is the debt now?" "Wal," ses he, "it is \$191,000,000." "Is that all?" ses I. "Why, in your report last winter you estimated that it would be \$517,000,000, and you don't say that it is less than the estimate." "Wal," ses he, "Majer, that is what the books say." "Now," ses I, "Mr. Seckatary, them books by dubbel entry ain't worth a back of saw-dust. There was Deacon Doolittle's son, Hosen, of Downingville, who went to York and set up the dry-goods business. When he failed, his books showed that he was worth two hundred thousand dollars, and yet he didn't have money enough to get his wife home to his father's. You ses dubbel entry is a good deal like riding two hosses at once; you can't manage 'em, and things get so kinder mixed up in profit and loss, and notes payable and notes receivable, thint you can't tell how you stand. Now," ses I, "Mr. Seckatary, I want to ask you some questashins by single entry, and I will put the ansers down on the slate." Ses I, "Didn't you say in your report that the estimate for the army was for 400,000 soldiers, \$400,000,000; for 500,000 soldiers, \$500,000,000, and so on?" "Yes, Majer, that was the statement, I beleave." "Wal, now," ses I, "we can figer this down in short meter. How many soldiers have you had?" "Wal," ses he, "over 600,000 have been paid for, nigh about 700,000." "Now," ses I, "Mr. Seckatary, you don't want any dubbel entry, or threbbel entry to get at that; the multiplicashun tabel is just as good a document as I want. Take that and my slate, and I ken figer it up in a minnit. You ses there is \$700,000,000 at one shup. Your books may show what you have paid, but you see, Mr. Seckatary, you are running this war on credit, and because you ain't paid all your debts, that is no sign that you won't have to. Besides," ses I, "Mr. Seckatary, you have made, you know, some miscalculashuns, and mabby you may make more. In your first report in July, 1861, I've ben readin' it keerfully, and I've got it marked down on the slate here, you ses the expenses for 1862 would be \$318,000,000, but in December, you ses they would be \$543,000,000. Now, here was a mistake of over \$225,000,000. You ses in July the tariff would yield \$57,000,000. In December you ses you could not calculate on over \$32,000,000. You estimated the receipts from land sales, in July, at \$3,000,000. You put it down in December to \$2,300,000; and now Congress, by passing the Homestead bill, will whittle it all off. Here, you see, are some great mistakes, but there are some on the other side of the account. There are some items of expenses, too, which you have omitted. There's the \$30,000,000 recently passed to settle up Camoron's accounts. Then there is a \$100,000,000 of outstanding debts. Then there is \$100 bounty to each soldier, which, by the time the war is over will amount to \$100,000,000 anyhow. Then there is \$1,000,000 given to buy the niggers in this District. Let us see how much that makes. I'll add it up—\$250,000,000, which, added to the

\$700,000,000, makes \$950,000,000, as the present debt Uncle Sam has on his shoulders. You might just as well call it a THOUSAND MILLION OF DOLLARS and be done with it."

Wen I got through, the Seckatary looked amazin red in the face, and ses he, "Major, the truth is, where there is so many peopul spendin money its mite hard to keep track of all the items." Wal," ses I, "there ain't only one more pint on which I want to show you you have made a mistake. In December last, you calculated that the war expenses for 1868 would be \$460,000,000, but the House has already passed bills for the army amounting to \$520,000,000. Then you thought, Mr. Seckatary, that the war would be ended by July, but here it is about that time, and we only seem to be jest fairly getting into the shank of the fight."

"Wal, to tell the truth, Major, this war has disappointed the hull of us, but I think I havn't been so foolish as Seward. I never said it would end in 'sixty days.'"

"That's so," ses I, "but you see there's nothin like tellin the truth rite out, and its allus very bad to deceive the people on moneys matters. You may love the niggers, Mr. Seckatary, as much as you want to, but don't try to pull the wool over white folks' eyes, or let other people do it, for it will break down the administration as sure as my name is Major Jack Downing."

"Wal," ses he, "Major, that's so, and when I send in my next report, I'm going to just speak rite out. I've tried to do my best to keep down expenses, but I can't, and when I get another chance I'm gon to put the blame where it belongs."

Ses I, "That's rite, Mr. Seckatary. Don't let the raskils go clear without bein exposed. But ef you undertake to cover up their trucks, you will come out jest as old Squire Biddle did in that United States Bank matter."

I then bid the Seckatary "Good mornin," and started back to the White House. He was very perlite to me, and said he hoped the President and me would look at the subjeck favorably. I tolled him that the Kernel would do what was jest rite, and that ef he would only keep a sharp look out on the plunderers and searlers, I would be his friend till death. He said he would, and we shook hands and parted.

Wen I got back Linkin ses in a cheer fast asleep, with his feet up on a tabel. I give the tabel a rap with my hickory, and the Kernel straitened up jest like openin a jack nife, and ses he, "Was I asleep, Major?" "Yas, just as solid as a saw-log. What on earth makes you sleep," ses I, "rite in the middle of the day?" "Wal," ses he, "Mijer, the truth is, I'm readin the *Nashinal Intelligence*!" "Sure enuf," ses I, "that's worse than opium." "But," ses he, "what about the finances?" Then I showed him the slate, and how I had figered up the debt, and told him all I sed to Mr. Chase. I never ses a man so frustrated as Linkin was. "Wal," ses he, "Maier, ef I was only back

to Illinoy safe and sound, you wouldn't never ketch me a runnin for President agin. I had no idee that the debt was anythin like this. But ef the music has to be luced, I'll lude it. There's one thing, Majer, that we've got the advantage of any other administrashin in. We can say that this debt was a 'military necessity!' That cuts off debate." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, perhaps the people will be satisfied with that, and perhaps they won't. Any how, that won't make it any easier to pay the taxis." "Wal," ses Linkin, "we'll leave that subjec to posterity." Ses I, "Is that fair, Kernel, to burden posterity in that fashun?" "Wal," ses he, "what's posterity ever done for us?"

The Kernel then took down the figers off my slate in his book, and sed he would keep 'em for his nex message.

Then Linkin, ses he, "Majer, you've worked like a nailer on these figers, an it's an awful dry an tough subjec. So I think you better have some old rye to sort of top off with." Then he called the feller in purty bad clothes, who does arrands, and telled him to bring out the black bottle. "Now, Majer," ses the Kernel, "take a good swig. It will be healthy for yourumatiz. As for me, I'll jest take a little for company sake. I don't drink myself, you know, Majer, but I like to have a little old rye aroun; an I allus tell the old woman ef there's any of it missin not to ask eny questshuns." After we got dun drinkin, ses I, "Kernel, I have been here with you ever sence the 1st of February, and wen I cum I didn't expec to stay more thn a month. Now, the 4th of July is comin along close at hand, an I must be thinkin about gettin back to Downingville, for I must be there before the 4th. Now," ses I, "Kernel, ef you'll only go along with me down there, as Ginneral Jackson did, I'll promise you a great recepshun."

"Wal," ses he, "Majer, I can't go. The truth is, the rebells need watchin. But you tell the Downingville folks that jest as soon as the Albelynn is put down, I'm comin down ther. A town that can turn out such a loyal regiment as the 'Downingville Insensibles,' and such talented officers as Eusine Stobbins, must be, as we Westerners say, 'a heap of a place.' I am sorry to have you go, Majer, but I hope you'll be able to cum back after the nashinn's annyversary."

"Wal," ses I, "Kernel, I can't promise, but I'll see how myumatiz gets on."

I shall pack up in a few days, unless somethin unexpected occurs, and it may be the next time you hear from me, will be from Downingville. If you print this letter, I hope you'll apologize for its dullness, for figgers are many dry readin for most peepol. However, ef they don't study into figgers about these days, it won't be long, I'm asfered, before they'll be ory they didn't.

Your frend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

XI.

The Major does not go to Downingville - Loses his Hickory - Gets a Bottle of Whiskey by Adams' Express Co. - The Major Declines to Sign the Receipt at First - Whiskey and the Constitution - The Constitutional Telescope - A Marginal Change - Mr. Seward's Trick - The Major Discovers it - A Negro is it.

WASHINGTON, June 18, 1862.

To the Editors of the Caucasian:

SIRS - I expect you'll be struck all aback to git another letter from me, dated Washington, and I'm kinder surprised myself, for I expected to be in Downingville, long afore this. But you'll see by the time you get through this letter, that it was impossibul for me to leave. I got my trunks all packed up and ready to start, when lo! and behold, my hickory, that Ginneral Jackson give me, was missin! Now, I couldn't no more travel without my hickory cane then I could sodder up this broken Union with skim milk. I told Linkin I was all ready, but that my hickory was missin. So he called the feller in putty bad cloze, who does chores around the White House, and asked him if he'd seen it. He sed he hadn't. Then I reckollected that there had been a Cabbynet meetin the night before, and it struck me that some of the members had walked off with it. So Linkin sent the feller around to see. After he'd gone, I told Linkin ef any of 'em had it that I'd bet it was Stanton, for, ses I, "Kernel, ever sence he tried to get on your trowsers down to Fort Monrow, he's acted jest as ef he wanted to play Ginneral Jackson, and ef he can get a piece of hickery that the old Ginneral has handled, he'd think that he was on the road to glory." Sure enuf he had it, but pretended it was all a mistake, jest as he did when I caught him in the Kernel's trowsers. Depend upon it, Stanton needs watchin, for he is one of them kind of fellers who's got it into their head that they are forordained for somethin, and they don't know what.

The loss of my hickory kept me over one day longer, and the next day I got the bottle of Borobon whiskey which you sent to me. A feller by the name of Adams fetched it, and he wouldn't take any pay for his trouble either. I asked him ef he was any relaxin to Phil Adams, who used to keep a tanyard in Downingville, as he was a very clever man, and used to do anything for his neighbors for nothin. The chap laughed rite out loud at this, and sed "he didn't see it." Ses I, "What don't you see?" "Wal," sed he, "never mind, old feller, about tellin long stories, but jest put your name rite down there," and he handed out a big book full of writin. Ses I, "Mr. Adams, I never put my name to anything that I don't understand." Ses I, "That may be a secesh document for all I know." Ses the feller, ses he, "Git out! this is only a receipt for that bottle." "Wal," ses I, "ot that's

all, then here goes." So I got my spectacles and a quill pen, for I never rite with eny of the new-fangled kinds, and I jest wrote out "Major Jack Downing" in a stile that made the fellow stare. Ses I, "Mr. Adams, you have some awful poor riters among the fellers you deal with, but I ain't ashamed of that ritin enywhere." The chap he looked at a moment, and then he looked at me, and finally ses he, "Bully for you," and in a jiffy he was off, without even shakin hands or saying good by.

After he was gone I took the bottle into Linkin's room and opened it. "Now," ses I, "Kernel, let's try this licker." "Wal," ses he, "Majer, I'm a good judge of Borebon, for it comes from my old State of Kentuck." Wen Linkin saw the name on the bottle, "Mr. Cotton, 366, Washington-street, N.Y.," ses he, "Majer, do you think that is loyal wiskey?" "Why," ses I, "Kernel, what makes you ask that question?" "Wal," ses he, "don't you see the man's name is *Cotton*!" "Now," ses I, "Kerpel, what an idee that is! Do you suppose it would be dangerous for him to live down in Secesh, where they are burning *cotton* as fast as they kin?" "Wal, never mind the name, Majer, let us taste of the wiskey. I can tell whether it's loyal or not." So I opened the bottle and poured out some, and the Kernel took a good swig. I also took a snifter, and we both pronounced it a No. 1 licker, and loyal too. "Now," ses I, "Kernel, can you tell me why this wiskey is like the Constitushin of the United States?" "No," ses he, "I don't see eny similarity." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, this was made for *N'ite Men*, jest as the Constitushin was." Ses he, "Majer, how do you know it was made for white men?" "Wal," ses I, "it is jost as plain to me as daylight. You see, Kerpel, the licker agrees with you. It tastes good. It won't hurt you; in a word, it corresponds with natur. That's a sign it was made for you. Jest so it was with the Constitushin. It applies to white men exactly, and they've always got along together with it fust rate. Now, you give this wiskey to the niggers, and they get drunk on it, and cut up all sorts of scrapes; but white men, whom it was made for, know jest how to use it, and it don't do them eny hurt. Jest so with the Constitushin; you apply it to niggers and it is jest as bad for 'em as wiskey. They don't know how to use it, an they'll destroy everything, an make themselves an everybody else ten times worse off." "Wal," ses the Kerpel, ses he, "Majer, I wish I could see how it is that the Constitushin don't apply to niggers jest as much as to white men." Ses I, "Kernel, you don't look at the Constitushin thru constitushinal spectacles. That Chicago Platform bothers you. Now," ses I, "Kernel, ef I'll make you a Constitushinal Teliskope, will you promise me to use it? If you will, it will be about as good a guide to you as ef I staid here all summer myself?" Ses I, "It will show the Constitushin as it is, an the Union as it was." Wen I spoke of this, Linkin sed he'd be tickled eenamost to deith ef I would make him one. So I told him I could do it in one day, an that

although I was very anxious to get 'em, yet I'd fix this up before I started. So I jest went up to my room and began to plan. I had a pair of old spectacles, which Ginneral Jackson give me, and I knew that the glasses were jest as sound constitushinal glasses as were ever looked thru. So I took 'em out of the cases, an got a magnifyin glass and put between 'em, an fixed 'em in a long, narrer box. ~~It~~ took me about all day before I got it finished. Wen it was all done, I looked thru it, and you never see sech a glorious sight. I could see jest as ef it was the hull Union layin out before me. There was the Stars and Stripes, an the eagle, an thirty millions of white people, all happy an contented, an joy an prosperity smilin everywhere. An the sky seemed to be bendin down so as to almost tech the arth, an away up in the clouds I could see rais of light streemin forth, an I thought I could even see the angil robes of Washington, an Jefferson, an Madison, and the old Ginneral lookin down, an rite over the hull was the words, "GLORY" and "PEACE," in grate big letters. It was raley beautiful. I got a looking at it, an forgot all about it myself, in a sort of a reveres, and when I cum to, I found I'd been cryin, because, you see, that was the Union as it was, an not as it is now. In fact, wen I got awake, I found it was eenamost pitch dark, and so Linkin couldn't look thru the Teliskope that nite. Then I got a piece of chalk, an marked it "LINKIN'S TELISKOPE," an took it to him.

"There," ses I, "Kernel, that Teliskope is done, an to-morrow you kin take a look at the Union as it was, an the Constitushin as it is." Ses I, "The scene is a glorious one." So I left the Teliskope in Linkin's room that nite, an went to bed.

The next morning after I got my breakfast, I went in, "And now," ses I, "Kernel, we must try the Teliskope." So I thought I'd look thru fust to see ef the glasses were set all rite, wen I was never so took back in my life. Instead of the joy and happiness, and the smilin faces, and the thirty millions of white people, the rais of lite in the sky with "GLORY and PEACE" on 'em, all was dark and dismal. All I could see was some 4,000,000 of niggers, and war, and bloodshed, and misery, camps full of sick sojers and broken waggon, wimmen and children cryin, and the sky was black, and away up on a black cloud, in letters still blacker, I could see the words "NEGRO FREEDOM and WAR."

I jumped back as ef I was hit when I saw it. Ses Linkin, "What's the matter, Majer?" Ses I, "Kernel, that Teliskope is all out of order. It ain't rite." But Linkin sed he hadn't teched it, so I was puzzled. So after thinkin awhile, ses I, "Kernel, was there anybody here last night after I went away?" "Yes," ses he, "Boss Seward came in for a while and talked over matters." Ses I, "Did he tech this?" "Wal, he was lookin kinder inquiren at it, and I telled him what it was, and he seemed to be gratefully struck, and examined it very clus."

"No," ses I, "that ackounts for it. The pesky critter has been

playin one of his cummin tricks on me: but my name ain't Jack Downing ef I don't expose him. No true constitushinal Teliskope will give such a view as that of the Union." So I sot down and took out my jack nife, and went to work takin it all apart. I found the box all rite; there warnt enything in the tube, and I was puzzlin myself what could be the matter, when I slipped up the magnifyin glass, and rite back of it was a little bit of a *paper nigger*, black as the ace of spades, that *that feller Seward had cunningly slipped in there!* You see that at once accounted for the hull troubbel, for the magnifyin glass reflectoo the nigger instead of what it would, naterally, the white man. After I took the nigger out, it was all rite agin, and when Linkin looked thru it, he was perfectly astonished. "Now," ses I, "Kernel, you see that it is tryin to put the nigger where he don't belong that is the cause of all our trubbel. He don't belong in the Constitushin, and when we undertake to put him ther it won't work. This trick, of Seward's jest shows you what he's up to. Now, Kernel, I'm going to start for Downingville arly to-morrow mornin, and I'll leave you this Teliskope so you can take a look at the Union as *it was*, and don't you let Seward or Sumner, or any of them fellers, get hold of it. Wen you get puzzled, jest go and look thru that, and you may depend upon it it will lead you strate. If you get inter eny deep troubbel, write me and I'll give you my advice, or ef you can't get along without me, I'll come back after the Fourth is over, and stay with you till you *peach* out of this scrape with the rebils. I told you I would stick to you, and I will." So I bid good bye to the Kernel and his wife that nite, and addy to start in the early train in the mornin.

I intend to give you a full ackount of the celebrashin of the Fourth at Downingville. Insive Stebbins, of the Downingville Insensibles, who writ the piece of poetry on Mrs. Linkin's ball, and who was wounded at Chikenhominy and cum hum with a furlong, is to be the os gor of the occashin. Jerusha Matilda Jenkins, the darter of De the Jenkins, and who went down to Fort Roile to teech the contrary, bis their primers, will also be there. The Insine is a very smart chapref he is a niggerite, and I expect he'll do himself creditable.

Excuse this long letter, and beleave me

Y urs till deth,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

XII.

The Major Disappointed—Meets the President at West Point—Sees Gen. Scott—They Talk over Strategy—Returns to Philadelphia with the President—Makes a Speech at Jersey City—Mr. Lincoln also Speaks—Meets Seward at the Astor House—A Wheel within a Wheel—Mr. Seward Caught.

DOWNINGVILLE, July 5, 1862.

To the Editors of the Cawcashin :

I don't beleave ther is anything that so sorter gets all my running-gear out of order as onsartinty. Wen I writ you last, I was jest leavin Washington, and wen you come to hear how I've scooted round the country sence, you will be astonished. You see I hurried on hum as fast as I could go, because I wanted to get to Downingville in time to see that the arrangements for the 4th were got up in the rite stile. But wen I got to Boston, I was struck all up in a heap by getting a tellie-graff from Linkin, telling me not to go eny further till I heerd from him. That puzzled me terribly, and I was in an awful state of onsartinty. Thinks I to myself, now there's sumthin up. What on arth can it be? Has that fuller Stantin been cuttin up eny more of his capers? But I was so puzzled that I couldn't imagin wat was to pay. But I waited a few days, and then I got a letter from the Kernel, in which he sed he wanted me to meet him at West Pint with Ginneral Scott, as ther was sum grate struttgy goin on which he wanted to advise about. Then I knowed ther was sum trubbel somewher, so I jest packed up my trunks and tuk the ralerode for Albanee, so as to cum down the North River to West Pint. I got ther in the nite, jest afore Linkin cum, arly in the morning.

I didn't sleep a wink, but jest went rite over the river in the one hoss ferry-bote they've got there and waited at the depow for the Kernel. He was eenamost as glad to see me as he was wen I fust went to Washington. He tuk me by the hand, and ses he, "Majer, I feel a good deal safer wen you're around, for I know you won't deceeve me." Ses I, "Kernel, that's wat I never do to eny man. Ef he don't like my plane talk, then he needn't hear it, but ef I talk at all, I must talk out the blunt truth." "Wal," ses he, "Majer, we will go over and see the old Ginneral, and then I will lay all my trubbel before you."

After we got our brakefast, we went to the old Ginneral's room, and, taking out the maps, we went at it. I never studied geographice faster in my life than we did then. The Kernel sed the news from Ginneral McClellan was that he would be compelled to go to the Jeebies River for his supplize, and the great questshin was, whether he cud turn his right wing around so as to swing agin the river jest like opening a barn dore. Ginneral Scott sed he thought it mite be done, provided it was done quick enuff. I telled em I had o'ten noticed that wen I opened one

barn dore all at once there would cum a gust of wind, an open would go the other in spite of all I could do. Ses I, "Kernel, ef the rebils should pitch at the left wing while the rite is swingin, then both doros would be open, an they might both get off the hinges." Gineral Scott sed he was afrade it might work that way, but ef the thing cum to the worst, he didn't see eny help for it. You see, the army nigh Richmond was in a tite fix, and Linkin knew it. Wen the Kernel telled Gineral Scott how it was, the old man cried, and sed he didn't want to live to see the rebils whip that grate army. The whole country have been in a grate fogo about what Linkin went to see Scott about, but that was all. Wen he went away the next day, he sed he wanted me to see Seward, an ef Gineral McClellan got defeated, advise with him as to what to do. So I went with the Kernel back as far as Filadelfy, where I thought I stop a few days to see how things would turn out. When we got to Jarsoy City, the people wanted the Kernel to make a speech. He sed first he wouldn't go out, but finally the cheers got so loud that I telled him he must go, "Wal," ses he, "Major, I can't. You jest go and tell em that I am too tired." So I stepped out off the platform, and swingin my hickory around, ses I, "Feller-citizens, the President has been up two or three nites travellin, and he ain't abil to speak. You must excuse him." Wen they heered that, it didn't suit em at all, and a good meny yelled out, "Who are you?" Then I remembered that I had forgot to tell em who I was. So I stepped out, and ses I, "I'm Majer Jack Downing." Then you had ought to have heered em cheer, and Linkin, you know is a queer feller, and wants to know all that's goin on, so he cum out to see what was the matter. After he cum out, of cource he couldn't bak out of a little speech. He sed he "jest cum out to see and be seen, and didn't intend to blab enything about public affairs." The whistle soon sounded, and off we went. Nothing happened on the way, and I bid the Kernel good by in Filadelfy, and went to the Continental Hotel to wait and see how the battle cum off. They have nigger waiters here, dressed up like Quakers, and that is the reason they cull it a Continental hotel—so they say.

In a few days I saw how the battle had turned, and I know Seward would be along. The Kernel sent me a telliegraff that he would be at the Aster House such a day, and I agreed to meet him there. I was determined to smoke the old fox out this time, ef it was in my power, and so I began to study him. Weed was there, who thinks he is very cunning, and Governor Morgan and others. McClellan bein compelled to retreat from Richmond, they all thought that France and England would interfere, and what was to be done? Seward sed we must put the best face on matters we could, and raise more men to fight the rebils, and that by showin a bold front we might frighten off the Uropean powers. He sed he thought it might all be settled in "sixty days" yet, and ef McClellan couldn't settle it by fightin, he could by diplomacy. Ho

sed "he would run the machine as long as ther was a linchpin left, and let John Bull and Looe Napoleon do their best." Weed wanted to know, ef we had a war with England, whether it wouldn't be better to have it carried on by contract. He thought the government might let it out and make money by the operashin. He sed he could furnish the powder and shoddy, and wouldn't charge over five per cent. commishin. Gov. Morgan sed he was in favour of a war with England, and as it would be mostly a naval fight, the government would need a good menny vessels, and he had a brother who was a capital judge of sich matters. Stetson sed he thought a war with England would improve bizness in York, specially hotel-keepin, and as the Aster House was handy down town, it would be a first-rate place for officers' head quarters.

After they all got through, they asked me my opinion. I turned rite to Mr. Seward, and ses I, "Boss, I'm going to speak plane." Ses he, "That's rite, Majer. No one can find fault with you. You're a loyal man, and you're a rite to speak your mind." "Now," ses I, "in the first place, Boss, I want to ask you a plane questshin. We all know you are runnin the government machine, and whenever I look at a machine, I want to know what the drivin wheel is made of. You see if that is all rite, things will go putty nigh rite." Ses Seward, ses he, "Majer, I've got a model of my machine here, and ef you would like to look at it you kin." So he took out a little curious-looking box, and out of the box a machine. It was a cute-lookin affair. "There," ses he, "do you see that big wheel?—that's the drivin wheel." I looked at it, an I see it was marked aroun the rim, "The Union and the Constituship." "Wal," ses I, "Boss, that looks all rite. Eny machine that runs on that basis must be runnin rite. But," ses I, "somehow it don't seem to work well. We ought not to get into so much trubbil ef we were jest runnin on the old constitushinal basis." "Wal," ses he, "Majer, you see so it is." "Now," ses I, "Boss, there's somethin rong sumwhere. Either the ilo is poor or the staff is bad, or our government machine on that basis would run jest as slick as greese."

The more I looked at the machine the more it puzzled me. I knew what a fox Seward was, an I remembered how he stuck the little nigger in Linkin's Tellskope. So all at once the old sayin that "there's allers a wheel within a wheel," popped into my hed. I didn't say it out loud, but I sed, ses I, "Boss, will you let me see whether there ain't sumthin rong about that?" Ses he, "Sartinly, Majer—go ahead." So I jest opt with my jack nife an went at it. I tuck it all apart. Wen I went at the wheel I saw the Boss begin to wince, but I went rite on, an purty soon I saw, sure enough, the outside wheel was only a sham, for the rale wheel which run the government machine was marked "HIGHER LAW—ABOLITION." "Now," ses I, "Boss Seward, I'm done with you. Here's a wheel within a wheel, jest as I expected. It shows what an infarnal hypocrite you are, and ef you're a mind to fight John Bull or the South, or all the world, as long as you run on that wheel,

I won't help you." So I jest tuck my hickery an went out of the room. You never see such a dumb-founded, scart set of men in your life, an Seward looked as ef he would crawl through an auger hole. I cum rite on after that to Downingville, but I didn't get here in time to see about the arrangements. The Insine made his orashin and Jerusha wagg the oad prepared for the occashin. My letter is so long that I can't tell you anything about it, but wen I rite agin I mey, ef sumthin more important don't happen.

Yours, till doth,

MAJER JACK DOWNING.

XIII.

The Major Returns to Washington—Things Get Mixed Up—Lincoln and the Panther—Splittin Rails and the Union—The Major and the President Visit Gen. McClellan's Army—Going Up James River—Alarm of the Rebels—Exciting Scene on Board the Boat—Nobody Hurt—The President Reviews the Troops at Harrison's Landing—The Return Trip—The President and Party Bathe in the Potomac—Almost a Catastrophe—The Major's Life-Preserver—The Moral of it—The President Proposes a Conundrum.

WASHINGTON, July 21, 1862.

To the Editors of the Catocashin:

WAL, here I am back agin to Washington. I didn't expect to cum on before fall, at any rate, but I got a letter from Linkin, tellin me he couldn't do without me, no how. He sed that the bars were all down since I left, and that the cattle, an hosses, an hogs, an sheep, an mules, were all mixed up together. Now, every farmer knows what a mess it makes of it wen you git fat cattle, an the cows, an the sheep, an hosses, an hogs, all muddled together in one lot. I see, at once, the pickle Linkin was in, and so I detarmined to push off for Washington once more, and see ef I couldn't help him out. It was uncommon hot wether, an it pulled down purty hard on a constitushin which has had to go thru about eighty sich summers. Howsoever, no one ought to stand about hot wether in the sarvice of his country; even ef he don't git a salary, or have a contrack, or some brother or s'en where he kin make a pile. I never had a cent for all I've done, and wouldn't take it. I think, ef there is eny human critter on arth who is meaner than another, it is the one who plunders the people, all the while purtending to be a patriot. When I arriv, ses I, "Kerrel, what's the matter?" Ses he, "Majer, did you ever hear of the story of a man who caught a panther by the tail?" Ses I, "Yes, Kerrel, I have." "Wal," ses he, "I'm that man. I've got the biggest be-panther by the tail that you ever heerd tell of. Ef I was splittin rails I'd know jist what to do." "Why," ses I, "Kerrel; what could you do then?" "Wal," ses he, "jest stick his tail in the crack of the log, knock out the wedge, and run. But you see, Majer,

I ain't splittin rails now, an that plan won't work." "Now," ses I, "Kernel, you ain't splittin rails, but I'm afeerd you're splittin somethin else." Ses he, "What?" Ses I, "The UNION!" "Now, Majer," ses the Kernel, "you don't think I want to split the Union, do you?" "No," ses I, "I don't know as you're raley *trying* to split it, but then you've been such a splitter all your life, that perhaps you ~~can~~ doin it unbeknown to yourself. You see, Kernel, as long as you stick to them Abolishionists, jest so long the Union will not only stay split, but the split will grow wider. They are the wedge an you are the mallet. You jest knock the wedgo out, an the Union will cum together jest like shuttin up a jack-nife. You see, they hold that some of the States have got an institushin which they consider rong, and they are detarmined to uproot it. In trying to do that, they'll split everythin all to smash, an by the time they get thru, it will look as ef lightnin had struck this country from Maine to Texas, in spots not more than six inches apart."

"Wal," ses the Kernel, ses he, "Majer, that brings up a great moral questshin, as tho nigger said when he was stealin chickens, an we ain't got time to discuss it now. You see, Majer, I sent for you to know what I better do about McClellan. I get all sorts of contradictory stories from his army, an I'm puzzled most to deth to know what to do." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, there's nothing like goin in the field yourself, an examine for yourself ef you want to know how things stands." "Wal," ses he, "that's jest what I've been thinkin of, an as you're a military man, I wanted you to go with me." I telled him I had no ob- jectshin to goin, an that ef I had a far chance I thought I could tell about how things looked. So we got reddy, and the Kernel asked old Blair's son Frank and Seketary Stanton's chief clark to go along with us. We went down the Potomack, an jest called at Fort Monrow, and then went up the Jecms River to Harrisin Landin. Goin up the river we kept a sharp look-out for the rebils, who line the bank and shoot at our botes. I told the Kernel that he must be mitey kerful an not get hit, as the way stocks would tumble in Wall-street would be a caushin. So I tuk him down stairs wen we come to the dangerous places. There they had the bote lined with bales of hay. Ses he, "Majer, which way does the shootin cam from?" "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, there's no tellin, but," ses I, "you better get helind that bale, for it's a big one, an he'd's another on t'other side, so I guess you'll be safe." While he was setting there, ses he, "Majer, I ain't afeerd a hooter, but you see I didn't want them seeshers to brag about killin me." "No," ses I, "Kernel, that wouldn't do eny how." Jest then "bang" went sumthin like a shot. The Kernel jumped about ten feet, rite across the bote, and hit Frank Blair with his left boot rite where he ought not to. Frank thought he'd been struck with a cannon-ball, and tumbled over, leavin the seat of honour uppermost, Stanton's chief clark acted as ef he'd been eatin poke-berries, and

had an awful gripin in the bowels. It seems one of the bales of hay had been tipped over when the Kornel give his big jump, an hit the chap rite in his bread-basket. We were all purty badly scurt, for I tell you it makes a feller feel mighty nervous wen he's in an inemies country, an may be his eny moment with a cannon-ball or a minny bullet. Shootin will do very well as long as sumbody else is shot at; but wen it cums to yourself, it makes you feel week in the jintz, an sumtimes brings on the die-area. When we cum to find out, however, we learned we had a scare for nothin. The pilot, in turning one of the short bends in the river, had jerked on his chains too hard, an snapped one of them rite in two. This noise was what sounded down in the cabin like a shot.

Wen we got to the landin, Ginnoral McClellan had bosses red dy for all of us to ride. Linkin chose a black one, and got on. Ses I, "Kornel, is black your favourite colour?" Ses he, "Major, no joking now. This is serious business." So I got a white one. I can't ride quite so handy as I did thirty or forty years sonce, yet it is not every nag that could throw me now. Linkin's sterrnps were too short for his legs, though they were let out jest as long as they could be. It kinked him up a good deal, an before we got through reviewing the troops, ses he, "Major, I can't stand this bendin of my jintz. I'm going to remedy it;" and so he jest turned one leg over the boss's neck and rode sideways the rest of the time. The sojers cheered him as we went along, and seemed mity glad to see him. In one place he got up on a breastwork an made a short speech to 'em. He wound up by telling 'em that he had Major Jack Downing, Ginnoral Jackson's old frend, with him. When he sed that, the cheers were dubbled, an I paid my respects to the complymnt by takin off my hat an makin jest about the neettest bow that ever was.

After we had seen all the troops an made all the inquiries we wanted to, we cum away. The seseshers did not trubbel us comin down the river, and we soon once more were sailin up the Potomack. Comin up the river the day was warm, an we all felt first rate that McClellan was as well off as he was; the Kornel said he felt jest as if he would like to have a swim. All hands agreed it would be a capital chance, an so Linkin, and Blair, and Stantlin's chi f clark undressed for a splurge in the water. The Kornel asked me to go in too, but I telled him that, hot as it was, my rumatiz would not allow it. Wen they got about red dy, "Now," ses I, "Kornel, look out and don't go where the water is too deep, for if you get tuckered out or have the cramp you may not get back to the bote." He sed "there warnt eny danger—that he had swum the Mississippi River nigh about all over wen he was a boy, and that he guessed he could stand the Potomack." So off they went. Linkin could outswim the hull party, and Blair an the other feller with him looked like sunfish alongside a sturgeon. I thought likely Linkin mite overdo himself, or get the cramp or sumtlin, so I jest went to my

valese and tuk out my patent gutty perchy life preserver. I ment to have it redly of anything happened. Wal, I hadn't more than got back to the side of the bote, wen I seed the Kernel flounderin, and kickin, and blowin, as ef he was chokin.

Blair and Stanton's chief clerk were tryin to help him, but it was like the blind ledin the blind, an sech another muss in the water you never did see. I saw it was time for my life-preserver, so I jest blowed it up and hollered out to Linkin to ketch hold of it, an told Blair an the other feller to let him alone, that that would save him. Wen Linkin got hold of it he jest raised himself rite up, an looked as happy as a boy with a new hat. He floated rite along towards the bote, an soon cum aboard. Ses he, "Major, I owe you a debt of eternal gratitude. You've saved my life." Ses he, "Major, this life-preserver of yours is the greatest article ever invented. Wen I get dressed I want to examine it." So, purty soon, he cum in, an ses he, "Let's take a good look at it." So I showed it to him. The first thing he saw on one side of it was the following words:—"The Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was." Ses he, "Major, what have you got that motto on a life-preserver for?" "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, I put that there becuse of the similarity between the two things. Now, that preserver saved your life, didn't it?" "Yes," ses he, "Major, it did." "Wal, the sentiment in those words is the life-preserver of the country. You can't any more save the country without stickin' to them, than you could have saved yourself without holdin on to the life-preserver. You must stick to the Constitution as it is, and not as Sumner and Greeley want it." The Kernel began to look kinder struck up wen he see how I had him, an so, seein my advantage, I kept on. Ses I, "Kernel, the truth is, you are just now in swimmin with Greeley, an Sumner, an Wilson, an Lovejoy, an Thad. Stevens, an it is no wonder the country is like you was jest now, chokin and gaspin, and just redly to sink. You must git out of such kumpany, an the only way to do it is to lay hold of the "*Constitution as it is*," and ef you do that, you'll save the country jest as easy as I saved you with that life-preserver." Ses he, "Major, hold up, you're drivin your hoss rite into my stable, an you don't give me a chance to say whoa." Ses I, "Kernel, go ahead, an ef you can refute what I've sed, I'd like to see you." Ses he, "Major, do you know why a man's face is like the end of an old-fashioned house?" Ses I, "No, Kernel, can't say I do." "Wal," ses he, "becuse it's his gabble end." "Wal," ses I, "that may be a good joke, but after all, Kernel, it don't answer my arguments." But I couldn't get another word on politics out of Linkin that day. He seemed to keep up more of a thinkin than I'd ever seen him before. We all got home to the White House safe that nite, an, on the hull, the trip had not only bin pleasant, but profitable, for it will lead to some grate changes in a few days.

Yours, till deth,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING

XIV.

The President has an Attack of Fever and Ague—The Major Prescribes Elder-Bark Tea—A Fearful Mistake—The Bark Scraped the Wrong Way—Mr. Lincoln has to be Jelled—Stanton, Seward, and the Major—A Ludiçrous Scene—The "Kernel" Comes to and Begins to Joke—The Moral of Taking the Wrong Medicine—"The Irrepressible Conflict."

WASHINGTON, August 1, 1862.

To the Editors of the Cawcaskin :

Surs :—I tell you I've had my hands full since I writ you last, Linkin has been nigh about down sick with the fever an ager. Of course it wouldn't do to let the tel-lie-graf git hold of it, for it would scare Wall-street in spasms, and knock stocks down wus than the retreat of Ginneral McClellan. So Stantin put his sondership on the news, and that was the end of it, while I went to work as I could to cure the Kernel up. You see, the Kernel, for the last month or so, has been very much broke of his sleep. Sumtimes he's up nigh about the hull nite consulten with Stantin, an Hallick, an Seward, an the nite air has been too much for him. The banks of the Potomick in July an August are might hard on the constitutshin, an ef there is any bilyusness in a man, it's purty sure to bring it out. Linkin says his constitushin is just like the war, so far, nigh about all billyus. One day I went into the Kernel's room, and seein he looked kinder blue about the gills, ses I, "Kernel, what's the matter?" Ses he, "Majer, I feel as cold as a frozen turnip." Ses I, "Kernel, ain't you gettin the ager?" Ses he, "No, Majer, I don't think I'm gettin it, for I've got it already." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, ef there is eny feller on arth who can cure the fever an ager, it's me." "Wal," says he, "Majer, I wish you would go ahead, for I can't afford to be sick now. The truth is, ef I had a good ax an some chesnut timber I could soon work off the shukes myself. I used to have them when I was a boy, powerful bad, but I could jest go out eny mornin and break an ager by splitting up a hundred rails as a breakfast spell; but now I s'pose I must dose myself with some sort of pizen doctor stuff, just because it wouldn't look well for a President to split rails." "No," ses I, "Kernel, you needn't take eny pizen stuff. I'll fix you sum medicin which was a grato favourite with Ginneral Jackson, and it will cure you up as sure as my name's Downing." Ses he, "What is it?" Ses I, "It's elder bark tea." So I jest went to work and got the feller in bad close, who does chores around th White House, to go out into the sabubs and scrape me some bark. I told him very particaler how to do it, an to be very kerful an not to scrape it round-about-ways of the wood. You see, elder bark is the queerest stuff in the world. If you scrape it down it acts as a fasic, an if you scrape it upwards it becomes an emetick, while by scrapin it around-ways, it ain't nuther

one thing nor tother, but jest raises a young arthquake gripin an painin a feller as ef the cholery, an yaller fever, an kronickumatiz had all got hold of him at once. Purty soon the feller cum back, and I went to work makin the tea. After I got it fixed, I went in an give it to Linkin, who was shakin away as ef he would fall apart. "Now," says I; "Kernel, ef you feel bad in the nite jest call me, an I will see what's the matter." Nigh about mornin sum one was rappin at my door like all possessed. I bounded out as spry as I could, an down-stairs I went. There was Linkin a groanin an writhin, an lookin as pale as a ghost, an as lean an lank as a rail. They had sent for Seward an Stantin, an all hands were in a terribul excitement. Seward seemed to be awfully worried. Ses he, "Majer, what would we do if Linkin dies, for he's the only one of us left that the people's got eny faith in at all." Stantin didn't say nothin, but he was lookin round, I thought, to see where the Kernel's trowsers was. As soon as I got a fair look at the Kernel, an felt his pulze, I began to suspect what was the matter. The fust thing I did was to cal' the feller in bad close who got the elder bark, an ask him particelar how he scraped it. Cum to find out the numskull had cut the bushes down, an then scraped them around, jest what I had telled him not to do. I comprehended the situashin in a jiffy. Ses I, "Mr. Seward, I understand all about this case, an ef you'll stand back about four inches, an do jest as I tell you, we'll have the Kernel all rite in no time." Then, turning round, ses I, "Stantin, I want you to lend a hand, too, and make yourself ginnerally useful, and don't run off an issoc a proclamashin afore you know what is what." "Now," ses I, "the feller that got the elder bark for the Kernel scraped it the rong way, an the medicine won't work. The only way to get it rite is to roll the Kernel over fourteen times clean across the floor. It is a tough remedy, but desput diseneses require desput remedies." So I telled Seward an Stantin to take hold, and the way we rolled the Kernel over and over was a caushin. It seemed as ef it might break every bone in his body, for his frame is so sharp an so full of angles that it jarred an jolted like rollin over a wagon wheel wen there's no fellers on the spokes. Finally he cum to, an we lifted him on the bed, an in a little while he felt like another person. Seward an Stantin looked skeert yet, but I telled them they needn't have no fears—that the Kernel was as sound as a dollar. Stantin said he'd hurt his spine in rollin Linkin; at eny rate, he puffed an blowed like a porpose. I telled him to go home an take some of Chase's "greenbacks" for a poultice, an ef that didn't cure him, then there warn't no virtue in "legal tenders." Seward sed, as I was sich a good doctor, he'd like to know what was good for pizen. Wen he was a boy he sed he pizened one of his feet, an that it had allers trubbled him, more or less, ever sence. I telled him to get one of Sumner's speeches, an bind on the place, for there warn't enything like pizen to draw out pizen, and I thought Sumner's speeches would draw pizen out of de/

men, and that I wondered the doctors hadn't got to usin them for bringin to life people who had killed themselves with laudatum, prussick acid, an sich things.

As soon as the Kernel cum to, he begun to joke. Ses he, "Majer, do you know why you and Seward and Stanton rollin me on the floor like men spredin hay in a meadow?" Ses I, "No, Kernel, I don't unless the pitchin and rollin are a good deal alike." "No, no," ses he, "Majer, the reason is because it was done to *cure* me!" "Now," ses I, "Kernel, that is purty sharp, but do you know why your sickness is like the Union?" "No," ses he, "I don't see into that, unless it's because we're both haven a tough time of it." "No," ses I, "that ain't it." "Wal," ses he, "what is it?" "Wal," ses I, "because *it has been takin the rong medicen!*" Ses he, "How is that, Majer? I don't understand you." "Wal," ses I, "it's jest here. You know that feller who does chores for you scraped the elder bark the rong way, and wen you took it, it come nigh on to killin you. But I didn't know but what it was all rite, and so I give it to you. Now, jest so it's been ever sence you've been President. Seward's been the feller who has been scrapin the medicen for the Union, and he has *scraped it all the rong way*, and you've been given it all the time without knowing it. You see, the hull country has got the gripes an the shakes, jest as you had a little while ago, and it all cum from Seward's rong kind of medicen. You see, Seward is tryin to make the people swallow the 'irrepressible conflict,' which is fixed about as follows:—

Higher Law	2 oz.
Confiscation	2 oz.
Taxation	2 oz.
Intemperance	2 oz.
Abolition	8 oz.
(well mixed.)						

Now, Kernel, such a dose as that would give any country a worse set of spasms and agers than were ever heard of before. Old John Dumbatter, the laziest man I ever knew in Maine, said he once had the fever and ager in Mishegan so that it shook the buttons off his coat; but such medicen as Seward is givin the country now will shake even the tail fethers out of the great American Eagle."

Ses Linkin, ses he, "Hold on, Majer, don't pour sich hot shot into me when I'm sick." So I held up; but I tell you, the Kernel has felt very blue since that time. One day ses he, "Majer, what a grate mistake I made in not makin Crittenden's compromise the basis of my administration; but it's no use cryin over spilt milk. The leaders of our party wanted the Chicago platform put through, and I'm the man to do what I undertake or sink in the attempt." "Or split the Union?" ses I. "Wal," ses he, "I don't know about that, but what's in the way must cum down."

Things look very bad here jest now, and we all feel afraid that they

may be worse instead of better. Stanton wants to issuo a proclamashin which he thinks will set all things rite, but Seward ses proclamashins are played out. Linkin thought at one time to put out a call for a day of fasting and prayer, but Hallack is opposed to it. So things are workin along now kinder slipshod, but I'll try to keep you posted as usual.

Yours till deeth,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

XV.

Gen. McClellan's Change of Base—A Bear Story—A Delegation of Clergymen—The Major's Opinion on Negroes and "Educated Peepul"—How General Jackson Saw Through Them—How the War is to End—Mr. Lincoln Tells Another Story.

WASHINGTON, August 14, 1862.

To the Editors of the Cawcashin:

Suns,—It has been jest about the hottest wether, sence I writ you last, I ever did see. The Kernel ses he feels as linsay as an eel, and I tell you it has taken the starch out of the hull of us. Ef I don't write a letter this time worth printin, it will be because my ideas have all kinder oozed out through my skin. One day the Kernel ses to me, ses he, "Major, what do you think about McClellan's new base on the Jeemes River?" "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, it reminds me for all the world of old Truxton Miller's bar hunt, away up in the north part of Maine, when I was a boy." The Kernel likes to hear a story as well as to tell one, so he insisted that I should tell him all about it. So I proceeded: ses I, "Old Truxton was the most noted bar hunter in all that part, and it warn't often when he got started after a bar that it ever got away. He could yell an holler equal to wild Injins, and he generally scart away all the varmints for several miles around. One spring the bars had been very trubblsome, carryin off his sheep, lambs, and even calves an yealins, and Truxton vowed he'd go an attack the bars in their den. So off he started with his dubbel-barrelled shot gun and his big dog, Haroules, for a regular bar hunt. He soon got on their track, and he followed them to their den. Jest as one was goin in he let go his gun and took one of 'em in the thigh. This only made matters worse, for out come two or three others, and soon the old feller was tackled on all sides. He felt pretty safe with Haroules, but soon the bars made for the dog, an they tore him to pieces in a jiffy. Truxton shot one of 'em, but that put the infernals in the rest, and the old feller had to 'skedaddle,' as they say in these days. Seeing a tree handy by

he started to go up, but a powerful beast fetched him a wipe with his paw and tore off the seat of his trousers. He got away and that was all, and looked down on the bars in distain. Now," ses I, "Kernel, I think that McClellan's 'new base' is something like old Truxton's. But all his neighbors turned out, an finally got the old feller out of his dängs, and when he come down he made this remark, ses he, 'Neighbors, it's one thing to hunt a bar, but it's quite another thing *when the bar hunts you!*'" "So," ses I, "Kernel, it's one thing to hunt the secesh, but it's quite another thing when the secesh hunts you, an it appears to me as if McClellan is treed in his 'new base.'" "Wal, Majer," ses the Kernel, "how are we to get him away?" "Wal," ses I, "do jest as old Truxton's neighbors did—scare off the bars! Scare off the secesh! Get around 'em on all sides and make them believe that you are goin to attack 'em from every quarter, an they will soon scatter so that the Ginneral can change his base agin. Call it 'a great piece of strategy,' and the people won't know the difference." "Wal," ses the Kernel, "that's jest what has got to be done, and though it's a mity dangerous movement, rite in the face of the rebils, yet it must be done, or all the troops will die of disinterry where they are." Before this letter reaches your readers the telliograf will announce the hull movement.

The other day the Kernel had a call from some nigger preachers. He sent for 'em to have a talk about seein whether they wouldn't consent to go to Centril America, but they didn't seem to like it much. They sed they would think about it and report. I told the Kernel that when he got niggers to immigrate, that the next thing he could do would be to get the kinks out of their hair. Ses he, "Why not, Majer?" "Wal," ses I, "because it ain't their natnr." Ses I, "Kernel, you talk to these niggers jest as if they were white people, all except their color. You seem to think that they will do something for their posterity, sacrifice something, but they won't. The nigger only cares for the present. The mulattoes have some of the talents of the white men, but the nigger not a bit."

"Now, Majer," ses Linkin, "you are prejudiced. Don't all the great men of the world, all the larned men of Europe, and all Christian phylanthropists, don't they all consider it the highest duty to try an elevate the black race?" "Now," ses I, "Kernel, I don't care a blue postage stamp for all the great men in the world! A little plain mother-wit I have always found better than a stack of book larnin, an ef any one will jest take up the nigger race and study it out practically, they will see that it has allers been the same uncivilized, heathen people when white folks did not have control of 'em. You send 'em to Centril America, an in a generation or so they will be again eatin lizards an worshipping snakes, as they do in Africa now."

Ses I, "Kernel, there's no peopul in the world so likely to lead you astray as educated peopul. They are all mad as March hares on this nigger questshin, jest as they were in old Cotton Mather's time on

witches. Educated peepul, Kernel, ain't got any more wit or common sense than other folks, but they try to make you believe they have, an will talk highfalutin words jest to frighten you if they kin. They tried that on the old Ginneral in the days of the Biddle Bank, but they couldn't budge him an inch. One time the bankers and money-lenders and brokers in Wall Street, sent on a committee to see the Ginneral, to honey fuggle him into not vetoing the Bank bill. Ogden Huffman, then the greatest orator, an jest the smartest lawyer York had, was sent on as spokesman. He could talk jest as slick as grease, and knew more law in a minit than the old Ginneral did in all day. One night he staid till almost mornin talkin and talkin, scoldin a little an palaverin a good deal more. The old Ginneral didn't say much, only once in a while puttin in a questshin. Finally, Huffman got reddey to go, an axed what the Ginneral thought of the argements he had made. The old Ginneral pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, run his fingers through his hair, an jumpin out of his cheer, walked across the room as if he was tarein mad, rite up to Mr. Huffman. When he got there, ses he, 'Mr. Lawyer, your talk is all very pretty, very eloquent, an very larned with Latin, but' (an here he fetched his old hickery down on the floor) 'I shall veto that Bank of Biddle's, by the Eternal I'. You see the old Ginneral couldn't hold a candle to Huffman, as far as larnin an talk went, but he had the genuine common sense that seen rite through the hull subject. So I tell you, Kernel, don't put your trust in educated peepul. Ef the whole world thinks that you kin make a white man out of a nigger, it only shows that the hull world is made up of fools."

"Wal," ses Linkin, "that all may be very true, but you see, Majer, I've got these contrybands on my hands, and I've got to fish or cut bait. We've only got a few thousand free now, and the peepul in the North are in arms to murder 'em ef I send any more there. I shall soon have two wars on my hands ef I don't contrive some plan to get rid of the kinky heads. You see, Majer, a fire in front an a fire in the rear will be too much of a good thing."

"I see, I see, Kernel," ses I, "you've got to change your base."

"Exactly, Majer, you hit the nail rite on the hed."

"Wal," ses I, "Kernel, I can't give you a bit of advice except what I have all along. Put the negro in his place, an he won't be a bit of trubbel to you, but as long as you try to get along with him out of his place, you'll be in hot water. As for goin to Central America, they won't go thar any sooner than they will to Kamschatky."

"Wal," ses Linkin, ses he, "If they won't do that, we shall all pretty soon be in a nice kittle of fish."

"Wal," ses I, "Kernel, can you tell me how you think this war is goin to end?"

"Wal, Majer, I can't exactly see through the hull subject yet, but I'll tell you a story that about expresses my present ideas of the subject. One night at a tavern out in Illinoi, two drunken men were sent to sleep

in the same room. Now there was two beds in the room, but they were so drunk that they both got in one bed, but did not know it. No sooner in than one sung out to the other, 'I say, Bill, some feller is in my bed.' The other sung out in reply, 'I say, Jim, some feller is in my bed, too.' After swearing at the landlord for awhile for not givin' 'em single beds, Bill sung out, 'I say, Jim, I'm goin to kick my feller out of bed.' Wal, ses Bill, 'so am I.' So at they went, kickin like all possessed, until both of 'em lay sprawling out on the floor. They had kicked themselves out of bed! Now, Majer, I guess that will be jest about how this war will end. The way we're goin on, both the North and the South will kick one another out of bed before they stop and out of house and home, too."

"Wal," ses I, "Kernel, that's about my idee, too, and I don't beleieve, by the time they get through, either side will have a bed-blanket or even a hull shirt left. They'll be wuss off than Billy Brady when he fit with the catamouut, who didn't have a rag left on him except the stock around his neck."

Here the conversashin dropped. The Kernel looked very solemncolly, and I thought I wouldn't say nothing to hurt his feelins.

There ain't anything new here jest now, except the arrival of new regiments. Seward feels as happy as a little gal with a new doll every time a regiment comes along. Stanton takes down his big book an adds it on to the number alreddy in the army, while Chaso gets ready to issuo more greenbacks. Your frend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

XVI.

The Science of "Military Strategy"—The Major's Opinion upon it—A Call from the Secretary of the American and Foreign Benevolent Society for Ameliorating the Condition of the Colored Race—His Speech—The President's Reply—A Curious Prayer The Major's Opinion on Slavery—The Critical Condition of Affairs—Mr. Lincoln Tells a Story.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2, 1862.

To the Editors of the *Caucashin*:

SURS:—Sence I writ to you last I've been studyin military strategy. It is a grate science. Our army, down in Virginny, has been in grate strates lately, an if it hadn't been for military strategy it would have all been taken prisoners. Ses the Kernel to me, the other day, ses he, "Majer, what do you think that military strategy consists in?" "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, it consists in gettin out of your enemy's way wen he's too much for you, an gettin in his way wen you're too much for him."

Ses I, "Kernel, I don't know whether that is down in the books, but that's the common sense view of the subject." "Wal," ses Liukin, "whatever strategy consists in, we don't seem to have a bit of it, for we get in the enemy's way jest wen he's too strong for us, an get out of his way wen he ain't too strong for us. I'm gettin' amongst discouraged with this kind of military strategy." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, you've got too many Ginnerals an too many armies. There's too many fellers, with more brass in their faces than there is in their buttons, who want to be the biggest toad in the puddle. Now there can't be but one big toad, an so there can't be but one head Ginneral. You ought to make one man Command-in-Cheef, an make him take the field, so that he can see for himself how matters are goin'. Ginneral Hallick, here in Washington, ain't the thing."

"Wal, Major, there is no use of cryin' over spilt milk. The troops down in Virginny have been very roughly handled agin by the rebels, an have got so mixed up that it will require a grate deal of strategy to get them straitened out. The question is, What is to be done?"

Jest as I was about to give the Kernel some advice, who should come in but Sumnure, an a feller with a white handkercher around his neck, and two or three other solemn-lookin' chaps. The feller in a white kercher spoke up, an ses he, "Mr. President, we're come to sympathize with you in the nashin's afflichsin, for the Lord has agin beat us with stripes—ah. Mr. President, I'm chief Secretary of the American and Foreign Benevolent Society for Ameliorating the Condition of the Colored Race—ah, an I have been appinted Cheerman of a Committee to wait on you an express to you our opinions in the present fearful crisis in our country's history. Our Society, which is composed of all the most pious maiden ladies in our town—ah—who are over forty years of age, an therefore may be considered wise and discreet—desire mo to express to you their deep conviction that God will never bless our armies with victory—ah—so long as you do not fight for the freedom of our dearly beloved colored brethren—ah. Our Society, Mr. President, has given the condishin of our colored brethren great attenshin—ah. You can judge of the extent of our labor wen I inform you that the sisters of our Society have distributed the past year to our colored brethren in Liberia, 500 flannel shirts—ah—600 wool socks—ah—100 Bibles—ah—100 Tracts on Temperance—ah—500 toothpicks—ah—and a large supply of Cologne water—ah! We should have been glad to have supplied the sufferin' bondmen of the same oppressed race in our own country, but the vile rebellion of the infernal slaveholders has prevented. We ask you now to proclaim liberty to the captives, and let the people go—ah. Do not let your heart be hardened as Parroh's was, but save our land from sorrow, and our armies from further defeat by a decree of righteousness. Then will the Lord smile on us, an then shall glory cover the land—ah."

I believe I've got that speech down purty nigh as the feller delivered

it, for he spoke very slow an stately, an he was tryin to make an impresshin. Wen he got thru, Linkin' up, and ses he, "Mr. Secretary, I'm kinder glad to see you, and will only say that we need all the help about these times we can get, an if I thought the Lord would only help us lick the rebels, I would free the niggers. An if I thought he would help us by freein' em, I would do that. In fact, ~~whatever~~ I do, an what I don't do, I do it, or I don't do it, jest as I think the Lord will be most likely to help us. The great thing is to get the help of the Lord, an I shall adopt new views on this pint jest as far as I think they are good views." Wen Linkin got thru, I pulled him by the coat-tail, an ses I, "Kernel, Seward himself could not have beat that non-committal speech." Ses he, "Hush, Major, don't throw all the fat into the fire." Jest then the feller in the white hankerecher spoke up, an ses he, "Let us pray," an at it he went. Ses he, "Oh Lord, throw grate lites upon the mind of our Chief Magnstrate—ah—give us victories over the rebels—ah—give us this yere grate victories—ah—not such little victories as we had last yere—ah—but crush the rebels with the arm of thy power. Amen—ah." After this, they all sluck hands, an went away. After they had gone, ses the Kernel, ses he, "Major, that's a wonderful pious chap." "Yes," ses I, "Kernel, I think he is, in his way, but," ses I, "findin falt with the Lord, be-kase He don't give us bigger victories, ain't much like the Christians of arly days." Ses I, "His prayer for big victories reminds me of old Joe Bunker's prayer. Joe was a wicked old sinner who swore, was than a saleypur. One day he was a swarein kos he didn't hev better corn. Some one told him he orter pray for good corn, if he wanted it. So one day some one was goin long the road by the old feller's corn-field, and hearin a noise, they stopped, and who should the noise cum from but the miserly old skinflint Bunker, who was prayin. 'Ses he, 'Oh Lord! give us a good crop of corn this yere, long ears, long as your arm, not sich d—d little nubbins as we had last yere.' Now," ses I, "Kernel, I think that's a great deal of similarity 'tween them two prayers, and I think the Lord is jest about as likely to answer one as tother." Ses I, "Kernel, you could bust up fifteen Unions easier than you could destroy slavery." Ses he, "Major, I don't see into that crackly, and I'd like to know the reason why." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, the reason is jest this: men made the Union, but God made slavery, and I tell you," ses I, "Kernel, when you undertake to butt agin that, you butt agin a big subjec." Ses I, "Ain't everybody been fightin slavery for the last thirty years, and haven't they all cum off second best while nigger slavery has been growin and expandin in spite of 'em? God made the nigger to serve and obey the white man, and until he's altered and made another being, you can't make him anything but a servant. These fellers, like that white cravated chap, who was jest here, and who employ their time sendin flannel shirts and tooth-picks to the wild nigger in Afiky, don't know nothin' more about

niggers than they do 'bout the interior of the arth. You might preserve all the brains they've got in a drop of brandy, and they would have as much sea-room as a tadpole in Lake Superior."

"Wal," ses Linkin, ses he, "Majer, let's drop the nigger jest now, as I want to ask you whether you think the rebils kin take Washington?" "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, that depends upon strategy agin. Ef you keep Ginnerals in the field who don't pay any attention to 'lines of retrete,' afore you know it, Kernel, that feller with a Stonewall in his name will be around on the North side of the White House, an I'm afeared my 'line of retrete' to Downingville will be cut off." "That's so, Majer, and my retrete to Springfield may be a hard road to travel." When Linkin made this remark, he looked kinder uneasy. I didn't know what to say, so I did jest what I allers do in that case—I whistled! Ses Linkin, ses he, "Majer, are you whistlin to keep your courage up?" Ses I, "No, Kernel, I ain't afraid a mite, but," ses I, "I'm in what old Deacon Doolittle calls a quandary." Ses he, "What's your quandary?" "Wal," ses I, "I was thinkin what I would do ef the rebils should take Washington." The Kernel didn't say nothin for about a minute. He looked very serious, and finally, ses he, "Majer, we're in a tight place, an there is no use denyin it, but it don't do any good to get into a fit of hysterics about it." "Yes," ses I, "Kernel, but it makes me feel solemn to see this grate Old Ship of State knockin around, an, may be, jest red dy to sink." "Wal, Majer," ses the Kernel, "that remark reminds me of a story. A good many years ago, an old feller, a free-an-easy chap, owned a steamboat on the Mississippi river, an he was a grate fiddler. He had nothing to do, an ginnerally went up an down the river on the boat, spending his time in fiddlin an tellin stories. One day the boat struck a snag, an was fast fillin with water. The old feller was in the cabin sawin away on his fiddle when the boat struck, but he paid no attenshin to it, but kept rite on fiddlin. Finally, one of the passengers came in an told him that the captain warn't tryin to save the boat as he ought, and that she would be lost in ten minutes. 'Wal,' ses the old feller, 'she's been a *loosin* concern for five years,' and he kept on fiddlin. Pretty soon another passenger rushed in, and screamed out, 'She's settlin very fast.' Ses he, 'I wish she'd *settle* with me before she goes down,' an still he kept on fiddlin. The next that was seen of him he was swimmin ashore, with his fiddle under his arm an the bow in his mouth. Now, Majer, if they take Washington, and the ship sinks, *we'll swim ashore!*"

"Yes," ses I, "Kernel, and I suppose you will take the nigger with you jest as that old feller did the fiddle, for the nigger has been the fiddle your party has played on!"

The Kernel didn't seem to like this application of his story, but he didn't say a word. I felt very solemn, for I couldn't help feelin ecommost like crying when I thought how this grate mashin might all

be shipwrecked afore he knew it, by a set of fellers who have been so taken up with the nigger as to let the country go to destruction.

I went to bed that nite with a heavy hart, an had a terrible attack of bilyusness, which I had to take nigh on to a gallon of elder-bark to cure. Sence, then I've been better, an if God spares my life I'll keep you posted about our nashinal affairs as long as there is a nashin.

Your friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

XVII.

A Cabinet Meeting.—The President Calls for the Opinion of Each Member.—Speeches of Seward, Chase, Stanton, Blair, Welles, Smith, and Bates.—The Major Called on for an Opinion.—The Peperage Log Story.—The Major Proposes an Armistice.—No Conclusion Arrived at.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13th, 1862.

To the Editors of the Cawcashin:

Sars:—Sesh a time as we've had here sence I writ you last, you never heered tell on: One time we all thought that the Secesh would take us, bag and baggage; but we feel easier now, an everybody is hopin that the crysis is past. Rite in the midst of the tribbellation, Linkin called a meetin of the Cabynet to consult on the tryin state of affairs, an he insisted that I must meet with 'em, as it was no time to stand on presidents an ceterys, an beside, he sed he wanted the help of every ounce of loyal brains in the country. Ses he, "Major, I kin depend on you, for though you sometimes give me a hard hit, yet you've allers got the good of your country at hart." Ses I, "Kernel, I'm much obleeged to you for your good opinion, an I kin assure you that every word of it is true. Ef there's a man on this arth that has a truer love for his country than I have, I would like to see him;" an ses I, "Kernel, I'll tell you why my country seems so dear to me. I'm an old man now, nigh on eighty years old: I recollect when Jefferson beat that old Federal, John Adams, in 1800. I warn't old enough then to vote for him, though I wanted to: but w'en he run the second time I voted for him, and done all I could for his election. Wal, I've been a Dinameerat from that day rite down to the old General's time, an I'm a Dinameerat yet: but I love my country above all parties. An one reason why my country is so dear to me is, because I haven't got anythin else to love now. Nigh about all my relashins are dead an gone, an there ain't anythin on arth left me to love but my country: and w'en I see it distracted, divided an bleedin, it makes me cry; an," ses I, "Kernel, I can't help it."

"Wal," ses the Kernel, "Major, it's uncommon hard for old men like you, I know: but you jest meet with the Cabynet this mornin, and

let us see if some new plan can't be adopted to get out of this scrape."

So won the time cum, I took my hokery, and went in. Purty soon the different members cum droppin in, one by one, an all seemed highly tickled to see me except Seward, who has never forgiven me for exposin' his deapshin on Linkin wen he altered my "Constitutional Telescope." After they all got seated, ses Linkin, ses he, "Gentlemen, there's no use any longer of tain' like the ostrich does--stick our heads in a sand-bank as say that we 'don't see it,' for we're whipped an driven back—in a word, we have failed. Now, the reale question is: Why have we failed? What is the cause of it? Jest as soon as we kin find out the reason of our failure, we shall know what to do to remedy it. Now," ses the Kernel, "I want every one of you to give me your frank, blunt opinion as to the reason. First, I will call on Mr. Seward."

Seward got up, lookin as a pale as a sheet, an ses he, "Wal, it ain't my fault. I've paid no attenshin to the war, but have had my hands full in keepin furrin nashins from interferin, an I've succeeded; but ef I should give my opinion of the cause of the failure of our efforts to restore the Union, I would say it was owin entirely to the ultra-Republicans, who wanted to kill slavery before they scotched it. This let the cat out of our bag before the rite time. It aroused an united the South an divided the North. They saw what we were after. Ef my policy had been followed of pacifyin the South an of talkin 'Union' to the North, we would have scotched the snake of slavery, an then we could have killed it at our leisture."

Then Linkin called Chase. He commenced by saying that he did not agree with Mr. Seward as to the cause of our failure. He sed it was jest this dilly-dally policy that had ruined us. Congress had done its duty, but the President had not yet dared to make the rebils feel the power of Congress. He sed he had kept the army supplied with "greenbacks," an that was all he had to do. He had done his duty, but he didn't beleave we would ever succeed until we fit for liberty an the overthrow of slavery. We should allers fail to restore the Union until we did it.

Then Stanton spoke. He sed he thought one grato cause of our failure was because he had not kept on issooing his proclamashins, as he did at first. He sed he thought his proclamashin about "the spirit of the Lord" enabled our soldiers to take Nashville. "Then," ses he, "General McClellan is too slow. He might have been made for a rairode engineer, where there was no hurry about buildin the road, but he was never cut out for a Ginnersal. He was a failure, and hence it wos a failure all round."

Then Blair spoke up. "Wal," ses he, "ef there's a man done his dooty, it's me. I've stopped every paper in the mails that wouldn't endorse the policy of the Administrashin; hence the people have only seen arguments on one side. Ef we've failed, therefore, it can't be

because the people's readin ha-n't been well looked after. I haven't allowed their minds to be pisoned by any 'copperhead' Democratic doctrines. Nothin but anti-slavery sentiments kin get through the mails now. Ef we've failed, I think it must be because Seward and Stanton have not been more strict in arrestin men who talked —"

— Here Seward an Stanton both jumped up and declared that Blair was very unjust, an sed they had arrested every man they could get anything agin, and a good monny that they couldn't get anything agin.

"Wal," Blair sed, "enyhaw, the failure was not his fault. Ef they didn't beleve him; let them ask his father, who knew more about politics than any other man in the country!"

Then old Welles got up, lookin very sleepy. He sed "the failure could not be charged agin the Navy. It was the most wide-awake institushin of the age. It had achieved *all* the victories," [Here Stanton jumped up agin, but Welles wouldn't yield the floor.]. "The army couldn't do anything without his gunboats. Every time the rebils got at them, they had had to retrete to *his* gunboats. In his opinion the army had failed, because it could not carry his gunboats with it. He sed he had been tryin to invent a plan to furnish each regiment with a gunboat for land service. Ef he could do that, he thought Richmond might be taken early next spring! The only thing in all the war that had not been a failure were his gunboats!"

Then Mr. Smith, an old man from out West, got up. He sed "he belonged to the interior, and didn't know much about what was goin on. He had heered say there was a war in progress, and that there had been some pretty tall fightin, but he didn't know whether it had been a success or a failure. Ef we had failed, he thought it must be because we had not been successful, an ef we had succeeded, he thought it must be because we hadn't failed!"

Mr. Bates sed "he agreed with Mr. Smith, except in one pint. He had heerd, within a day or two, for the first time, that we had failed. Upon lookin over Blackstan to see ef there was any case like it, he had been much disappointed in not findin any. He thought we must have failed because we had not follered Blackstan."

After he got thru, Linkin called upon me. I jest hauled up my old hickory and laid it on the tabil, an ther puttin my elbows on the tabil to rest myself, I began. Ses I, "Kernel, I feel kinder scary to giv my opinion rite here, after sech a display of larnin an eloquence; but," ses I, "as I understand the questshin, it is this: We've been fightin to restore the Union, an we've failed. Now, what is the cause of the failure?" Ses I, "Is that it, Kernel?" Ses he; "Yes, Majer; that's it, exactly." "Wal," ses I, "I allers want to get on the track afore I start, an then I kin tell purty nigh where I will fetch up. Now," ses I, "Kernel, I want to ask you a questshin: *Did you ever try to split a peperage log?*" "No," ses he, "Majer, I never did. Nobody would be sech a consarned fool as to try an split a peperage log." "Wal," ses

I, "Kernel, suppose some feller should cum to you and tell you that he had been a year an a half tryin to split a peperage log, an couldn't do it, that he had failed, an wanted you to tell him what to do, what would you say to him?" "Say to him!—why, I should tell him he might jest as well whistle at the log as to try to split it—that it warn't in the natur of pech knotty, nerly, cross-grained timber to split; in other words, that he was tryin to do an onpossibil thing." "Now," ses I, "Kernel, that's just my idee about tryin to save this Union by fightin! You're tryin to do an onpossibil thing: After a year and a half of fightin, you all acknowledge that you have failed, an all the Cabynet is wonderin why you have failed. Now, it ain't no wonder to me. You have failed jest because, in the very natur of things, what you are tryin to do can't be done in that way. You're takin the rong way to do it."

Wen I sed this, you never did see sech a flutter. Stanton turned very red in the face, and sed "that I orter be sent to Fort Lafayette." I telled him that I wasn't ascered of all the Forts this side of Purgotary, and that I should speak my mind till my dyin day, let what would happen. That cooled him down. Then I told the Cabynet that the only way to get out of this scrupo was to have an armistiss, stop the fightin, and go to talkin—that both sides had had enuf of bloodshed now to satisfy them, an that the only way to get a settlement was to do that. They took a vote on it, an all voted for it except Linkin, Chase, and Welles. The Kernel sed he was so committed to the Abolishin Governors of the North that he couldn't go for the armistiss. Chase sed, "ef it comes to that, then all the money has been spent for nothin, an I shall be cussed for the debt forever an ever." Old Welles sed that he thought we should be successful jest as soon as he got his new Patent Land Gunboats in operashin, an he was for fightin the thing out! The other members of the Cabynet sed they thought they could back out without much trubbel. Seward sed he never see a hole so small that he couldn't, on a pinch, get through, especially with Weed to help him. He thought he should turn Dimocrat! Stanton sed he intended to jine the church, and turn Methodist preacher. Blair sed he didn't know what he should do till he consulted his father! He knew the old man could help him out. Smith an Bates sed they should return to the buzzum of their families, an, if necessary for their safety, put on krinolins!

No conclushin, however, was cum to about the armistiss. The Kernel can't bring himself up to the idee yet. Ef the Governors were only in favor of it, he should do it at once. So I suppose, for the present, we shall keep on tryin to do an onpossibil thing—to git the Union by fightin for it. Depend upon it, tryin to split peperage logs ain't nothin to it.

Yours till deth,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING

XVIII.

"The Major not ill—The President has 'the Gripes'—The Witch-Hazel Medicine—Going to the Bottom of a Subject—The Democrats and the War—The Emancipation Proclamation—A Visit to Gen. McClellan's Army—The Soldiers' Coat—Mr. Lincoln Tells a Story—'Sloshing About'."

WASHINGTON, Oct. 6, 1862.

To the Editors of the Carcassian:

SIRS:—I see you sed in your paper, last week, that perhaps I had the rheumatiz, and that that was the resin why I had not writ you. Now, you were dreadfully mistaken, for I aint had a twingo of the Rheumatics for a long time. The resin I did not write last week was jost this: Rite off, after Linkin had issooed that Abolishin Proclymashin he was taken with a terribul fit of the gripes. There was noos received that some of the sojers were gettin onruly, and refusin to fight for the nigger, an I thought one spell that the Kernel would go crazy. He walked the floor all nite, an looked as ef he would die. Finerally it brought on the gripes, and then his condishin was terribul. I tried elder bark tea, but it didn't do a mite of good, so I telled him there warn't but one medicin that would cure him, an that was witch hazel sticks mixed up with molasses. So I sent fur some twigs an ent em up in about inch pieces, and put the molasses on, and stirred it all up. The Kernel looked at it very sharp, an ses he, "Major, you aint going to give me rale fence to drink, are you? The remedy will be wus than the disease." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, then that will be jest like your Abolishin Proclymashin," an I kept on mixin it with a big spoon. "Now," ses I, "Kernel, the good pints of this medicin are, that as it goes thra a teller it cleans him completely out. It confiscates, eradicates, obliterates, an confusticates everything. It's equal to your Abolishin Proclymashin an the Confiscation Bill rolled into one." Ses I, "Kernel, there's only one thing about it that's wrong. Sometimes the sticks get twisted together, or tangled up like the logs down the river, in Maine, in the spring of the year, and it requires a purty hard jar to start 'em loose. But," ses I, "there's no danger of its killin anybody, and there's no way for you to get rid of that gripin but by takin it." The Kernel looked at it purty sharp, an ses he, "Major, I can't stand this innard arthquake much longer, and ef you say that that rale fence will cure me, I'll swallow it ef it takes the heat off my head." So I jest told him to take it, an down he put it as easy as ef it had been genuine Borbone. He hadn't had it down but a little while before he began to get wus. He walked the floor an ground as ef he was goin to die. Ses he, "Major, this infernal stuff will kill me, sure. I believe I've swallowed a dose of pitchfork tines, or a half-pint of darnin needles. It reminds me of a story, Major; but I feel too bad to tell

it. It's the very first time in my life I was over so far gone." I see at a glance what was the matter. The sticks had got tangled together, an lodged fast, and I knew there was no time to be lost. So ses I, "Kernel, I kin cure you. You jest cum here an air down in this cheer." He cum up, and wen he went to sit down, I jerked the cheer, so out from under him, an down he cum kerslap on the floor. I tell you it made the hull house shake; but I knowed he must get a good jar, or it was a gone case with him. It made him see stars for a little while, for the Kernel, you know, is long-gear'd, and it was no joking matter for him to fall so far. But it was all over within a minnat, an wen he got up he ses he felt like another man; but ses he, "Major, that's what I call going to the bottom of a subject." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, that's jest what you are tryin to do on the slavery questshin, an ef you don't see stars on that before you get thru with it, I'll wonder." Ses I, "Kernel, do you expect Dimmicrats are goin to support you on freein the niggers?" "Wal," ses he, "Major, not the rale, geniwine Dimmicrats; but you see you've got a grate lot of fellers in your party, who call themselves Dimmicrats, who ain't Dimmicrats at all. You've had the offices in your party so long, that you've naturally attracted a hull lot of chaps who only want offices. These fellers have mosely been the leaders of your party for years an years, an now, when we've got the offices, an there ain't scarcely a chance that the South will ever have eny more to give 'em, they all cum to us, an I kin get 'em at almost eny price, from a Brigadier-Generulship down to a quatter of a dollar. I've tried to git some geniwine Dimmicrats to mix in, but you can't touch 'em." Ses I, "Kernel, I guess you'll find that the grate bulk of the Dimmicrats won't fite to free the niggers. They can't be such a pack of derved fools." "You've got too high an opinion of your party, Major," ses the Kernel. "There's a grate many more derved souls in it than you've got eny idee of. You say they won't fite to put down slavery. Didn't they say they wouldn't fite to coerce the South? And didn't they do it? Didn't they say they would oilly defend the Capital, and wouldn't invade Virginia, and didn't they do it?"

"Yes," ses I, "Kernel, I must own that's the truth; but," ses I, "they called God to witness of the war was ever made an anti-slavery war, they would throw down their arms." "Yes," ses he, "but don't they say now that they ain't got nothing to do with the policy of the government, an that their only duty is to fite." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, him of 'em have said that, but it can't be possibal that that's the general sentiment. Ef they follow that principal, then if you should proclaim yourself Emperor or King, an tell 'em to fite to establish a monarchy, they would do that." "That's drivin your ideas a little too far, Major, as you gibberally do. But what do you think about our goin up to the army an reviewin the sojers, an seeing whether I ain't jest as popelar as ever I was?" "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, I think that that is a good idee, an I kin judge purty nigh how your Proclymashin

sets on the stnmacks of the sojers from the way they cheer you. Ef they cheer as loud as they did wen they were down at Harrisin Landin, I shall be mistakin." So we started off the next day for Ginneral McClellan's head-quarters in a speshal train. First we went to Ginneral Sumnure's head-quarters, and it warn't long afore Ginneral McClellan cum there too. There was sum talk about the Proclymashin, an Linkin told the Ginneral that there were two great resins why he made it. One was to stop furrin nashins from interferin, an the other was to make the rebils cum to terms. He thought it would fetch 'em, sure.

Ginneral McClellan didn't say a word, one way nor tother, but looked oncommon solemn, and axed the Kernel whether he didn't want to review the troops. I saw at once that the Ginneral didn't like it, and that he wanted to turn the subject. Then we started off and took a look at the troops on Merryland Hights and Bollyvare Hights, and all around Mr. Harper's ferry. Mr. Harper warn't hum, and so we didn't see him, and the ferry warn't in good order nether, the resen bein that the rebils had been there and destroyed ecnamost everything. As we were goin along, ses I, "Kernel, theun cheers don't sound like they did down on the Jcemcs River." The Kernel didn't say anything, but looked very serious. Wen Ginneral McClellan showed himself, you oughter have heerd the sojers yell and scream, and wave their hats. I never see the Kernel look so pale and thin, and I couldn't get a word out of him. As for makin a speech, it warn't to be thought on. After we got all donie reviewin the sojers, the Kernel and all hands of us come down from the Hights, and sot down near the road on an old wagiu. Linkin told some stories to pass away the time, and perty soon we went back to Ginneral Sumnure's hed-quarters, where we staid all nite. The next mornin we went to Ginneral McClellan's hed-quarters, and then over the battlefield of Aunty-catem. The next day we cum ham, both of us perty nigh tired out. The Kernel pulled off his boots as soon as he got in the house, as he almost alius does, and I got out my pipe for a smoke.

"Wal," ses I, "Kernel, what do you think of your visit?" Ses he, "Majer, it's jest as you told me. That Proclymashin of mine ain't popular, and I knowed it would be. But jest see how I was situated. There was the Abolishin Guyernurs drivin me on one side, an ther was France an England on the other side. What was I to do? I couldn't stand still. I couldn't go back. So I had to 'let her rip.' I've ben poleing around, Majer, ever since I've been President, trying to touch bottom, an I couldn't find it. Now I hope I'll git it." "Yes," ses I, "Kernel, it may be your pole warn't a constitutional pole. Ef it had ben, you could have found bottom long ago." Ses I, "Depend on it, Kernel, there ain't no bottom where you are poleing, and ef you keep on till doomsday, you won't find any."

Ses I, "Kernel, don't you know that you said in your inaugurole

that you had no rite to interfere with slavery, an that you didn't intend to?"

Ses he, "Did I, Major? I've forgot all about it. The truth is, Majer, when I look back the two years I've been President, it reminds me of a story. Old Bill Jones, got drunk one election day, out in Illinoy, an had a hand in several fises before nite. The next day he was brought before a Justess of the Pence, an the Justess inquired, 'Mr. Jones, did you strike Tom Smith yesterday?' 'Wal, I don't know, Judge,' ses Bill. 'I was sloshin around considerabul, an can't exzactly say what I did.' 'Wal, Mr. Jones, did you hit Jim Wattles?' 'Wal, now, Judge, I can't be sartin; the truth is, I was sloshin around most of the day, I reckon.' 'Now, Mr. Jones, tell me whether you struck Dick Robinson?' 'Can't say, Judge,' replied Bill. 'I believe, on the hull, I was sloshin around about all day.' 'Wal, Mr. Jones,' said the Justess, 'what do you mean by "sloshin around"?' 'Wal, Judge,' said Bill, 'sloshin around is jest going rite through a crowd, an mowin your swath, hitten rito an left everybody you meet slap over the face an eyes.' Now the truth is, Majer, I've been 'sloshing around' sence I've been President, hittin in the dark, an not knowin exzactly where I struck. This Proclymashin of mine is a hit in the dark, but as I am the first anti-slavery President, I've got to mark out a new track, and hence do as old Bill Jones did, keep 'sloshin around.'"

"Wal," ses I, "Kernel, that's resky business, an ef you don't 'slosh' once too often, it will be a wonder. But," ses I, "Kernel, I'm terribul tired after this trip, an what do you say to havin a little old rye before we go to bed?" "That's jest what I was thinking of, Majer." The Kernel then told the feller in bad close, who does chores for us, to get us some, an we both tuk a good swig of genuwine rye-juice, an went to bed. I was eennamost tuckered out, but this mornin I feel nigh about as good as ever agin.

Yours till deth,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

XIX.

The President Nervous—The State Elections—Mr. Lincoln Astonished—He Takes Coc-
dial—Mr. Seward Turns Democrat—The Major Tells a Story—Mr. Seward and the
Major Take a Drink—How John Van Buren got Gen. Scott's Letter—Mr. Stanton
on the Election.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20th, 1862.

To the Editors of the *Caucasian*:

Sirs:—Wal, the Kernel has been sick agin. It is astonishin how

littol takes him down now-a-days. His constitushin seems to be eenatocast clean gone. Old rye don't do much good, an I've tried all sorts of medicin, but nothing seems to work well. This time his narves were terribly worked up, an he was so fidgetty, that I koncluded to try God-froy's Cordial. This cooled him down a good deal, and but not until he tuck nigh unto four or five bottles full. The cause of all this flutter was the recent elecshins in Ohio, Indiany, and Pennsylvany. The Kernel had been told by Sumnure, Greeley, an Andrews that the only way to carry the elecshins, this fall was to issuo an emancipashun proclama-shun; that if he didn't do it, the party would be completely whipped out in every State. So he koncluded to try it, but wen the returns cum in, you never did see such a woe-begone looking man. One nite he heerd sum bad news from Ohio, an gettin up in his nite gown, he cum to my room and axed what I thought about it. I struck a light an got out my slate. The Kernel had Greeley's last year's ahunnac in his hands. Ses he, "Majer, let's go down to the telegraf offis, and see how the majorities run, an we can be able to give a guess that will cum as nigh to it as the jump of a rabbit." So I jist put on my duds, an off we went. The news cum in thick an fast, an as the feller at the telegraf read off the figgers, I put 'em down on my slate, an the Kernel compared them with his own majorities in Greeley's primer. I see he was turnin all sorts of colors, and finally ses he, "Majer, we are gone jist as kompletely as if we were up Salt River now instead of here. I'd jest like to swap places with sum hoss-jockey, an go into the hoss contract line." Ses he, "Majer, let's go hum. I've seen all of this elephant that I want to." So he crammed his coat-tail pockets full of despatches, an off we started. When we got hum ses he, "Majer, my administrashin is the biggest failynre that ever tuk place in the history of this or any other country. I now see that jest as plain as I see that bottle of old rye there. I've listened to those infernal fools, Sumnure and Greeley, an a pretty scrape they have got me in."

Ses I, "Kernel, it aint my natur to hit a man wen he is down, or to hurt anybody's feelins by referrin to the past. Baw," ses I, "Don't you rekollect the story about 'applyin' the principle?" Ses he, "Yes, I do; I rekollect it well." "Wal," ses I, "now see the result of 'applyin the principle.' I told you then that you'd get scorched wus than Zenas Homespun did in meddlin with the telegraf, if you undertook to carry out the principle of Abolishin, but you see the thing must tech the bottom, an you was bound to put it through. Now, you see, the people don't support you. They don't want niggers made equal to white men, nor they don't want 'em freed to be a pes on 'em. A few fellers like Greeley, whose brains all seem to run hum-bred, or free-luv, or some other moon-struck nonsense, and some larned fools like Sumnure, want to try the experiment, but they don't represent the people. So you see, Kernel, that in applyin the principle you have kicked yourself over, an I only menshin it to show you that

if you had followed my advice you would not have had these grate delcates to mourn over."

The Kernel looked very solemn, an ses he, "Majer, I know I'd been a great deal better off if I'd followed your advice all through these trubblis, but you see I had to go with my party, and if it had carried me to the other side of Jordan, I s'pose I should have gone with it."

That was I thought the Kernel would go into spasms; he was so nervous. I got some hot water, an soaked his feet in it, rubbed his bowels with brandy, an laid flannel on 'em, an bathed his temples with camfere an wine. But he grow was all the time. Finally, I began to pers the Cardinal down him, an then he commenced to revive. But he didn't sleep scarcely a wink all nite. In the mornin he was the most limpy piece of mankind I ever did see. I rarely believe he might have been tied in a knot like an eel, he was so limber.

Jest a little while after breakfast, who should come in but Seward? He hadn't hardly spoken to me sence I blowed him for alterin the Kernel's Constitushinal Teliskope, but this mornin he was as petlite an as clever as he could be. Ses he, "Majer, the elecashin news is good, an our party is successful." Ses I, "Mr. Seward, I don't understand you." "Why, Majer," ses he—and he put on one of the queerest smiles I ever ses on a man's face—"don't you know I have turned Dimmocrat?" Ses I, "You don't say so." "Yes," ses he, "I'm a Dimmocrat now, an no mistake." The Kernel looked as if thunder had struck him. "Wal," ses I, "Mr. Seward, that reminds me of a story, as the Kernel would say." "Wal," ses he, "Majer, what is it? I always like to hear your stories. They are so pat." "Wal," ses I, "mehby this will turn out to be a little patter than you like, but, how-soever, as I never spile a good story for acquaintance sake, I will tell it. Once on a time, it is said, an old coon went out of a night to get some fodder among the cornfields, an did not return to his hole until near mornin. Wen he got hum he saw a skunk had taken possession of his hole. He went up, an ses he, 'Who's there?' The skunk replied, 'A coon.' 'Are you a coon?' 'Yes,' said the skunk, 'I am a coon.' 'Wal,' sed the coon, 'you don't look like a coon, you don't act like a coon, and I'll be darned ef you smell like a coon.'"

"Now," ses I, "Mr. Seward, you may be a Dimmocrat, but you don't look like one, nor act like one, nor smell like one, an I'll be darned ef I believe you are one."

Ses he, "Majer, you are ratlier personal." "Wal," ses I, "I don't mean any offence, an," ses I, "if you really mean to be a Dimmocrat, let's take a drink of old rye over the victories in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Indiany." So he cum up an we both took a good swig of wiskey. The Kernel looked at us an grit his teeth. "Wal," ses he, "ef you are goin to rejoice in my defeat, I'll go over an call on Stanton, an see ef he can't cheer me up." So the Kernel went off. After he'd gone, Seward an I

tuk another nip of the old rye, an purty soon we tasted of it agin. The Seckretary is a capital drinker an he knows what good licker is as well as eny feller I ever see. Finally, he got in a very good humer, an ses he, "Majer, we've been bad friends long enough." So he actually hugged me, and sed there warn't a man that ever lived that he loved so much as the old Ginneral, an next to him his friend Majer Downing. Wen I thought I'd got him in a good humer, an he was very talkative, ses I, "Mr. Seckretary, kin you tell me how John Van Buren got that letter of Ginneral Scott's?" Ses he, "Yes, Majer, I kin. You know I don't want that feller Wadsworth elected, for he's my bitter political inemy; so the way the letter got out was this:—Weed, you know, is my chum. Now, we have an understandin that everything that I can't tell him I put in my right hand coat-tail pocket. You see then I can deny that I made it public. That pocket is Weed's pocket, an he always goes to it for secrets. Wal, I put the letter in that pocket, and Weed got it from there. Weed also has jist such a pocket. All smart politishins have such a pocket. Now Weed's chum is Ben Welch, Commissary Ginneral, an Ben got it out of Weed's pocket. Now, John has long been a chum of Ben's, an he got it out of Ben's pocket. That's the way that this letter got out, that there is so much mystory about."

Hite off after this the Kernel came in, an we had to drop the conversashin, for Seward gave me the wink as much as to say that he didn't want Linkin to know everything about it.

Then I asked the Kernel what Stantin sed. He sed Stantin was in favour of issocing a proclamashin over the grate victories of the Administrashin in Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, an Iway. He sed the people didn't put eny faith in newspapers eny more, an a proclamashin declarin that the elecshins had all gone favorabl would be believed without winkin. Stantin thinks there ain't nothin so powerful as a proclamashin. Seward said afore it was done, the Cabbynet had better be called together. Here the matter dropped, an as the Kernel looked uncommon blue, I left him to his own reflecshins, an went up-stairs to my room.

Yours till deith,

MAJER JACK DOWNING.

XX.

The New York Election—Mr. Lincoln Tells a Story—Cannot do Justice to the Subject—Mr. Lincoln Feels Bad—The Major Amuses Him by a Joke—How to Get Up a Message—Keeping a Party Together—The Expelsior Political Prepared Glee—The Different Stripes of Abolitionists—Boating on the Mississippi River—Poleing Along.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10th, 1862.

To the Editors of the *Carocashin*:

I EXPECT you were very much surprised in not gettin a letter from me last week, but the truth is, I got one partly writ jest as the news of

the cleeshins in New York an Jersey cum in, an I should have finishe; it an sent it on ef the Kernel had not been taken down sick so sudden. Wen the rumor fust cum that York city had gone over thirty thousand for Seemore, an that Fernandow an Ben. Wood an Jeemes Brooks had been elected to Congress, the Kernel didn't say a word, but looked as ef he'd drop down thru the floor. I didn't like to speak fust, but I see the Kernel warn't going to, an so ses I, "How do you feel, Mr. President?" "Wal," ses he, "Majer, I'll tell you a story. A good many years ago there lived in lower Kentuck an old feller named Josh Miller. Now, it was generally reckoned in that part of the country that old Josh could out-swear any feller that ever lived. Josh was a kind of ginerel teamster, and had a two-hoss wagon with which he did chores for everybody round the village. One day he had on a load of ashes, an was goin up a steep hill, sittin on the fore-part of his wagon. Wen about half way up the hind-board of his wagon cum out, an old Josh not lookin round, nigh about all the ashes jarred out, so wen he got to the top of the hill he didn't have a pan full left. He stopped his hosses, however, an got out, an a hull lot of fellers, who knew the ability of old Josh in the swearin line, gathered around expecting to here the tallest kind of strong words. The old feller looked fust at his wagon an then at the ashes all strewed along the road, an finally ses he, 'Boys, there's no use in tryin—I can't do jestic to the subject.' An now, Majer," ses the Kernel, "That's jest my condition now—I can't do jestic to the subject, an I don't feel like talkin; in fuet, I can't talk."

I see the Kernel felt very bad, an ef he couldn't talk nor tell stories, I didn't know wat on arth might happen. I was afeered he would get so full that sumthin like the deopsy would set in. An sure enuf, that nite not a word did he speak, nor a story did he tell. The consekence was, he began to swell an bloat like a mad porkepine. I see at once that I must turn doctor agin, or there was no tellin how soon he might kick the bucket. He was growin wus fast, actually beginnin to look blue. So ses I, "Kernel, there's no help for it; you must be tapped!" "Tapped!" ses he, "Majer, tapped! There warn't anything ever *tapped* in my house that lasted more than a week. Oh no! I ain't redly to die yet." I see the "rulin pashin was strong in deth," jest as the poets say; but as soon as I got a joke out of him, I knew that he would survive. So thinks I to myself, I'll see ef I can fetch him to by another joke; so ses I, "Kernel, suppose 'tappin' should kill you, you would go to a *world of spirits*."

Wen I said this, he jumped rite up out of his chair, laughin, an takin me by the hand, ses he, "Majer, you are the best frend I've got. Wen I'm sick you doctor me, an wen I'm down-spereted you jest joke me rite out of the dumps." Ses he, "Majer, I've a good mind to make you Commander-in-Chief of the Army." "No, no," ses I, "Kernel, don't do that, for I should think you had sumthin agin me, an wanted to hand me over to the Abolishuists to be punished!"

The Kernel and I have also been bizzy sence I wrote you last in getting up the next message. He has been ritin his ideas on little slips of paper about two inches wide, as they have happened to pop in his head, an then submittin 'em to me to sort of polish up. The Kernel ses for ritin a message is a good deal like gettin out timber for a barn in the woods. First, you want the sills, then the posts, then the girders, then the plates, an finally the rafters. We ain't got the sills fairly howed out and squared yet. The truth is, the Kernel is kinder worried as to how exactly to lay the foundashin. Wilson, who is now here, ses the sills must be of Abolishin timber, and no mistake. I telled the Kernel that sich stuff was the poorest kind of bass-wood, an wouldn't stand nobow. Then he thought of puttin in a mixture of Abolishin timber an sum constitutional saw-logs, but I telled him that that would make it so cross-grained that it wouldn't bear any weight at all, an by the time we got the rafters on it would all smash down in a pile. "Wal," ses he, "Majer, I must do sumthin to keep my party together. I must contrive sum sort of a mixture that won't look too much Abolishin, an yet that won't drive off the old, genewine friends of freedom." "Wal," ses I, "I don't think your party kin hold together much longer, enyhow. It seems to me it is mity nigh now fallen to pieces, an it won't take much longer to knock it into so menny pieces that you can't no more putty 'em together than you can find the tail of a rainbow."

"Wal," ses the Kernel, "Majer, don't you think I've done well in keeping it together as long as I have?" Ses I, "Yes, Kernel, ef there's a feller in this country that ought to git out a patent for 'Excelsior Political Prepared Glue,' it is you. You've kept together the most cross-grained, knotty, knerly lot of political timber that ever was made up into eny political party." Ses I, "There's the Greeley stripe. Now, it's enuf to give any party the dyspepay to have such a set of bran-bread, free-luv, long-haired set of fellers in it. An ther's Gerrit Smith an his stripe, a kind of maroon-colored, mongrel breed of politicians, sumthin like a cross between a Janacy nigger an an Esquimaux; an then ther's Wendell Phillips an old Garrison, sort of Abolishin alligators; and finally you've got a sort of half-an-half fellers in your party who try to be conservative, who quote Blackston and the law ditchinnaries, and set great stress upon being vey moderate. Now, how you've contrived, Kernel, to keep all these different ingredients together is a mystery." "Wal, Majer, ef I hadn't larnt sumthin about boatin on the Mississippi River, wen I was young, I don't believe I would ever have been able to steer the ship of State at all." "Why," ses I, "how is that?" "Wal," ses he, "goin up the Mississippi River is a good deal like being Presidint. Sumtimes you have to go one way and sumtimes another. Sumtimes you go slam rite in one bank an sumtimes in a other, an then it ain't at all uncommon to get on a sand-bar, an lay there no one can tell how long. Now, Majer, that's a good deal like being Presidint, an you see I've kept my party together by jest goin first one way and then

t'other. Wen the Abolishin tide cum' along strong, I'de jest let the vessel foller the current, go with it, an wen she struck the other shore, of course, it would take another tack. Sometimes, when all hands got a quarrelin I jest let 'em rip on a sand-bar, and there let 'em lay until I made 'em settle their disputes. Bat, I tell you, Major, there's one that has been the best of all to keep my party together. Wen they've got purty mutinous, I've threatened to discharge all hands and get a new set. Then you ought to see how soon they stop quarrelin. Ther's nobin they so much dread as to lose the officers. Take away the cow that gives the milk, an they would all blat jest like weaned calves. So wen I stop the ship an tell them that I'm goin to clear the deck an put on a new crew, I tell you they are as whist as mice. So you see, I go poising along. First this way, then that, jest like going up the Mississippi River for all the world."

"Wal," ses I, "Kernel, that seems to me a rather hap-hazard, no-policy way of bein President. It ain't statesmanlike." "Wal, Majer, mebbey it is and mebbey it ain't; but I'm goin to make things shake now, sence the elecshins are over. Things have got to be more lively."

I didn't say nothin, for I see the Kernel was gettin his back up. At last, ses I, "Kernel, have you tried any of that old rye lately?" Ses he, "No, Majer, I ain't, but I feel like wettin my gills to-nite. How do you feel?" "Wal, ses I, "Kernel, a little good whiskey never goes agin the grain." At that the Kernel sent for the feller who does chores, an we both took a swig. Wen I thought he was in purty good humor, ses I, "Kernel, why did you remove McClellin?" Ses he, "Majer, I can't tell you now, but jest recollect my story about 'poisin around,' an gettin in 'Abolishin currents,' an you kin guess." I sed nothin, for I see the Kernel was very mum, so I bid him good nite, and slept as sound on that old rye as I ever did wen I was a boy. The Kernel is famous for good whiskey, cunhow.

Yours, till deth,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

XXI.

The Message to Cabinet Council—Speeches of Seward, Chase, Stanton, Welles, Blair, and Bates—The Editor Tells a Story—The Major Gives his Opinion—Mr. Chase Accuses Him of Disloyalty—The Major Demands a Retraction—It is Given.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22, 1862.

To the Editors of the *Caucasian*:

SIRS:—Wal, the message ain't done yet. The Kernel keeps tinkerin at it a little every day. I tell him he is jest like a cooper

hammerin at a barrel. He keeps poundin away, an when he gets thru, he is rite around jest where he started from. The other day I telled the Kernel that it mite hurry up matters by havin a Cabinet Council, and perhaps by gettin all heds together we mite get the mes-sige in sum sort of shapo. Congress would meet afore long, an there was no time to loose. The Kernel sed he thought that would be a good idee, an so one was called. The Kernel insisted that I should be present, though I didn't much want to be, sence I knew how Seward was tryin to play the conservative and turn Dimmycrat. Howsöever, I determined to go but to say nothin. The Kernel opened the ball by tellin all hands how that he an the Majer had been to work at the mes-sige for some weeks, off and on, like farmers sortin their corn, but they couldn't git the docyment into ship-shape exactly, an hefice he had called 'em together to hear their opinions on the subject, an to larn how each department stood. He sed he wanted to tech on all subjects, an first he would ask Mr. Seward about our furrin affairs. Seward got up, lookin very pale, an the first thing he sed was, that he believed Seemore was elected Gvnernor of New York. Mr. Chase wanted to know "what that had to do with foreign affairs, but," ses he, and here he looked very knowin, "perhaps Mr. Seward kin tell how Seemore cum to be elected?" At this Seward brushed up an asked him "what he meant." "Wal," ses he, "I mean jest this, that if you an Weed had not thrown cold water on Wadsworth, Seemore would never have been elected." "That's false," ses Seward, an Chase jumped up as if he was goin to do sum-thin, but the Kernel at once interfered, an sed that he didn't send for 'em to quarrel about the electshins, which were bad enough, Lord knows, but he wanted to know how the furrin affairs stood. Seward sed, "that, comin to the pint, furrin affairs never looked better. We were at peace with all the world, an he didn't doubt but with the aid of his friend Weed, and a liberal use of secret service money, he would be able keep the peace. He sed it looked now as if, in sixty days, that all idee of furrin intervenshin for the rebils would be given up, and the rebolynn would be smashed at once."

Then the Kernel asked Mr. Chase how the finances stood. Wal, Chase sed that everything was working splendid; that only the other day he got a loan in Wall Street aove par; that everything was risin in price, an that the people was tickled to deth with the good-lookin notes he got out; that they liked 'em so well, an they were so much handier than gold an silver, that they didn't use anything else lately. He sed he thought he was goin to be set down as the greatest financier into the days of Licurgus, who made money out of iron, and thus made all the people rich at once. He said that he would make 'em all rich, ef paper didn't get too high, an there was some danger of it, as the pesky rebils had all the cotton to make it of. Jest get that, an he would snap his fingers at the hull world.

Then Stantin got up. He sed everything was now progressin finely

sence the Raleroode Superintendent had been discharged. He didn't doubt but Burnside would be in Richmond by the time Congress met, an he thought it was so sure, that he advised Linkin to put it in his message at once. He sed his idee was, as soon as Richmond was taken, to issoo a proclamashin appointin a day of thanksgiv'n an prayer for our victory over the rebels. He sed, ef his plans had been followed, we would have been in the rebel Capital long ago, but it was all late now, and no one need have any fears.

Then grandfather Welles spoke. He sed Mr. Stanton seemed to think that the army was goin to do all, but he could tell him that he would find that his gunboats were to play a big part. He had been all summer buildin a hull lot of iron-plated monsters, an ef the war didn't cum to an end too soon, they would make the fur fly. At all events, they would be red dy to celebrate peace, which would be somethin. For his part, he didn't think the war was nigh ended; yet, in fact, he didn't see how it could end until all the contracts were finished. It wouldn't do to disappoint so many good members of the party, who hadn't yet had their turn buyin vessels on commission, or makin gunboats.

Then Mr. Blair got up, lookin as if he thought that wisdom would surely die when he did. He sed he reckoned that the country was safe. He sed he had kept a pretty close watch on the newspapers to see ef any of them opposed the war or advocated slavery. He thought that the people never had had sich advantages in the Post-Office as they had had sence he was Postmaster-General. The people, he sed, used to have to pick out the papers they wanted to take themselves, now he did it for 'em. He sed he thought he knew best, too, what was good for them, for his father was an editor a good meny years, and when he needed informashin he allers called on the old man! When Blair sot down, the Kernel called upon Bates, but he had gone to sleep, so they skipped him and called upon Mr. Smith. He said that the interior department was in a flourishin condishun, but he hed lately heered that the loco focos had agin carried Indianny, an it had so worried him as to give him the tooth-ache. Ef they wanted to know enythin more about this department, he would ask his chief clerk. Here the Kernel asked Seward ef he wouldn't wake up Mr. Bates. Seward jest walked up, tuk his finger and thumb and pinched the old man's nose. As he was breathin very hard thru it, he jumped up as ef he had ben pricked with a pin. Ses he, "Have the rebels took Saint Lewis?" Seward telled him that this was a Calbynet Council. "Aye," ses he, "what's up?" "Wal," ses Linkin, "we want to know the condishun of your department?" Ses he, "I ain't a military Ginneral, an ain't got command of no department!" The old man warn't fairly awake yet; ses Seward, ses he, "I guess I'll have to give him another pinch." "Now," ses the Kernel, "that reminds me of a story. An old Downy down in Connecticut used to have a very sleepy congregashin. One day, wen a good many were asleep, he stopped

rite in the middle of his sermon, and called out, 'Deacon Giles, sing the 119th Psalm, to the tune of Old Hundred.' The Deacon commenced and sung one verse. Wen he got thru, the Dominy yelled out at the top of his voice, 'Sing another verse, Deacon; they ain't all awake yet.' Wile all hands were laughing at the Kernel's story, Mr. Bates got putty wide awake, and sed that his business had got sorter mixed up with Stanton, and in fact there warn't any courts or judges or juries now, an mity little need of Attorney Generals—the Generals were all of another kind. He sed wen the war was over he meant to write out a legal opinion agin it, but he was afeard it wouldn't be loyal to do it now, and so he spent most of his time in reading a bound volume of the Christian Almanac, which he had for fifty years back. He thought the country was in a very prosperous condishin, for he drew his salary regular.

After he got thru, the Kernel called on me to make sum remarks, but I telled him "I didn't cum there to say anything, but only to listen, an to see if I could larn enough of what was goin on to complete the message." They all sot in then, especially Seward, an sed I must give my impresshins, of nothin more. "Wal," I telled 'em, "ef I sed anything I should be jest as blunt as a pump-handle, an they mustn't take no offence; an that so far as I was consarned, I might jest as well go to a singin school to larn to dance as to have cum here to find anything about the state of the country. Every one of 'em seemed to be thinkin about himself, an nothin about the country. Because they drew their salary regularly, an had enough to eat and drink, they thought nobody was hurt. I telled 'em that I guessed they all had on 'Glorification Spectacles,' and that everything was magnified to 'em. Then I sed that jest what the Kernel wanted to know to put in his message was, how many sojers we had, and how much they were costin; and how many sailsturs we had, an how many ships, and how much they cost. Then I telled 'em that the people would like to know how many poor fellers had lost their lives sence the war begun; how many had been crippled, &c., &c.; an how much the debt would be after we all got thru; and finally, what great good we had got by it at all." Here Chase spoke up. Ses he, "We'll establish freedom an restore the Union." "Wal," ses I, "ef you want four millions of niggers to take keer of, you're welcome to 'em, but as for restorin the Union by war, so far it's jest been like climbin a greased pole; as fast as y. a climb up you slip back, an," ses I, "it will be so to the send of the chapter, unless I'm mistaken." Ses Chase, ses he, "The Major is disloyal." Wen he sed that I jumped rite up with my hickory, and ses I, "Ain't your name Salmon?" Says he, "Yos." "Wal," ses I, "it won't be long if you don't take that back." I never see a feller look so scart. Ses he, "Major, I didn't mean any offence, an so I'll take it back, for I think you mean well." I telled him "that I didn't allow anybody to say or to intimate that I want a friend to the Constitution and the Union."

The Kernel here spoke and sed that his Cabbynet was a good deal

like old Josh Pendleton's boys out in lower Illinois. They allers cum him every New Year's to see the old man an have a talk of old times, but afore they got thru they allers had a regular lile. So he thought he'd adjurn the Gabbynet for fear there would be a sommage here.

Then they all took their departure, an the messige ain't no nearer done than ever. The Kernel an I have set up nite after nite, an drank old rye, but it is no use—we can't get it in ship-shape yet. The Kernel sez he guesses he will jest get the messige out in rough and send it into Congress, an let Sumnure, Chandler, Lovejoy, an Thad Stevens look it into shape.

You'n till deeth,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING

XXII.

The Message Finished—Mr Sumner Says it is not Grammatical. The Major's Answer—Mr Sumner Finds Fault with the Major's Spellings—The Major Stumps Him—He Gives His Views on "The Editor"—Mr Lincoln Proposes a Conundrum—The Major Tells a Story—Mr Seward's Opinion on the War

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6, 1862.

To the Editors of the Caucasian:

SIRS:—Wal, I'm glad to say that Congress has got together, an the the messige has been red and digested. He wouldn't let Seward or Chase have anything to do with it, but he jest manled it all out himself. The next day afore the messige was sent in, Sumnure cum in an sed the messige wain't exactly grammatical in all its parts. I tolled him that "I guessed he had to work around short corners as the Kernel did, without gettin tripped up, he would find it mity hard work to get everyting jest according to grammar." I tolled him "grammar wain't of any account wile the rebellion lasted—that, like the Constitution, the grammar was suspended, or locked up where hocus corpus couldn't get at it. In fact," sez I, "Mr Sumnure, I think that any man who talks about its being necessary to observe the laws of grammar, or any other laws, won a nashun is in a doth struggle with traitors, is a disloyal person, an orter to be sent to Fort La Fier." Wen I sed this, Sumnure turned all sorts of colours, and sez he, "Wal, Major, perhaps you're rite about grammar; but I think you orter spell the President's name who is your letters. It's a disrespect to the Chief Magistrate not to do it." "Wal," sez I, "Mr. Sumnure, I've got my own idee on spellin. Spellin is a good deal like sparkin the gals—it's jest as a feller takes a poshin. My idee is, ef I spell a word so as to git it, sound, I'm rite, an I don't keet what you say—it's the only rule of spellin that holds good in the long run. Now," sez I, "ef I spell it in

don't spell Linkin, what on arth does it spell?" That seemed to stump him. "But," ses he, "Major, there's some ginneral rules that orter be observed—rules that the schools all use." "Wal," ses I, "I don't know much about schools, an I guess the Kernel don't uether. I went to school six weeks, an the Kernel ses he went six months. School larnin is mity poor truck to put into a teller's head onless he's got a good den of brains there. There's more educated fools now in the world than there are fools of any other kind, and there's a great menny of them, Lord knows. And," ses I, "it's those educated fools that make all the trubbil."

"Why, Major," ses he, "you ain't an enemy to education, I hope?"

"Wal, no, Mr. Senator, I ain't no enemy to education; I only hate educated fools."

Ses he, "Major, what do you mean by educated fools?"

"Wal," ses I, "wen I was a boy, an went to school the six weeks I spenk of, there was a boy in my class who could beat me a spellin an readin, an in eennmost everything, but I could lick him jest as easy as I could whistle. He hadn't eny more spunk, or pluck, or courage than a sick kitten, an mighty little genuwine common sense. His father, however, sent him to college, an the fust thing I heerd of him, the papers were callin him a larned man, an he ain't done enything ever since but to blab at Abolishin meetins an make Abolishin speeches. Now," ses I, "that's what I call an educated fool. Jest like the larned pig, he can do wat he larns to do or sees done; but as for real common sense to tell wether a thing is rite or rong, he ain't worth eny more for it than a bull-dog is to catch rats."

Sumnure looked kindor streaked wen I sed this, but I didn't say a word, an jest here the Kernel, who had been down-stairs to get his boot-jack, cum in. Ses he, "Good mornin, Mr. Sumnure. I'll bet you one of Chas's green-backs," ses he, "that you can't tell why this boot-jack is like an offis-seeker." Sumnure sed he couldn't. "Wal," ses the Kernel, "because it sticks close to the heels of the President."

I telled the Kernel how that Sumnure sed that the missige warn't grammatikal. "Wal," ses he, "I beleove everything goes rong sence I became Presidint. The country is upside down; the niggers are more trubbil than ever before; the white men are cuttin one another's throats, an it seems as if Bedlam was let loose; an now the grammar has been violated, they say. Wal, I wonder wat on arth I am fit for. I never succeeded well in flat-botein; I allers had poor crops wen I tried to be a farmer; I was too tall to split rails bandy; and, as a lawyer, I warn't enything more than from poor to middlin. Ef I can't be Presidint, I don't see wat on art. I was made for."

"Wal," ses I, "Kernel, perhaps you are like the old Quaker's dog." Ses he, "How was that, Major?" "Wal," ses I, "I'll tell you the story. Up in Maine, not far from Downingville, there used to live an old Quaker named Hezekiah Peabody. He had a yeller dog that was

allus loonin around the house. One day Sol Hopkins, a rough old feller, cum along, an ses he, 'Mr. Peabody, I want a dog to hunt foxes. Do you think your dog is good for foxes?' 'Now,' ses the Quaker, 'neighbor Solomon, I never tried the dog on foxes, for the huntin of any animals is not my business; but if thee wishes a dog for foxes, accordin to the Scriptures, this dog must be a good dog for foxes.' 'Wal, will you warrant him a good dog for foxes?' 'I cannot do that, neighbor Solomon, for I never tried him on foxes; but, accordin to the Scriptures, thee can be sure the dog is good for foxes.' So old Sol, thinkin that Scriptor proof must be good, give the Quaker five dollars for the dog. He took him hum, an the next day he saw a fox runnin across one of his lots. So he called the dog an showed him the fox, but he wouldn't stir an inch after him. This made old Sol terribul mad, an the next day he took the dog back to the Quaker, an ses he, in his rough way: 'Mr. Peabody, this dog is not worth a damn!' 'Tut, tut, neighbor Solomon, thee shouldn't speak profanely with thy lips.' 'That may be,' ses old Sol, 'but didn't you tell me that this dog was good for foxes?' 'No, neighbor Solomon, I think not. I said accordin to Scriptures he *must* be good for foxes.' 'Wal,' ses old Sol, 'how do you make that out?' 'Wal, neighbor, the Scriptures says that "there is nothin made in vain," an as I had tried that dog on *everything else except fox-huntin*, I thought that that must be what he was made for!' Now," ses I, "Kernel, I hope it won't turn out that you are like the old Quaker's dog, 'made in vain,' or, as old Sol Hopkins expressed it, 'not worth a d—!' but," ses I, "if you don't restore this Union before your term expires, the people will think that you were a good deal worse than the Quaker's dog, for if he warn't good for enything, he didn't do any particular harm."

The Kernel didn't seem to like this story much, for ses he, "Major, I think you are gettin kinder personel." Ses I, "No, Kernel; I don't mean to be, but you know storics sometimes will fit closer than you think for when you begin to tell 'em."

Just here Seward cum in, an with his churchyard smile, ses he, "Good mornin, Mr. President. I've got good news from England. There won't be eny intervenshin now, an the rebellyun will all be over in 60 days. My friend Weed thinks so, too."

"What's up, Boss?" ses Linkin. That's the name he calls Seward by. "Oh," ses he, rubbin his hands, "don't you see by the papers what a large amount of money the merchants in York are subscribin for the poor, patient, starvin English workmen. God bless 'em!" Here Seward drew a deep sigh, and then ses he, "It will produce such a good effect in England! Intervenshin is dead. The rebellyun is crushed, an all by this grand an noble idee of mine to feed the starvin poor. What philanthropy will do when it is done right!" An here Seward commenced rubbin his hands an walkin about the room, an actin like a gal that is jest goin to get married. I didn't say enything,

an the Kernel didn't say anything either, and it wun't a munt af re
 saw and dinged out of the door is quick as he cun m. After he hed
 gone, ses I, "Kernel, how many times has Seward had the rillynn
 'ppressed?" "Oh," ses he, "he's gone to sleep every night with the
 'atin belief that the Union will be restored by daylight, that Jeff
 Davis will be hangin on a sour apple tree by noon, an that he will be
 elected next President by sundown." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, I think
 you've got a queer Cabynet." "Yes," ses he, "that I have. Seward
 thinks that his 'atin letters to Europe is goin to overthrow the rebellynn
 Chase thinks it can't be done, except by his grebicks an freem the
 nigger. Old grandfather Welles is sure that there is nothin will restore
 the Union except his gunboats, while Blair feels sure that he kin do it
 by stoppin Dummecratio papers!" Ses I, "Why don't you change
 'em?" "Wal," ses he, "what's the use of swapping jackots? There
 ain't nothin to be made by it. No, I won't change my Cabynet unless
 I'm driv fe it. It's bad enough now, but Lord only knows what it
 might be ef I undertake to change it."

I was in hopes I could induce Linkin to put in some new men, an
 get out Chase, Seward, Stanton, an Blair. But it's no use. So we
 shall jog along after the old fashion. Where we shall be in the spring
 no one kin tell. Congress has gone to work in earnest to fix up the
 finances, and to take keer that the Dummocrats don't sue Linkin for
 suspendin the habus corpus. The film'hoopists are also bizzy, and
 they are goin to give all the niggers here a Christmas dinner, which
 I suppose is expected to last 'em the year round. Blatin like a Turk
 one day, an starvin 364, is, accordin to my idces, a poor way of livin.

Yours, till deth

MAJOR JACK DOWNING

XXIII

The Major Goes to See the Postmaster-General about Stopping Papers—Mr. Blair
 Promises to Release Him—The President's Message—A Change in the
 Cabinet Demanded. The Major suggests a Remedy for "the Crisis."

WASHINGTON, Dec 20th, 1862.

To the Editors of the Cawcassin.

SIRS:—Wal, ef I ain't been bizzy sence I writ you last, I wouldn't
 say so. I got your letter about settin Blair on the question of sendin
 THE CAWCASSIN in the mails, an I hadn't eny doubt but he would do it
 as soon as I put the subject to him in the rite light. Blair's father
 "Parson Blair," as he used to be called in the old Ginners' time, an I
 used to be very thick. He helped me sifer a good deal wot I was
 postin the Ginners' up about Biddle's Bank matters. But I hadn't
 seen the old man for a long time ontel I called on him yesterday. He
 was dicit glad to see me, and chuk my hand as ef he thought there

w in't no feelin in it. Ses he, 'Majer it's a long time sence we've met and I know you are a loyal man for ther ain't no toller of General Jackson that could be anything else. Ses I, "Ef there's a loyal man in this country, I'm one, I go for puttin down every feller that's opposed to the Constitution, I don't keer who he is. I only wish we had an Old Hickory to step in now an jest deal out justice all around, without any partiality." I guess there's a good many fellers that don't expect it who might get histered." "Wal," ses he, "Majer, I'm of your idee exactly. The truth is, I'm thinkin that this administration is played out. The Ultrys will run it." "Wal," ses I, "Mr. Blair, I've cum to see you about another matter. Your son Montgomery, who used to be a little shaver in the old General's time, has got the place of Amos Kindle, an he has been stoppin Din myratic papers in the mails." "Oh no," ses he, "I guess not only sum disloyal sheets." "No," ses I, "I'll give you a hundred dollars for every word of disloyalty agin the Constitution you'll find in that paper." He a I took a Cap'nashin out of my pocket, an handed it to him. He looked it over and couldn't find nothin to object to. Then I showed him the motto at its head, taken from his own words about the freedom of the press and then I tolled him I wanted him to go with me to Montgomery, an see if the thing couldn't be fixed. So we went over an you never see a man stare so as Montgomery did. Ses he, "Majer Downing, I'm tickled to see you. I think you have slighted me sence you've been in Washington. You've been to comin about all the members of the Cabinet except me." "Wal," ses I, "I did it to sound much, except on lines for the Kernel, but now," ses I, "I've cum on another errand. I've cum to see why you don't allow all the Democratic newspapers to go in the mails." "Wal," ses he, "Majer, that's just what I'm gom to do. It was bid bizness for us that we ever stopped these papers. It made more votes for the Democratic party than any other cause. The truth is, it never was my policy. I never did believe in it, and now they all see it must be given up." Ses I, "Mr. Blair, ef you didn't believe in it, you ought to have refused to do it. That ain't the way the old General acted, an he's my model. Ef he thought anything was wrong, there wun't a mortal man high or low, that could have got him to do it. He would have died sence he would do at his conscience told him wun't right, and it's them kind of men that are great men, an will save our country, ef it ever is saved." "Wal," ses he, "Majer you're about right, an I don't think I shall stay in this bote much longer. Things are goin from bad to worse." "Yea," ses I, "they are like old Sol Hopkin's dym cow, 'gettin no better very fast'." "But," ses he, "Majer, you can rest easy on the papers. We are gom back to the Free Press Principle, and let the people have their own way." "Wal," ses I, "I'm glad to hear it. It's about time there was a change."

So I bid him good by, an went back to see the Kernel who I found in a peck of trouble. Ses I, "What the matter is w't'r I says to a

glance that sumthin was up. Ses I, "Is Burnside whipped again, or is Stonewall Jackson in our rear?" "No," ses he, "Major, nothin of that sort, but sumthin jest about as bad." "Wal," ses I, "what is it?" "Wal," ses he, "there has jest been a committy here from the Senit who demand that I shall change my Cabbynet. They say we don't have eny success, an the peopl demand a change." Ses I, "Did you kick em down stairs?" "No," ses he, "I didn't." "Wal," ses I, "you orter. They mite jest as well ask you to resign." Ses I, "Don't your Cabbynet agree in your policy? Don't they do as you desire?" "Yes," ses he, "they do." "Wal," ses I, "then what's the use of changin? If you intend to change your policy, then it is reasonable to ask you to change your Cabbynet, but otherways not." "Wal," ses he, "Majer, that's my idee exactly, but I didn't tell em so; I thought I would wait an see what you thought of it." "Wal," ses I, "I see the hull cause of the rumpus. The defeat of Burnside has made 'em so wrathy that they didn't know what to do, an they thought they must find fault about sumthin." Ses I, "Fighten the rebils is jest for all the world like bar huntin. A good menny years ago, when it was common up in Maine, nigh about all the nabours would now an then turn out to hunt a bar. If they caught him they used to have a grand time, get up a big supper, an drink whisky tll they all got how cum you so. But if they didn't ketch the bar, then onc was blaming tother, an tother another, an sumtimes the affair would end by gettin into a regular fite all around. Jest so it is now. If Burnside had whipped the rebils, it would all have been right." Ses I, "Majer, you're right. But what am I to do? They komplain about the Cabbynet, an want me to change it." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, I tell you how to fix it. Get the Committy and Cabbynet face to face, an let 'em quarrel it out." "That would be a capital idee, Majer, but how am I to do it?" "Wal," ses I, "you jest call the Cabbynet together for twelve o'clock to-morrow, and then send for the Committy, an put 'em in the same room together, an see how the happy family will manage." The Kernel was struck with the idee, an so the next day the Cabbynet were assembled, an pooty soon after the Committy, with Fessenden as Cheerman, made their appearance. You never see a more flusterated set of people in this world than these men were. But there was no backin out. The Kernel called the meetin to order, an sed he had received a good menny komplaints, an he wanted the matter fully discussed. Fessenden got up an sed that the people were gettin tired of the war, an that the only way to satisfy 'em was to change the Cabbynet. Burnside had been defeated, Banks had been sent a great ways off when he was wanted at home, the sojers warn't paid, the gunboats warn't finished, &c. &c. Chase got up first; he sed if the sojers warn't paid it warn't his fault. The fact was, that paper had fize unexpectedly, an his stock was low. Jest as soon as paper got more plenty, an he got the new patent National Ten Cylander Revolvin Machine at work, the sojers would be all paid regular. Then Stanton

got up, puffin like a porpuss. Ses he, "Mr. President, these ere remarks are impertinent, an if I had my way, I would send every one of this Committed to the Old Capitol. I'd like to know what these men know about war and strategy. Why, they talk about the defeat of Burnside. It is nonsense, sir, he ain't been defeated!" The people are humbugged by the newspapers. It's a pity there's a newspaper in the land. They interfere with my strategy. Burnside has gained a great success. He has discovered the strength of the enemy's works at that pint, an now we know that some other route is the one to take, and not that one. Ef it had not been for this battle, we shouldn't have found that out. This Committed of old gentlemen, or old women, I had almost said, don't understand the art of war. Their talk is sheer impertinence. I'd squelch 'em with a proclamashin, if no other way."

Then grandfather Welles got up, an sed he didn't like to have fault found because his gunboats warn't red dy. He sed he would like to see eny one who had worked harder than he had. He sed he hadn't slept but fourteen hours a day for six months, while his natural rest required eighteen. He hed sacrificed all that for the good of his country, and he didn't believe one of the Committed hed done as much. Blair got up and sed he didn't keer how quick they turned him out. He was red dy to go eny time, as he thought the thing was about played out. Bates sed he thought things looked more cheerful than ever before, as he had jest discovered that niggers could be citizens, and that the Dred Scott decision was a humbug. When they all got thru, there was a ginneral talk all around, and they finally cum to the conclushin that there warn't eny reason for a change after all, an they all went off in a pretty good humor.

So the great Cabbynet crysis ended, and the Kernel feels like a new man. My idee of gettin them all together face to face, the Kernel ses, saved the nashun. That nite we set up till after midnight, and finally, after takin a good swig of old rye, went to bed. The next morning the Kernel was as merry as a lark, and could tell stories as well as ever.

Yours till deth,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING

XXIV.

The Emancipation Proclamation—The Way to get to Richmond—Splitting the Union—The Major Tells a Story about Splitting—The President Gets Indignant—Seizes the Root-Jack—The Major Pacifies Him—A Dream—The Major Returns to Downingville

DOWNINGVILLE State of Maine,

February 4th, 1863.

To the Editors of the Cowcashin:

SUAS:—I expect you have bin kinder puzzled to know why you ain't heerd from me in so long a time. I expect you'll wonder, too, why my letter is dated Downingville instead of Washington. Wal, I'll

have to narrate the hull story. You know the last letter I rit you was jest afore the first of Jjinowary, when the Kernel had promised to issoc his Free Nigger Proclamashin. I was allers tectotally down on it, an I thought I should persuade him out of it, an thereby save the great disgrace and shame it would be on our country. But the truth is, the Kernel an I had a row about it, an I lost. The story I'll tell jest as it tuk place. The mornin' after New Year's I cum downstairs, an the Kernel was settin in his cheer with his feet on the tabil. "Wal," ses he, "I've done it." "Done what?" ses I. "Why," ses he, "I've signed the Proclamashin." "Wal," ses I, "you had better have signed your own deth warrant, for that is the deth warrant of the Union." "Ses he, "Major, I'm sorry you're so hard on that." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, I ain't too hard on it, as you'll find out to your sorrow." "Now, Major, let me ask you one thing. We must take Richmond, an ain't we tried every way but this? Ain't we gone by the Shanandora Valley, by Jeomes River, by Manassas, an yet we can't get to Richmond? We must weaken the rebils afore we can do it, an this is the way to effect it."

Ses I, "Kernel, don't you know there is one way to get to Richmond that you ain't tried yet?" "No," ses he, "I didn't know it." "Wal," ses I, "there is." "Wal," ses he, "what on arth is it?" "Wal," ses I, "it is the *Constitushinal way*!" Ses I, "You've bin trying to git there agin the Constitushin, an you can't do it that way. Ef you hadn't called out 75,000 men to whip South Carolina, old Virgiuny would never have left you, and you could have got to Richmond jest as easy as old grandfather. Welles kin go to sleep."

"Wal," ses he, "Major, mobby that's so, but you can't dip up spilt milk. Ef the thing is wrong, it's gone so far now that we may as well drive it thru an see ef we can't clinch it on tother side." "But," ses I, "there ain't eny tother side to this questshin, eny more than there is a white side to a nigger or black side to a white man, an you may drive on and on, an you won't get thru." "Wal," ses the Kernel, "what will cum of it then, Major?" "Wal," ses I, "you will *split* the Union, but that is all you kin do." "Wal," ses he, "Major, that would be jest like my tangel luck. I never got hold of but one thing in my life that I dian't split." Ses I, "What was that?" Ses he, "A taller candle, an I defy all creashin to split that." Ses I, "Kernel, I guess you must be some relashid to the feller out West who split up all the churches." Ses he, "How was that?" "Wal," ses I, "ef I tell you the story, you must not get mad, for I'm afraid it will set putty olus." Ses he, "Major, I can stand a jokin better than any other feller you ever see." "Wal," ses I, "here goes. There was a feller out West got converted, or thought he did, and joined the Episcopal church. He hadn't bin in it long afore he got the members by the ears, an split it all up an broke it down. Aftur he had done all the hurt he could, he went an joined the Presbyterian church, an he hadn't been there long afore he split that all

up. Then he went an united with the Baptist church. It warn't long afore they were all split up an broke to pieces. Being turned out from there he went an joined the Methodist church. He soon got that church into hot water. One day when the ministers were consultin as to what to do with him, ses one of them, ses he, 'I've bin prayin most earnestly that that man might go to hell.' Tut, tut, brother, ses the Elder, how can you do so? You should pray for him that he may be better, and be fitted to go to heaven. No, ses he, 'I don't think so. I've prayed earnestly that he might go to hell, an I'll tell you why. He has split up an broken up every church an neighborhood he was over in, an ef he should go to Satan's dominions I think he might split an break up that place an you know what a blessing that would be.'

I hadn't more than got the last word out of my mouth, wen the Kernel jumped up from his cheer, and ketchin hold of his boot-jack, he flourished it rite over his head in a savage style. I thought he was stark mad. I got my hickory an backed up agin the door. I seed he was fairin mad, but I didn't say a word. I knew he'd work off the bile in his own way. Finally ses he, "Major, wat are you standin thero for?" "Why," ses I, "I was waitin to see what you was goin to do with that boot-jack." Ses he, "Have I got the boot-jack?" "Wal," ses I, "you've got sumthin in your hand that looks a mity site like one." "Wal," ses he, "Major, I want to know whether you mean to apply that story to me?" "No," ses I, "Kernel, didn't I tell you at the outset that I didn't? but you was tellin about what you had done in the way of splittin things, an I was reminded of that story. But I told you to keep your temper, an not take it as personal, but only as a joke." "Wal," ses he, "Major, I'll forgive you; but ef I thought you meant that story for me, I'd arrest you for disloyal practices, an put you in the Old Capitol Prison."

Then the Kernel asked me to take some old rye with him an make up brands. So I did; but I noticed, after that, that the Kernel watched me very close. The very next day I had an awful attack of rumatiz, an I also felt sick and discouraged. Things never looked so black before. I had a dream that nite, an I thought I saw the old General, an he told me, ses he, "This ain't any place for you now. The abolitionists have got fall away, an they will ruin the country as sure as my name is Andrew Jackson." I also dreamed that I saw thousands of dyin men, an weepin wimmin, an cryin children. I thought the doors of the houses all over the North looked red with blood, and a black cloud hung over the hill land. People seemed to be runnin first one way and then t'other, askin what they should do. Finally, I heered a grate noise, like an earthquake, that woke me up, and I laid awake the rest of the nite.

The next morning I was enamost down sick with trubbel an rumatiz, an I telled the Kernel I must go him, where I could get good keer taken of me. The Kernel didn't say much agin it, for, after all, he didn't kinder like that story. So ses I, "Mr. President, I've been with

you now for about a year, and I've got a clean conscience, for I've tried to tell you the rale truth jest as it is. Ef all who have come around you had done the same, you would not be where you are; but," ses I, "I ain't got any feeling on the subject, an whenever I can be of any sarvice to my country, jest let me know, an I will come to Washinton agin."

The Kernel, ses he, "Majer, I know you are a patriot, and I feel bad to have you go. I wish now I had taken your advice. But," ses he, "Majer," an here he giv my hand a tight squeeze, "you know I've only been a boat in a current, and yet like the boat I'll be jest the one that will get the worst smashed to pieces when the precipice is reached." I couldn't help feelin kinder sorry for the Kernel as I bid him good-bye, but I felt still more sorry for my country that it had ever made him President.

I got hum all safe, and sense then I've been laid up four weeks with the rumatiz. I never had such a long pull afore. As for writin with it on me, why, I can't any more do it than a shad can climb a beampole. I expect you've been wonderin why you didn't hear from me; but I think this letter will explain the resin. If the rumatiz don't come on agin, an I think I kin say enything that would be of sarvice in this awful and solemn crisis of our country's fute, I will drop you a line. I feel as if the nashin was dying, however, and that we all orter put on mourning and sack-cloth; but come what will, I'm for my country.

Till deth,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

XXV.

The Major Feels Sorrowful over the Fate of his Country—The Story of the Black Heifer—The Man who Made a "Sise"—The Union—"Insino" Stebbins Again—His Reception at Downinville—"The Insensibles"—A Provoking Accident.

DOWNINGVILLE, March 28, 1863.

To the Editors of the Queashin:

SURS:—You may wonder why you ain't hoered from me afore; but the rale truth is, that I didn't feel like ritin in these times. I went to Washington about a year ago, out of p re patriotism. I didn't want a contract, nor a commission, nor enything. I went to give the Kernel good advice, jest as I did Gineral Jackson; but it war'n't no go. Sumners, an Greeley, an Wendil Fillips, an sech stay-at-hum ften ginnersals got the advantage of me, an Liukin does jest wut they want him to. To an old man like me, these are tryin times. I had almost said *crying* times; I can't bear to think of 'em. I dream o' nights of my country, wen it was all peace and happiness—wen ther war'n't eny sojers nor standing army to pay, nor no debt, nor no hospitals full of sick sojers, nor no sorrow or misery in the land; an wen I wake up an think how different it is now, I wish I could sleep all the time. The other day old Deacon Jenkins came over to see me. The Deacon, you

know, was with me in Washinton a short time, when I first went there, and his darter Jernsha Matilda went down to Port Royal to teach the contrybands their primmers. Wal, the Deacon ain't much wiser now than he was a year ago. He still thinks that by prayin an fightin the rebels will yet be whipped. He used to like the *Tribune*, but lately he ses he prefers the *Herald*, as it is more truthful. The old man, however, has been very busy for some time past, and now says that prayin and fightin hain't accomplished much. "Wal," ses I, "Deacon, there hadn't orter been *evy* war at all; but," ses I, "while the South have had a single end an purpose, we've been all at odds and ends. The war has been carried on by us jest like old Sol Prendergrast's boy ploughed. Old Sol took his eldest boy, Adam, a thick-headed feller, out one spring, and set him to ploughin. He told him to go to work an strike a furrow across a field to a *black heifer*, an then keep on. After givin this direcshin, old Sol went off to the house an left Adam alone. The boy started his oxen in a bee line for the *black heifer*, but when he got pretty clus to her, she threw up her tail an ran off in another direcshin. Adam thought he must foller the heifer, no matter where she went; so he struck another bee line for her, and with jest the same result. When he got clus to her, the heifer give another frisk to her tail, an off she went. Adam geed his oxen around, and struck for her agin; an so he kept on all day. At nite the old man cum out to see how Adam had got along. He found the field all cut up with furrows, zig-zag, criss-cross, an in every direcshin, an asked Adam wat on arth it ment. 'Wal,' ses the thick-headed numskul, 'you told me to steer for the *black heifer*, an I've done it all day, but the derned critter wouldn't stand still, an so the furrows are a kinder criss-cross, you see.' Now," ses I, "that is jest wat Linkin has been doin. Greely told him to steer for the nigger, an the result is jest like Adam Prendergrast's ploughing. There's a considerable fightin ben done, but it is all criss-cross, zig-zag, an don't amount to nothin, an so it will be to the end of the chapter." When I sed this, the Deacon knocked the ashes out of his pipe, an ses he, "Wal, Majer, wat do you think th war will amount to, enybow?" "Wal," ses I, "I guess it will end a good deal like the feller who thought he could make a horse-shoe jest as well as a blacksmith." Ses the Deacon, ses he, "How was that, Majer?" "Wal," ses I, "one day a feller in a blacksmith's shop made a bet that he could make a horse-shoe jest as well as the blacksmith himself, though he hadn't never heated an iron nor struck a blow on an anvil. The feller sed it didn't require any great gumption to make a horse-shoe. So he took a piece of iron an at it he went. He put it in the fire, heated it an commenced poundin it, but the more he pounded, the more it didn't look lik a horse-shoe. He finally gave up the job, an said if he couldn't make a horse-shoe he *could* make a wagon-bolt. So at it he went, but the more he pounded an the more he heated his iron, the less it grew, and finally he found that he couldn't make even a wagon-bolt. Then he declared that he had iron enough left for

a horse-shoe nail, and that he *would* make, but, upon trying, he found that the most difficult job of all. Finally, giving up in despair, ses he, 'Wal, one thing I can do anyhow, I can make a *sis*.'—an plunging the tongs in what was left of the iron in the water, he did get up a very respectable 'sis.' Now," ses I, "wan he started out, Linkin sed he was goin to restore the old Union. That has been given up long ago, and now they say they are goin to conquer the Southern States, that is, make a despotism, but the war will turn out jest like the horse-shoe business. Linkin will, after all, neether make a Union, or a despotism or an Empire by it, but it will end with a great big 'sis.' That's all he will accomplish by it, an a dear 'sis' it will be for many a poor feller. A dear 'sis' it will be for the fatherless and the widows, and a wonderful dear 'sis' it will be for the people who will have to pay the taxes and foot the bill of war." Wen I said this, the Deacon drew a long, breth, an lookin down on the floor, didn't say anything for some minutes. Finally, ses he, "Wal, Majer, will we have to give up the Union after all?" Ses I, "I don't see eny necessity for that, providin that we kin only stop the war an talk over matters a little. But," ses I, "ef the Union is goin to be a Union wherein a white man hasn't the right to express his opinions, then I must say I don't love such a Union as that, an I'm as strong a Union man as old Ginneral Jackson, an that was strong enough. I am for the old Union, but ef the Union is to mean despotism, then I'm for breakin it all to smash, as soon as possible. Wen a man begins to humbug me by callin things by their wrong names to try an deceive me, it allus riles me onaccountably. I ain't a very larned man, but I kin generally see through one of these college chaps. Wen he talks Union to me, an all the time means despotism, I allus feel jest like haulin up my old hickory, an givin him a sockdologer. Why," ses I, "Deacon, the feller who wants to turn this government into a despotism, an keeps all the time hollerin 'Union' while he is doin it, is not only a traitor, but a hypocrite an coward. He is afeerd to speak his real sentiments, an so goes around tryin to deceive the people, jest as the false prophets in the Saviour's time. I'm tee-totally down on such feller,—an I mean to be to the end of the chapter."

I almost forgot to tell you that Insine Stebbins, who went off to the war, has jest got hum. Ho had a recepshun by the military of Downingville wen he arriv. Col. Doolittle called out the Downingville Insensibles an the Maroon artillery, an all Downingville was in a blaze of glory. The Insine has been promoted to be Captin sence he went off, for rilin a pome for the contrybands at Port Royal, where the Insine was stationed. The Insire is not a bad post. But you orter seen the turnout in Downingville to receive him. Colonel Doolittle rode down the street on old Elder Dusenberry's sorrel mare, an jest as the cannon was blasin forth the joyous news of the Captin's arrival on the ground, old sorrel's colt, that the elder thought he had locked up safe in the stable, come tarein through the street, an fairly mowed a swath, rile through the wimen. Sech a yellin an screechin yar never

heard afore. A good many people thought the rebels were comin. Elder Dusenberry's wife wore her best silk dress, an the Inside, who had primed himself for a big speech on this occasion, had it all heart out of him. If it hadn't been for that rascally young colt, I think that the celebrashin would have been the greatest day Downingville had seen sence the time General Jackson visited it. The Insh brings the news from Washington that the Kernel thinks some of payin a visit to the North an maybe to the East afore long. Ef he does, he ses he wants me to go along with him to help him make speeches and keep off the offis-seekers. Ef he sends for me, I spose I shall have to go, though I hate to do it.

Yourn till deth,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

XXVI.

The Democratic Party Whipped—Things as Bad as they Can Be—A Story
Lincoln Sends for the Major Again—The Major Writes Him a Lette in Point—An
of "Kernel" Stebbins, formerly "Insino"—His Reception at Downingville—"Kernel"
Doolittle's Speech—"Kernel" Stebbins Reply—Elder Squires Preaches a
Sermon.

DOWNINGVILLE, Oct. 26, 1864.

To the Editors of the Dabook:

SURS.—'Cause your readers hain't herd from me lately, I s'pose they think I'm ded, or gone over to the Abolishinists, which is a t'nal sin wus; but I ain't in neither. I'm pretty well jest now. The wether, durin the summer, kinder tried me, but I carry eighty yowb about as well as any man ever did. Theresin you ain't herd 'bout jest this: I've been feelin uncommon gloomy and down-trodden this summer. Everything seemed to be goin from bad to worse. I wouldn't take my advice an cum out agin the Abolishinists. His free nigger proclamashun rite agin the law an the Wal, things have gone down hill rapid sence then. The party didn't cum out bluntly agin this proclamashun, but kept on supportin the war, an the consequence is, it has whipped 'round. Politics are gettin down to first principles.

Things are jest as bad as they kin be, and that is what encourages me. I shall never forget Hezekiah Stebbins, who lived away up in the upper part of Penobscot. One winter it had been awful cold weather, and Kiah had wonderful bad luck, and towards spring it seemed to get worse instead of better. He had lost his horse, and his cow, and his chickens, and all his pigs but one. Finally, that died, and the next day I happened to go up to his house to see how he was gettin along. I found the old man happy as a lark. He was singin and shoutin as if nothin had happen'd. Wen I went in, ses I, "Kiah, what on aith is the matter?" "Oh," says he, "the last pig is ded," and I went to

umpin and clappin his hands, as if he was the happiest man in the universe. He ses he "don't possess no more to get no?" "Wal," says he, "things can't be no worse." The last night he did something that happens now more often than the other. And he got it up with the Dimmocratic party, and being now that he was in a way to be in the better. And I must confess that I feel a good deal like him. I don't feel but like settin down and cryin like a little baby over spinn talk, because we've been worst in the late election. That ain't the way old General Hickory Jackson taught me Dimmocracy.

The other day I got a letter from Linkin, askin me to come on to Washington. He ses he is gettin into a heap of trouble about his next message, all on account of the diffikilty which Blair and Chase are kickin up about what is to be dun with the Suth'in States after the rebelyon is put down. He ses he wants me to help git up the message, and kinder fix things up ginrally. I writ back that cold wether was cumin on, and my rumatiz would probably trouble me, so I could not tell exactly what I would do, but if I could be of any service to my country, as long as life lasted, I would do my duty. I wrote him, also, about that matter of the Southern States, and I told him that it reminded me of the old receipt for cooking a rabbit:—"First catch your rabbit." I told him they had not got the Southern States yet, that they sartainly wouldn't get them this year, and I didn't see any likelihood of gettin them next year. In fact, the times of the soldiers were mostly out, and I didn't believe they would ever get another sich an army, and if he followed my advice he would get up a Peace this winter without fail. I ain't got any answer to this letter, but I shall wait for one before I go. The Kernel talks huffy, I won't stir a step, for he knows I allers tell a plain, blunt truth, as I believe it. When I can't talk that way I won't have nothing to do with him. The old Ginneral allers ybodies around him, to speak their rate sentiments. Nothing mud as to suspect anybody of flatterin him, or shaming in

has been sand on to. he has eat nigh a writin poetry, but he believe he could write a line to save his life. We had a grand reception for the Kernel on his arrival. The Downingville Insensibles turned out as usual on such occasions. You recollect that the Kernel went off as an Insensible, and when he was promoted to be Captain he came back and we give him a reception. Now he is raised to Kernel's come him agin. He comes every time he gets promoted, to let his old neighbors see how he looks in his new uniform. I never see the Kernel look so well. He has got a span new suit of blue uniform, all covered with gold buttons and gold lace and gold shoulder-straps. I tell you, the people

looked astonished, and the Downingsville folks feel very proud of him. The Kernel expects before long to be a General, and then to be called to the command of the Army of the South. When the Kernel was received at the Town Hall, General Doolittle, who is the King of the Downingsville 'Inseparables', and the 'Inseparables' of the town, gave him a speech, with the Kernel's reply.

"Kernel Stebbins, I am delighted by the arrival of our hero, and to welcome you once more to your native town and home. We are proud of your gallant exploits, your glorious bravery, your never-failing courage to the Star-Spangled Banner. Goin' as you do, covered with dust and blood of the battle-field, we hail you as the friend of the oppressed African and the saviour of your country."

To which the Kernel replied:

"Kernel Doolittle, I can't begin to express to you the feelings of my heart. This occasion is technin. Sogers can't make speeches. I've done my duty. I've seen the cannon roar. I've heard the flash of a thousand rifles all at once. There ain't nothin' that can equal it for rite down tall sablimity. But, fellow citizens, we ought to be most rejoiced now because freedom is goin' it at such highicks. I'm a manifest destiny man. I believe freedom is to extend from the frozen plains of Alabama to the sunny banks of Newfoundland. There ain't nothin' to stop it. It is coming like an avalanche from the eternal hills of God's altar. Freedom! freedom! will rebound from crashum come to pullin turnip time, and all the hopples that bind the legs of American citizens of Afriken 'scent will fall off. Them's my sentiments, and I don't know no one knows 'em. The old Union ain't of any more account in these ere times than an iron pot with a hole in the bottom. What we want is a new Union which will have for its motto the celebrated words of Daniel Webster, 'Freedom and nity 1-10 and forever' and inspirable."

"Amen!" yelled out Deacon Jenkins, who had been listenin' attentively, as the Kernel sat down, and the hush audience broke out into the most tumultuous applause. There is a little mistake in Kernel Doolittle's speech, where he speaks of Kernel Stebbins being covered with the dust and blood of the battle-field. Now, the truth was the Kernel, with his new uniform, looked as if he had just come out of a band-box; but Kernel Doolittle had his speech writ 'em, so he couldn't alter it. Kernel Stebbins got on such high horses, that he talked about seeing the boommin' of cannon an' hearin' the flash of guns, but the truth was, he didn't know exactly what he said, and the people were so carried away with havin' a live Kernel among them, that they didn't notice it. There ain't been nothin' to stop it in Downingsville since the Kernel's return, except the 'Inseparables'. Elder Sumner preached a sermon on it, sayin' for his text, 'And ye shall be ware of rumours of wars,' an' his text was the Bible, and war is the duty of all real, genuine Christians. So, you see, it ain't no more loyal place in the country, riles it be Washington, where all

the office holds in contractors live. But I must close. I didn't expect to write you but a few lines this time. If I go to Washington, I will let you into the secrets of the Blair and Chase rumpus, and keep you posted up generally on things behind the curtain.

Yours, till death,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

XXVII.

The Major Starts for Washington—Takes His Axe with Him—Mr. Lincoln Glad to See Him—The Cabinet in Session—The Opinion of Seward, Chase, Stanton, and Others—The Major Called on in an Opinion—The Story of Old Sam Adams—Mr. Stanton Goes Lacked.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6, 1863.

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THE very next day after I wrote you my last letter, I got one from John telling me I must come or without fail. He said he was in a peck about his message that Chase and Seward were pulling into contrary directions as to what to do. He didn't know. So I just packed up my things, took my pipe in my mouth and my old hickory in my hand, and started. I strapped my axe on the outside of my trunk, for this is the only weepin', besides my hickory one, that I ever carry. Goin' down to the cars I met Deacon Jenkins, who went on to Washington, and recollect, to make the Keene sojer clothin', and see he, "Majer, what are you takin' your axe with you to Washington for?" "Wal," ses I, "I expect I shall get awful, tum mad with them Abolitionists this time in Washington an' they ain't eny way that I can work off a fit of the Keene except by goin' out to the wood-house an' choppin' wood." "Wal," ses he, "I'll be glad to take along my axe. It is one the old General used when he got mad, an' I have always preserved it to remember him, of nothin' else."

I got to Washington all safe, an' went direct to the White House. The fellow who tends the door didn't know me at first, but when he saw my hickory he began to open his eyes. I tell you. Ses he, "You are Majer Downing, I believe," bowin' like and so open his feet, as if he thought I scared for that. Ses I, "Yes, I am Majer Jack Downing, an' you jest tell the President, about as quick as time will let you, that I'm here." So he run up-stairs, an' I went after him, stoppin' in the room where the office seekers have to wait, to take a good look down the Potomack so see if things look nateral. I hadn't stood there more than a minit when you who should cum up behind me but Linkin' himself. He caught me hold of my hand, and ses he, "Majer, how are you?" I'm tickled to death to see you," an' he kept shaken my hand as ef he thought it was made of leather. Ses I, "Keene, do you want me to help write your message?" Ses he, "Of course I do, Majer." "Wal, then," ses I, "please don't shake that hand eny more, for you've pretty much rubbed it now." "Wal," ses he, "Majer, I couldn't help it, for it was as ef Providence sent you jest in the nick of time." Ses I, "How

"Is that?" "Wa," se' he, "the Cabinet is in session, an I've just finished tellin' them one of Artemus Ward's best stories, and got 'em all into a good humor. The message is the very thing they had to discuss, and you're ~~even~~ right at the nick of time," hittin' him as he spoke, a slap on the back that made the sweat drops run over me.

Nothing would do but I must enter in the hall the discussion. So I walked in as large as life. I kept 'em all on my feet. They pretended to be interested to see me personally, but I needn't try to deceive 'em, for under those spectacles of his I seen 'em all by my eyes. I tell 'em that that man will bear watchin'. However I sed nothin'; this after the how-de-dos were over I laid my old finger on the table, took out my pipe, and went to smokin'. The General then called the Minister to order, an sed he wanted a short account of each department, so he could fix up his message, and he sed wanted the opinion of each one as to what he thought ought to be done with the Southern States after the rebellion is crushed. First, he called upon Seward.

Will, Seward said that since affairs were all ripe, that he had offered to carry out the policy of England all over the country, an set up a monarchy, if necessary, to put down the Democracy, an that upon his faithfully promising to do this, the British Government at once seized the rebellious. That as for the Southern States, he thought the best thing that could be done with them, for the good of the country an the grate cause of humanity, was to turn 'em all into one big plantation an make Thurlow Wood Chief Manager.

Then Chase spoke. He sed the finances were in a ~~very~~ condition. He now had five hundred printing presses to ~~print~~ him money, that the debt wasn't only 5,000,000,000,000; the ~~whole~~ body was gettin' rich, and that the way to treat the Southern States was the cuntry was jest this. I sed a Proclamation that only 100 enough cotton should be raised for him to print 100 on, and then he could control the currency in spite of all the copperhead gold speculators in creshin'.

Stanley said that his department was all right. That he had got rid of all the copperhead generals, and had left the track clear for the next President to be a genuine Abolishumst. That all that was necessary now was to keep the war up till after the next Presidential election, and he thought he could do it. As for the Southern States, he was for givin' the niggers the plantations and makin' the whites their slaves.

Then old grandfather Welles got up, stroke his long white beard. He sed that nothin' could save the nashin but gunboats; that he was buildin' 'em faster now, except on the Sabbath, which he usually devoted to prayin' and fastin', and to disciplin' the copperheads among his relations. He thought the South ought to be surrounded with a wall of gunboats from Texas to Maryland.

The next one that spoke was Blair. He said he hadn't stopped a single paper drum the hull year, an he was only sorry that he ever did, that he had only given the papers he stopped more circulasum.

than they ever had before; that no one would ever catch him into another such a scrape. As for the Southern States, he was down on all the Radikels. He sed they might be allowed to cum back jest as they wanted to.

When it cum Daddy Bates' turn, he was fast asleep. When Linkin told him what he wanted, he sed it warn't for him to say what should be done wth the Southern States. After it was decided what to do with 'em, he supposed they would want a legal opinion on the subject, an he could give one on either side, he didn't care which.

After they had all got thru Linkin turned to me, and ses he, "Major, what do you think about this matter?" I knocked the ashes out of my pipe, and ses I, "Wal, I don't like to give an opinion on the jump, for I hain't had time yet to see exactly how the land lays here; but," ses I, "as near as I understand it, all these men here are tryin to catch the South first, and then what to do with her afterwards is another question. Now, the South seems to be a good deal like old Sam Odum, up in Maine, when he thought the devil was after him. One night he got to dreaming, and jumped out of bed in his shirt, and ran like all possessed down the street. About a half a dozen neighbors chased him until he run up a tree, out of which they couldn't get him anyhow. He kept a screaming "The devil's after me!" and would fite like a tiger if any one tried to get at him. Finally, old Deacon Peabody, cum along, and ses he, "Sam thinks you fellers are the devils that are goin to ruin him; you jist go away and let him alone, and Sam will be hum and in bed aforeed my ag." They tuk his advice, and sere enough so it was.

Wrot any ad this, Stanton, who is quick as a flash, jumped up and ses he, "Kern, do you mean to say that we are devils tryin to catch the South? I'm plain he walked rite close up to my face, jest as if he thought he could bury me down. Ses I, "Mr. Secretary, if you will stand back about six inches, you can see an hear jest as well." He stepped back a little, and I picked up my old hickery, and ses I, "Stanton, do you recollect the time down to Fort Munroe, when you tried to get on the President's trousers?" I never see a fuller wilt so as when I sed this. He turned all sorts of colors, an wriggled as if he had a pin stickin in him. "Now," ses I, "I didn't say that you were devils, or anything of the sort, but it seems putty certain that Mr. Stanton feels the shoe pinchin. At all events," ses I, "you ain't caught the South yet, an consultin what you will do with her before that is like countin chickens before they are hatched."

The Kernal then sed that the session was closed, an after they all axed me to cum an see 'em, except Stanton, they went away. I think my story about Sam Odum set putty strong on 'em, an of they feel like taken it to hum let 'em do so, for n'y rule rite down solemn opinion is, ef these ere Abolishin Cabynet were to stop tryin to catch the South, she would be hum an in the Union bed afore mornin'.

Yourn, till deth,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

XXVIII.

The Major and the "Kernel" at Work on the Messing—The Major Visits the Mess—Again—Sees the Machines for Printing Greenbacks—A Machine for Sewing Buttons—The Accounts Mixed Up—Mr. Lincoln Goes to Work on Them—The Major Tells Him to Rest, and Shows a Mixing-Press—He Rests, and the Major's a Goodness—The Major also Preaches Once.

Washington, Nov. 17th, 1863.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

SUUS:—If I ain been busy since I writ you last, then, best a man was. Besides, I's had a considerable twinge of my old enemy, the rheumatism. This ere Washington atmosphere is terrible on the constitution. The Kernel, too, was nigh about down sick one day, but we both tuk a good old fashioned whiskey-sling, of the very best old rye, and went to bed on it. The next mornin we both felt just rite. The Kernel keeps as good whiskey as I ever got anywhere. We have been very hard at work on the messige, and such a time as we have had of it you never did see. Stanton don't know how many soldiers he has got in the field, nor how meny have been killed or wounded. Grandfather Welles can't tell how meny gunbotes he's got, an as for Chase, he don't purtend to even guess for a certainty how meny greenbacks there are afloat, or how big the public debt is. The Kernel sed he couldn't even lay the foundashin timbers of his messige until he had some figures about the debt to begin on. So I told him I would go over an see Chase an have a talk with him. I tuk my slate under my arm an started on my gun as I went in, Chase tuk me by the hand and sed he was glad to see me. I telled him what I wanted, an he sed I keer never soon have it redy for me, but jest when he asked me to see the machegnery an printin presses, and so on, that I want to make money. He sed the worst of it was that the maches was constantly gettin out of order, and he wanted to know if I understood anything about such affairs. I telled him there warnt nothing from a single taps to dog-churns and thrashing-macheones, that I didn't know from stem to stern. Then he sed I was jest the chap he wanted. So I went with him, and I was perfectly thunderstruck wen I saw all the riggin and fixins, and belts, and shafts, and pulleys, and maches all a runnin and whizzin and buzzin as fast as they could go. Ses the Secretary, "This here maches run to pay off General Grant's troops. This one runs to pay off General Mead's troops. This one runs for General Banks. This one is now busy for General Burnside, and here is this ere one completely broken down. It is General Gilmore's maches." Wal, ses I, "Mr. Secretary, do you have a maches for every General, and every army?" "Yes," ses he, "about that." Wal, ses I, "What do you do about the contractors?" "Oh," ses he, "I ain't showed you them yet. That's in another room." Ses he, "Come along with me." So I followed, and we went off into another room. It was nigh about ten times as big as the first one, and there were hundreds of presses runnin as fast as they could go. "There," ses he, "if these here maches were to stop one day,

it would set all Wall Street into a panic. Sometimes, wen the belt give out or the bolts break, or the coal gits short, or paper don't git in

I "suppose, he should bust your 'blars, what would Wall Street do then?" "Wal," ses he, "I have thought of that but I guess their ain't any danger." "Wal," ses I, "steam is a better assettin." Old Aunt Keziah Wiggleson, up in Maine, used to say that the only safe way to run a steamboat was to take the bilers out, and my opinion is, that a government run by steam will bust up one of these days." Chase didn't seem to like this last remark much, but he didn't say anything. We cum down stairs patty soon after, and a feller with a brown linen coat on, nigh about all over ink, brought a tall lot of papers covered over with figgers, and sed that Mr. Linkin could find out all he wanted to from them. I looked 'em over, but I couldn't make hed nor tail to 'em. "Wal," ses I, "perhaps a chap who understands dubble and twisted entry book-keepin can understand this ere figgerin, but I'll be hauged if I kin." Ses I, "Here's seven thirtys, and five twentys, and six per cents, and five per cents, and bonds and stocks and certificates, and 68's, and 78's, and 96's, and 158's, and Lord knows how many more 8's, until it gets all mixed up so that you can't tell anything more about the debt than Stautin kin tell how many sojers has been killed and wounded. Now," ses I, "the people don't care a straw anything about your six twentys, or your five twentys. All they want to know is jest how much money this ere war has cost, and that is what I'm tryin to figger out for 'em. Wen old General Jackson wanted me to go into Squire Biddle's Bank and cifer out how matters stood, I soon did it, but that warn't ony more comparin' to this here affair than the bunch of elder bushes in Deacon Jenkins's meadow is to the Dismal Swamp. I tuk the papers, however, over to Linkin, for it was the best I could do. Wen I handed them to the Kernel, ses he, "Major, does Chase expect me to survive after studyin' up these figgers?" "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, I don't know, but I think Chase wants to be next President."

The Kernel tuk the hint rite off; but he sed Chase would never be President for he wanted to be so bad that he acted all the time as if a bumble bee was stingin him, and that his flyin round would kill him off, if nothin else. We then both set down, and went to studyin the figures. I cifered with my slate, and the Kernel made chalk marks on his hat every time we got up to a million of dollars. Patty soon the Kernel's eyes began to look wild, and ses he, "Major, where do we land next? Is she headin up stream or sideways? She'll go down, sure as thunder. Well, let her rip; she's been a sinkin consarn for years." I see at once that the Kernel was flighty. Chase's figgers had turned his hed, and he thought he was flat-bot'in agin on the Mississippi river. But he kept on ravin. Ses he, "Major, knock that nigger off the bow

of the bot; he's rite in the way of the pilot." Ses I, "Kernel, it ain't safe to hit a nigger in these days." Standin' with me in front La Fayette." I thought this might bring the Kernel to his senses, but it didn't. Ses he, "There it goes, Major, ses as I told you, rite on that snag. That nigger is to blame for the hull of it. I see it was no use that the Kernel was high about that nigger and so on. ses I, "Let's put up this work to-night and go to bed." ses I, "I want to, but I dragged him out, and he kept ravin' all the time." That nigger has ruined me! "Where he comes—he is after me yet!"

As soon as I got the Kernel in bed, I put a double set of mustard plasters on his feet, an then gave him a strong dose of old remedy, elderbark tea. I knew that would cure him, if anything on earth. Purty soon the sweat began to start, and the gripin in the bowels began. Just as soon as this took place, it drawed all the disease out of his head, an the next mornin he was as bright as new dimes used to be wen there was sich things.

The fust thing the Kernel sed to me in the mornin was, ses he, "Major, I had an awful dream last nite." Ses I, "What was it?"

"Wal," says he, "I dreamt that the niggers had destroyed the Union."

"Wal," ses I, "Kernel, you get nearer the truth in your dreams than you ginally do wen you are wide awake. If you will only have another dream, you will see the Abolitionists have killed the Union, and that the poor nigger is only the means that they have used to do it."

The Kernel didn't say nothin, but looked down an de floor an whistled. Finally, he tuk out of his pocket one of those new fifty-cent shimplasters, an ses he, "Major, kin you tell me why this new currency has the odor of nashinality about it?" "No," ses I. "Kernel, I don't see it." "Wal," ses he, "because it is called paper!" "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, now can you tell me why that fifty-cent shimplaster is like the war?" Ses he, "Major, you've got me there." "Wal," ses I, "the face is black, which means that we are fightin to free the nigger, and the back is red—or the blood—the price we are payin for it!"

Wen I sed this the Kernel brought his hand down to the tabil like all possessed, giv a lick with his foot that sent his shimplaster clear across the room, an ses he, "Major, by the—!" Ses I, "Kernel, hold on. Do you want to take any more elderbark tea?" Wen I sed this he tapered rite down, an ses he, just as good as pie, "Let us have some old rye and make friends."

So I didn't object, but the message ain't finished yet, and the Lord only knows when it will be done.

DOWN ALL DOWN.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

XXIX.

The Trouble About the Message—Chase and Seward Find Fault with it—The Story of Deacon Grimes' Oven—Mr. Lincoln Overrun with Visitors—The Major Suggests a Way to Get Rid of Them—The Small Pax Dodge—The Message Finished—Mr. Lincoln Tells a Story.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10, 1863.

To the Editors of the *Dubooks*:

SIRS:—Wen I writ you last the messige warn't finished. Wal, sich a time as we had in finishin that document you never did see. The Kernel an I set up all nite long thre or fore nites, but it was nigh about onpossibul to get it to suit him. He would get it fixed, an then Seward would cum in an say it was too bold. Then Chase he'd cum in an say it warn't bold enuf, and finally I telled him to make it as old Deacon Grimes did his oven. He wanted to know how that was. Wal, I telled him it was this way. The Deacon built an oven facin to the north, wen one of his nabors cum along and sed that would never do, as the north wind would blow rite into the mouth of the oven. So the old man turned it around, an put the face to the south. Pretty soon another nabor cum along, an ses he, "Deacon, it will never do to have that oven face the south, for there ain't any wind so blustering as the south wind." So the Deacon turned it around to the west. Pretty soon a man cum along, an ses he, "Deacon, don't you know that the worst show'rs and hurricanes we have always cum from the west? It will never do to face your oven that way." So the Deacon determined to change it around to the east. He hadn't more than got it dun, before another nabor cum along, an ses he, "Why, Deacon Grimes, I'm perfectly astonished to see you buildin an oven an facin it to the east. There ain't any wind so sarchin an penetratin as the east wind, an it will blow your fire all out of the oven." "Wal," ses the old Deacon, perfectly discouraged, "I'll suit you all; I'll build my oven on a pivot, and wen you cum along you can turn it around jest as you want it." Now," ses I, "Kernel, that's the way to fix your message." Ses he, "That is a fact; the only trubbil is to fix on a pivot on which it can turn." "Wal," ses I, "that is the easiest thing in the world. Take the nigger for the pivot, an it will suit every man in your party. The only difference between 'em is, that some don't like to look him square in the face. That sort kin turn your message around a little, an then they will see the nigger side ways; and those that can't stand that kin turn it clear around, an then they will see the nigger in the back, but it will be nigger all the time!" The Kernel sed it was a capital idea, an he went to carry it out. It got noised around that the Kernel was comin out with some big thing in his message, an every Congressman, wen he got to Washinton, run rite to the White House to give the Kernel advice. They nigh about run him to deth. "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, make believe you're sick." "Sho!" ses he, "that won't do a bit of good. I've tried it often, an they bore me wus than ever."

"Wal," ses I, "tell 'em you've got the scarlet fever, an that will scare 'em away." The Kernel sed it was a fust-rate idee, an so it was announced in all the papers that the President had the scarlet fever; but it didn't do much good. Sum stand away, but the crowd yit was tremenjus. "Now," ses I, "Kernel, this is too bad; here it is almost time for Congress to meet, and no messige dur yet. I'll let the reporters announce that you've got the small-pox, an they won't be a mother's son of 'em cum within gunshot of you. Then you kin fix your messige, pay in that patent pivot, and grease things up generally, so they'll run another year without totlin'." The Kernel sed there was no other way than to do it. Wen it got out that the Kernel had the small-pox, you never see such a calm. The White House was nigh about deserted, an it seemed like a Sunday up in Maine. The Kernel then set rite down to his messige, an worked like a beaver. He said he could alters put a thing in shape after the foundashin timbers were laid. And so he did. Wen he got it finished, he called Seward and red it to him. He sed it was capital. Then he sent for Chase, an he sed it was all rite. "No," ses I, "Kernel, send for a War Dimmycrat, an see how he'll like it." Wen I sed this, the Kernel luffed rite out. Ses he, "Majer, you're jokin; I know you ses." Ses he, "The War Dimmycrats remind me of a story about her brother out West. Old Josh Muggin had a young dog wich was very fierce for hours. On one day he tuk him along in a hunt. In the very first fite the bar bit the dog's tail off, and away he run yelpin an barkin like mad, an Josh could never get his dog to fite bars after that. No, it is just so with the War Dimmycrats. They were very fierce to me if I issued my Emancipashin Proclamashin, but I did it, an so doin, I cut their tails off, and they llave never showed any fite agin me sence, an they won't. No. I rally wish I hadn't any more trouble on hand than the War Dimmycrats will give me."

Ses I, "Kernel, I think you are rather hard on the War Dimmycrats. They supported you because they thought you was tryin to restore the Union; but now wen they red your messige an see that you won't have the Union back enyhaw, they will say you deceived 'em, and yo may find 'em the most trubbelsum customers you're yet had to deal with. They want to sustain the government, but now wen they see that you won't sustain it, they may turn on you wus than the copperheads have;" and ses I, "Kernel, you jist get the Dimmycrats mad, and I shudn't wonder if they wud be after this, and then let all your Miss Nancy Abolitionists look out, for there won't be as much left of 'em as there was of Bill Peeler's dog after his panther fite." Ses the Kernel, ses he, "How much was that?" "Wal," ses I, "Bill always sed there warn't nothin left but the collar he hed round his neck, and the tip end of his tale about an inch long." "Wal," ses the Kernel, "I've got to go ahead, no matter who don't like it, or who gets backed in the fite. I'm in the Abolishin boat, and you can't stab it now any more."

than you kin put Lake Superior in a quart bottle." Ses I, "Go ahead, Kernel; I allers like to see a man bold and strong on his own principles. There's nothing like pluck. Let everybody know jist what you mean, and then if they support you it is their own fault." "Wal," ses he, "ain't I plain enuf this time?" "Yes," ses I, "Kernel, all but the amnesty part—that's kinder pettyfogg." "Wal," ses he, "Major, men that can't see a hole through a ladder ought to be humbugged." Ses I, "Mebby, that's so, but we shall all know more about who is humbugged and who is an't after the war is over."

But I never did see people so tickled over the message as the Republikins all are. They say it is jest the thing—that it is goin to wipe out slavery, and prevent the "Union as it was" ever being restored; and then it is dun so cūrely that a good menny people won't see through it. That amnesty doge throws dust in their eyes, and kinder sounds generous like.

There's a great fite coming off among the Abolishinists about who's to be run for next Presidint, and I think I'll hev some news for you afore long. Anyhow, I shall keep my eyes open as ushil.

Yourn, till deth,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

XXX.

The Major Visits Parson Blair—The Loyal Leaguers of the White House—A Wonderful Dream—The Grave of the Union—The President Don't Like It—About Leather—How they Apital Looks.

To the Editors of the Dabook:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30th, 1864.

SUES:—I spose your readers think I'm dead, or mebbby they think I've run away with a pile of greenbacks, as that is kinder fashionabul now-a-days; but I aint in neither fix. Tho rale truth is that after I writ you my last letter I got completely disgusted and cum mitey high goin back hum to Downingville, and rowin I would never return to this sink of sin agin. But the Kernel got at me an begged I wouldn't think of it. I telled him I couldn't stay in the White House over New Year's, and see the knaves and fools that would be there then. So jost before Christmas, as good luck happened, old fader Blair axed me to go down to his place at Silvr Springs and st: over the hollidays. I tell you I was rale glad, fur the old man has got a fine place, and I could have it so quiet and cozy there after my hard work over the message. When I got there I was tuk down with the rumatiz, and had to keep my room for more than twp weeks. However, the Kernel sent me some prime old rye, and that, together with some operdildock that old Aunt Keziah Wiggleton sent to me by my nefu Zeke, put me on my pins agin. Old fader Blair and I had long talks about Ginneral Jackson and the Kernel, the war, niggers, the next presidency, and so on. My old friend Blair was a grato man in Ginneral Jackson's time, but the trubbel with him now is that he don't move along with the world. He actually

thinks that he is yet fit in Calhoun, an havin' got in the bote with the Abolitionists, he don't know how to get out. Last week I cum back to see the Kernel, and have been lookin' around for a few days to see how the land lay. I find that the principal idee in everybody's head is who's to be the next President. But I tell you when I look at the condition of the country, it makes me sick to talk about a President. What is the use of a President when there's a standing army? What is the use of a President when the ballot-box ain't of no so much account as the cartridge box? The first day I got back to the White House there was a lot of Loyal Legers and shoddy contractors cum to tell the Kernel that they had nominated him for President. After they went out Linkin' ses to me, ses he, "Major, what do you think of them fellers?" "Wal," ses I, "they look to me mean enough to steal niggers." The Kernel did not say anything, but looked kinder cross-eyed at me. The Kernel and I then had a long talk about matters and things, and after taking a good swig of old rye, went to bed. That nite I had a wonderful dream. The next mornin' when I went in the room where the Kernel was, ses he, "Major, you look on common serious this mornin'; what's the matter?" "Wal," ses I, "I had a wonderful dream last nite, that conamost frightened me to death." "Wal," ses he, "what on earth was it?" "Wal," ses I, "as I tell you the hull of it jest as it appeared to me, you musn't get mad." "Oh," ses the Kernel, "I don't keer nothin' about dreams, for I allers interpret them by contraries." "Wal," ses I, "you can cypher out the meanin' of 'em yourself to suit yourself, but I'll tell it to you jest as it appeared to me." "And it seemed to me as plain as if it was broad daylight," ses I, "I thought I was in the grave-yard, and there was a great big grave dug, large enough to hold four or five coffins, and while I was standin' there wonderin' what on earth the grave was for, I saw a big black hearse comin', and Stanton was drivin' it. That kinder startled me, but I looked agin, and I see it was bein' drawn by them War Dimmycrats, Dickinson, Butler, Meagher, Cochrane, and the hearse itself was full of War Dimmycrats." When Stanton druv up to the grave, ses he, "My jackasses had a heavy load, but they pulled it through beavely, for the poor War Dimmycrats had heds of men on the bodies of mules. I wondered what on earth could be in the hearse, for it seemed to be heavily loaded. Right behind the hearse, walkin' along, were you, and Sumner, and Greeley, and Chase, and Beecher, and old Grandfather Wallis. Pretty soon you all went to work takin' out the coffins, and gettin' ready to put them in the grave. The first one tuk out was marked 'Habeas Corpus,' the second one 'Trial by Jury,' then 'The Union,' and then 'The Constitution.' When they were all out on the ground, some dispute riz as to which should be buried first, but Greeley cut it short by sayin', 'Put the Constitution under, and all else follows.' So Greeley got the rope under one end of the coffin and Sumner under the other, and begun to let it down. While it was goin' down, you looked kinder anxious at Chase, and ses you, 'Chase, think it will stay down?' And old Green-

bucks, ses he, 'My God, Kernel, it must say *down*, or we will all go up.' Greeley was tickled *enamored* to death, and ses he, 'We shall bury it now so that it shall never be heard of agin.' Old Grandfather Welles, however, seemed half frightened to death, and trembled like a sick dog, and ses, 'Oh that it was all over!' Sumner was wrathful at this, and ses he, 'Shut up, you old fool; wait until it is all under.' And there too, stood Beecher, with a nigger baby in his arms, lookin up to heaven and prayin all the while, as follows: 'Oh! Lord, not thy will but *mine* be done.' Finally, all the coffins were put in the grave and covered up. I wondered where Seward could be all this time, and lookin up, there he was, flyin through the air with wings, and tails, and horns, looking for all the world like an evil spirit, and ses he, 'If it were done when it is done,' just as if he was afraid that a day of resurrection was comin. I tell you, it made me sorrowful and sad when I saw the old Constitution and the Union put under the ground, out of sight, and when I woke up, my eyes were full of tears, and I felt more like cryin than I have sence I was born."

After I got thru, ses I, "Kernel, what do you think of my dream?" He looked down on the floor, and then looked up, then he looked down agin and then he looked up. I see he was kinder worried, so I said nothin. Finally, he kicked his slipper off and ses he, "Majer, do you know what good lether is?" "Wal," ses I. "Kernel, I used to know something about lether." "Wal," ses he, "what do you think of the lether in that slipper? Is it good?" "Yes," ses I. "I think it's pretty good." "Wal," ses he, "what kind is it?" Ses I, "It's calf-skin." "Wal," ses he, "ken you tell me whether the calf was a heifer or a steer?" "No," ses I, "I can't." "Wal," ses he, "I'm in jist the same fix about your dream. It is a good dream, but I can't tell whether it's a heifer or a steer. But I ruther reckon it's a *steer*!"

"Wal," ses I, "Kernel, you may think that my dream don't amount to anythin, but there are thousands of people who will see in it the fate of their country."

He didn't seem disposed to talk about it, however, and I let it drop. Since then I've been over to the Capitol once or twice, and looked around Washington a little. I never see such a change in a place since I was born. It's dirtier, nastier, and meaner lookin than ever. In fact, it is jist the country all goin to ruin. If the devil is ever happy, I think he would be nigh about tickled to death now-a-days. I guess everything is goin on to suit him to a fraeshin. I ken tell you one thing. There is goin to be a grater fite between Linkin and Chase for President than most pepil suppose. So look out for the musick ahead. I shall keep a watch on all the doins, and write you when the rumatiz, like the greenback market, ain't too stringent.

MAYOR JACK DOWNING

THE NASBY PAPERS.

.

DEDIKASHEN.

To that Sterlin Patryot and unkorruptible chrischen gentleman, FERNANDYWOOD, uv Noo York ;

To that hi-toned man and wool-dyed Dimokrat, FRANKLIN PEERSE, uv Noo Hampshire ;

To that long-suffrin but pashent Dimokrat, JESSE D. BRITE, uv Injeany, whose highest recommendashun i' ^{was} he wuz eekspelled from a Ablishn Seuit, but who woot ^{the} resined hed ther ever bin a presedent fer a Dimokrat ^{ates} ;
and

To the grate VALLANDYGUM, uv Ohio, who went to the stake with a kamness onparralleled fer prussipple,

These book is respectfully dedikated, by

THE ORTHUR.

PARSONAGE, CHURCH UV THE NOO DISPENSASHUN,
WINGERT'S CORNERS, O. Aug. 1, 1864.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE no wish to detain the reader from the perusal of these NASBY PAPERS, in which I trust much excellent fooling may be found ; but I may hint that, were any special recommendation needed for their author, it might be found in—well, not precisely his Christian, but his sponsorial, name. The gentleman signs himself “ Petroleum V. Nasby ;” and I apprehend that any gentleman bearing such a prefix to his name should be at once and enthusiastically made welcome in the most respectable English society. I say the most respectable ; for I need not point out that the greatest amount of respectability is to be found in those circles where the worship of dollars and cents, or of pounds, shillings, and pence is most devoutly cultivated. Would you not be civil to any body with the designation of Rothschild? For a similar reason, he who rejoices in the name of Petroleum should at once be pressed to the heart of society ; for what does Petroleum mean, just now, but money? In comparison with the nasty, dirty, sticky, greasy stuff, which is spouting up in oleaginous volcanoes all over the State of Pennsylvania, and which we are devoutly hoping will soon begin to spout up all over our Australian colonies—by the side of Petroleum gold is, momentarily, reckoned as “ very small potatoes ;” silver is at a discount ; and diamonds are a drug in the

market. Petrolia is the new El Dorado ; Oil Creek is Pactolus ; and Oil City is Ophir. The Isles of Greece are nothing to the eternal summer of money-making that reigns in the greasy streets and the "ily" shanties of the Petroleum district. "You needn't mind now," said a great oil-heiress to a faithless swain who, hearing that she had become enriched, was seeking to renew his suit,—*"you needn't mind now ; dad's struck ile !"* The striking of an oil-spring had converted the humble village maiden into a Transatlantic Miss Burdett Coutts. Thus "Petroleum V. Nasby" comes before the public, it will be seen, with the most powerful credentials. It is as though he rode upon the Golden Calf, and was first cousin to Mammon. His name is redolent of "most filthy lucre," in the shape of unrefined rock-oil ; and as an "ile" dignitary, he is entitled, as the diplomatists say, to "the assurance of the most distinguished consideration of the undersigned."

- GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

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THE NASBY PAPERS

I.

ON NEGRO EMIGRATION.

THERE is now 15 niggers, men, wimin and childern, or ruther, mail, femail, and yung, in Wingert's Corners, and yisterday another arrive. I am becomin alarmed, for ef they inkreese at this rate, in suthin over sixty yeres they'll hev a majority in the town, and may, ef they git mene enuff, tyrannize over us, even ez we air tyrannizin over them. The danger is imminent! Alreddy our poor white inhabitants is out uv employment to make room fer that nigger—even now our shops and factories is full uv that nigger, to the grate detriment uv a white inhabitant who hez a family 2 support, and our Poor Hows and Jail is full uv him.

I imploar the peeple to wake up. Let us hold a mass meetin to take this subgik in2 considerashen, and that biznis may be expeditid, I perpose the adopshen uv a serez uv Pre-amble and Rezolooshens, suthin like the follerin, to-wit :

WAREAS, We vew with alarm the ackshun uv the Presy-
dent uv the U. S., in recommendin the immejit emansipashun
uv the slaves uv our misgidid Suthern brethrin, and his
eyident intenshun uv kolonizin on em in the North, and the
heft on em in Wingert's Corners, and

WAREAS, In the event uv this immigrashun, our fellow
townsman, Abslum Kitt, and uthers, hooz familis depend

upon thare labor fer support, wood be throde out uv employment, and

WAREAS, Wen yoo giv a man a boss, yoo air obleegd to also make him a present uv a silver platid harness and a \$350 buggy, so ef we let the nigger live here we air in dooty bound to let him vote, and to marry him off-hand, and

WAREAS, Wen this stait uv affairs arrivs, our kentry will be no fit plais fer men uv edjucashen and refinement, and

WAREAS, Euy man hev in the intellek uv a brass-mounntid ackass, kin eesily see that the 2 races want never intendid to liv together, and

WAREAS, Bein in the magority we kin do ez wo please, and ez the nigger aint no vote he kant help hisself, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That the crude, un-deodorizd Afrikin is a disgustin obgik.

RESOLVED, That this Convenshun, wen it hez its feet washed, smells sweeter ner the Afrikin in his normal condishun, and is ther4 his sooperier.

RESOLVED, That the niggers be druv out uv Wingert's Corners, and that sich property ez they may hev akkumulatid be konfistikatid, and the proseeds applide to the follerin purposis, to wit :

Payment uv the bills uv the last Dimekratik Centrel Kommittee.

Payment uv the disintrestid patriots ez got up this meecin.

The balens to remane in my hands.

RESOLVED, That the Ablishunists who oppose these Resolushens all want to marry a nigger.

RESOLVED, That Dr. Petts, in rentin a part uv his bildin to niggers, hez struck a blow at the very foundashens uv sosisiety.

Fello whites, arowz ! The inemy is onto us ! Our harths is in danger ! Wen we hev a nigger fer Judge—

niggers for Teechers—niggers in pulpits—wen niggers rool and controle sosity, then will yoo remdember this warnin!

Arowse to-wunst! Rally agin Conway! Rally agin Sweet! Rally agin Hegler! Rally agin Hegler's family! Rally agin the porter at the Reed House! Rally agin the cook at the Crook House! Rally agin the nigger wulder in Vance's addishun! Rally agin Missis Umstid! Rally agin Missis Umstid's childern by her first husband! Rally agin Missis Umstid's childern by her sekkund husband! Rally agin all the rest uv Missis Umstid's childern! Rally agin the nigger that kum yisterday! Rally agin the saddle-kulurd girl that yoost 2 be hear! Ameriky fer white men!

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

II

HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH VALLANDIGHAM.

WASHINGTON,
Joon the 1st, '62.

I AM in Washinton. I stand under the shadder uv the tempel uv Liberty, and am reposin my weery lims in the kool shades uv Fredum. But I can't reelize that this is the saim Washinton I yoost 2 visit. I yoost to go from Pennsilvany to the kappytle wunst a yere to git my stock uv Dimocrisy recrootid, and to find out wat we wuz expectid to bleeve doorin the kunpin yere, thus gettin full 6 months ahead uv my nabers. I wuz wunst electid gustis uv the peese in Berks county, by knoin neerly a yeer in advance wat we wuz to vote fer that ortum. They thot Nasby wuz a smart man.

2 fesoom. This is not the Washinton that wunst I knode. Our kappytle is now a Ablishn kampf. The brite sun, reflex glittrin raze frum shinin baynets—the ere is horrifide with the rumble uv kannon wheels, and the iren-shod war-steed klatterz on the stony street. The slaiv-pens, them proud moniments uv the sooperiority of the Anglo-Sacksun race, hez bin swep away, and with them the heft uv the Dimocrisy. O! my kountry! Wher is Tooms, and Yancy, and Wigfall? The lofty domes uv the kappytle don't re-ckko no moar 2 ther sole-infiririn voisiss. Ez I reflek that these pillers uv Dimocrisy aint hear, and wat is wuss that they dassent kum here—that these place that knode em wunst will kuo em no moar furever, my manly buzzum throbs with sorrer, and my proud form is bowed in anguish. O thow fell sperit uv Abolishnizm, thow hast much 2 anser fer—mucher than thow kanst anser. Wood that I cood heve thee owt uv

these sakrid precinks, and with gentil strances woo back then ez we hev lost. Avant thow grim and nasty cuss—my stumick heeves whenceer I think uv theco.

2 resoom. I kum hear to see Vallandygum—I huntid him up, and last nite we mingled our goys and somers in a talk that lasted 2 ours. We hed a bottle uv koncentratid kontentment, and after disposin uv a suffishensy thereof, Vallandygum commenst:—

“Nasby,” sez he, “we’re in a fix.”

“Vallandygum,” sez I, “to wich do yoo elude—our distractid kountry?”

“Nary,” sez he, “I wuz a speekin uv myself, and the rest uv us. Them’s my kountry.”

“Sagashus man,” sez I, “youm rite. Politerkilly we’re ez bad off ez our friends in Fort Warin is personally—we’re in a tite place.”

“Yes,” sez he, “and ve must git out. We must carry Ohio this ortum.”

“Certingly,” sez I, “but how?”

“I hev,” sez he, “the plan uv the campane fixt. Firstly, we must oppose the holessail votin’ by niggers.”

“But,” sez I, “no niggers votes in Ohio.”

“Nasby,” sez he, a puttin his thum to his nose, “a man uv straw is the ecziest knockt down, especially of yoo hev set him up yerself fer the perpus uv knockin uv him down. Secondly, the immense emygrashen uv niggers into Ohio must be prohibytid.”

“But,” sez I, “no niggers air comin, er hev any noshun uv comin in2 Ohio.”

“3rdly,” sez he, “the alarmin amalgamashun uv the races must be prohibbytid.”

“But,” sez I, “ther’s no amalgamashen north uv the Ohio river.”

“4thly,” sez he, “the idee uv allowin the nigger to stand on a equality with the whites, must be squelcht.”

"But," sez I, "noboddy wants 'em to be our ekals."

"5thly," sez he, "no nigger must ever be allowd to hev offis in Ohio."

"But," sez I, "nobody wants the nigger to hev offis."

"Never mind, Nasby," sez he, "nigger is our trump card—we must lead off with it. Taxes is a good dodge, fer no man likes to pay taxes, and we must work em up on that. After nigger, compromise is our best holt. Ef by a fair, ekitable compromise—"

"To-wit, givin our Suthern brethren all they want," murmured I—

"We kin end this unnatural war," continued he, "wich hez tore up the foundashens uv liberty, and rent the proud old Dimokratik party in twain—"

"Into 2 twains," sighd I, like a ekoin zephyr.

"And reskoo the guverment from the jubbers and spekulators who now controle it, and put it into the hands uv pure men—"

"Sech ez Floyd, and Bright, and we," sejestid I, smilin sweetly.

"Then," continnerd he, a wettin his lips at the mouth uv the bottle, "we will not hev labered in vain. To do this and bring back the fraternul feelins uv yoar, this bluddy war must cease. Oh, Nasby, the dimokratik staits is being invadid, the homes uv our Suthern brethren is bein violatid, ther niggers and household gods is bein torn from em, and onless we kin stand between em and rooin, will they, wen perse is restored, take us back and give us the politikle crums they cant use? Nary."

It wuz past 3 o'clock, wen I partid from that trooly grate man. He give me a gineral outline uv the plans uv the confedrits, and red me letters he hed reseevd from Tooms, Davis, et setty.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

III.

ANNIHILATES AN OBERLINITE.

COLUMBUS, O.,

June the 21, '62.

I wuz onto my way to Columbus to attend the annooal gatherin uv the fatheful at that city, a dooty I hev religusly performed fer over 30 yeres. Ther wuz but wun seet vakent in the car, and onto that I sot down. Presently a gentleman carryin uv a karpit bag, sot down beside me, and we to-wunst commenst conversashen. After discussin the crops, the wether, et settry, I askt wher he resided.

"In Oberlin," sez he.

"Oberlin!" shreekt I. "Oberlin! wher Ablishnism runs rampant—wher a nigger is 100 per cent better ner a white man—wher a mulatto is a obgik uv pity on account uv hev'n white blood. Oberlin! that stonest the Dimekratik prophets, and woodent be gathered under Vallandygum's wings as a hen kaww gathereth chickens, at no price—Oberlin, that gives all the profits uv her college to the support uv the underground ralerode—"

"But," sez he.

"Oberlin," continyood I, "that reskoos niggers, and sets at defians the benifiscent laws fer takin on em back to their kind and hevenly-minded masters—Oberlin—"

"My jentle frend," sez he, "Oberlin don't do nuthin uv the kind. You've bin misinformed. Oberlin respex the laws, and hez now a body uv her galyent sons in the feeld a fightin to manetane the Constooshn."

"A fightin to maintane the Constooshn," retortid I. "My frend" (and I spoke impressively), "no Oberlin man is a doin any sich thing. Oberlin never fit for no Constooshn. Oberlin commenst this war, Oberlin wuz the prime cause uv all the trubble. Wat wuz the beginnin uv it. Our Suthrin brethrin wantid the territories—Oberlin objectid. They wantid Kansas fer ther blessid instooshn—Oberlin agin objecks. They sent colonies with muskits and sich, to hold the terrytory—Oberlin sent 2 thowsand armed with Bibles and Sharp's rifles—two instooshns Dimocrisy cood never stand afore—and druv em out. They wantid Breckinridge fer President—Oberlin refused and elektid Linkin. Then they seceded, and why is it that they still hold out?"

He made no anser.

"Becoz," continyood I, transfixin him with my penetratin gaze, "Oberlin won't submit. We mite 2-day hev pcese, ef Oberlin woud say to Linkin, 'Resine!' and to Geff Davis, 'Come up higher!' When I say Oberlin, understand it as figgerative fer the entire Ablishn party, uv wich Oberlin is the fountin hed. There's wher the trubble is. Our Suthern brethren wuz reasonable. So long ez the dimocrisy controlld things, and they got all they wanted, they wuz peeceable. Oberlin ariz—the dimocrisy wuz beet down, and they riz up agin it."

Jest eggscactly 80*^{six} yeres ago, akordin to Jayneses almanac, a work wich I perooz annually with grate delite, the Amerykin Eagle (whose portrate any wun who possessis a 5 cent peece kin behold), wuz born, the Goddis uv Liberty bein its muther, the Spirit uv Freedom its sire, Tomas Geffer-
son actin ez physician on the occasion. The proud bird growd ez tho it slept on guano—its left wing dipt into the Pasific, its rite into the Atlantic, its beek thretened Kanady, while his magestik tale cast a shadler ore the Gulf. Sich wuz the Eagle up to March, 61. Wat is his condishn now? is hed hangs, his tale droops, ther's no strength in his

talons. Wat's the trubble? Oberlin. He hed bin fed on nigger fer jecs, and hed thrived on the diet. Oberlin got the keepin uv him—she withholds his nateral food—and onless Oberlin is whaled this fall, down goes the Eagle.

PETROLEUM V. NAGS.

IV.

SHOWS WHY HE SHOULD NOT BE DRAFTED.

August 6, 1862.

I sene in the paper last nite, that the Government hez insti-
tooted a draft, and that in a few weeks, sum hunderds uv
thousands uv peeseable citizens will be dragged to the tented
feeld. I know not wat uthers may do, but ez fer me, I can't
go. Upon a rigid eggaminashen uv my fizzlekle man, I
find it wood be wus ner madnis fer me 2 undertake a cam-
pane, to-wit :

1. I m bald-headid, and hev bin obliged to ware a wig
these 22 yeres.

2. I hev dandruff in wat scanty hair still hangs around
my vénerable temples.

3. I hev a chronic katarr.

4. I hev lost, sence Stanton's order to draft, the use uv
wun eye entirely, and hev cronic inflammashen in the other.

5. My teeth is all unsound, my palit aint eggactly rite,
and I hev hed bronkietis 31 yeres last Joon. At present I
hev a koff, the paroxisms uv which is fiteful 2 behold.

6. I'm holler-chestid, am short-winded, and hev alluz hed
paues in my back and side.

7. I am afflictid with kronic diarrear and kostivniss.
The money I hev paid fer Jayneses karminnytiv balsam and
pills wood astonish almost ennybody.

8. I am rupcherd in 9 places, and am entirely enveloped
with trusses.

9. I hev verrykose vances, hev a white swellin on wun leg

and a fever sore on the other—also my leg is shorter than tother, though I handle it so expert that nobody never noticed it.

10. I hev korns and bunyons on both feet, which woud prevent me from marchin.

I dont suppose that my political opinions, which are ferninst the prosekoooshn uv this unconstooshnel war, woud hev any wate with a draftin ofiser, but the aboye reasons why I cant go, will, I maik no doubt, be sufficient.

PETROLLUM V. NASSY.

V.

IN CANADA.

DRETT, KANADA WEST,

August 20, 1862.

AFTER more adventures than wood fill a book, I am here in Kanada, safe under the protectin tail uv the British Lion, where no draftin orfiser kin molest nor make me afraid. Ha!Helloogy!

I never shoold hev taken this step, or ruther, the succeshun uv steps that brot me here, hed a good, sound, constoosinel doctor bin appointed Medical Eggsaminer, fer I hev twict ez menty diseases ez wood hev egusemptid me, but I wuz afcend the Eggsaminer wo-dent see em, ez he nint much uv a physician anylhow, besi 'es, he votes the Union tickit, and bez, uv course, prejudisis. The Commissioner is a goory Ablishuist, and besides I owe 'am a store bil wich hez stood about 8 years: I protest agin all sich appointments.

I left in company with 5 other invalids, wun nite a little after the "witchun hour uv 12 M.," ez Shakspeer hez it, and any wun beholdin our faces wood hev bin satisfide that sum "church-yard yawned" jest preiously. We traveld all nite, "sustaned and soothed by an unfaltrin trust" in a bottle which I, with my usual 4site, took along, together with 2 and 1 third yards uv holony sassige, which I alluz use ez a thirst-provoker. We met no interrupshen till we got within 5 miles uv Toledo (which we did by 5 P.M., uv the next day, wich permit me to remark, was good travelin fer sich debilly-talid cusses), when we wuz stopt by a pickit gard uv the

"Anti draffin Invalid League," who remarkt, "Who goze there?" "A invalid," sez I. "A, Peece invalid," sez he. "Ther aint no other kind," sez I; whercupon, sez he, "yoor a man uv sence," a fact uv wick I had bin long aware. I presentid my liqwid consiliator, when he informed me that Toledo wuz closely watcht, that escape by steamer was impossible, and that a small bote was our only chance. He took us to the lake shore, furnisht us a bote, and jest as the golden sun wuz a siukin behind the golden horizon I bid my nativ land adoo.

I need not dwell upon the peils uv that terrible passage. Suffice it 2 say that, fer invalids, we rowed well, and finally landed at the litle village uv Brest, wher we now air

200 Peece men are here, and I must acknowledge that we are not treeted with that distinguished consideration usually accordid polhtical eggshiles. Fer instance at the tavern wher I board, the pailer is partikelerly plesent, and I wuz a settin into it. In trips a girl, putty enuff fer a man whose taste was not vishnatid 2 cat "Shel I shet down this window, sir?" sez she. "Why shet it down, jentle maid?" retorts I, lookin sweet onfo her. "Because," replide she, "I thot, perhaps, the DRAFT was too much fer ye." A few slavish Kanajens who set there, laft. The landlortd required a month's pay in advance, and a further deposit uv 25 cents per eggshile, as sekoority fer the pewter spoons, wick we hev at table. To cap the climacks, last nite a big nigger was put into eech uv our rooms, and we were forced to sleep with em, or okkepy the floor, wick I did. The cussid nigger laft all nite, in a manner trooly aggravatin to hear.

PETROLEUM V. NASSY.

P.S.—Tell my wife to send sich money as she earns to me, as livin is high, and ther aint no tick. The township kin support her and the childe:n.

VI.

IS FINALLY DRAFTED.

CAMP BY THE 776TH OHIO KIDNAP REGIMENT,
Toledo, Oct. the 17 1862.

I AM here, clad in the garb uv slaivry! Nasby, clothed in a hobtailed bloo coat, a woolin shirt and bloo pants, with a Oysteran musket in his hands, a goin thro the exercise! Good havings! wat a spectacle!

The draft was over, and I thot that wunst more I'd visit my native land. Guly I stept aboard the bote that was to carry me from British shores—gaily I say, for my money hed given out some weeks afore, and I hed earned a preearious ~~st~~ stance a sawin wood in pindnership with a disgustin mulatto, and I lookt forward with goyful antecpashens to the time when I shoold agen embrace Looizer Jane (the pardner uv my buzzum), and keep my skin perpetooally full uv the elickses uv life, out uv her washin money. Goyfully I sprang off the bote onto the wharf at Toledo, when a hevy hand was laid onto my shoulder. Twas a soljer! The follewin conversashen ensoud.

"Wat wantest thow, my jentle fiend?"

"I want yoo my gay Kanajen."

"On wat grounds?" retor 'id I.

"On the ground uv eloodin uv the draft," sez he.

"Yoor mistaken," sez I, "I'm a ablishnist—a emissary. I hev bin a spredin the bled uv life among the poor kaled brethrin in Kanady, and am jett returnin to run thro-another lot. Let me pass I entreat thee. nor stay me in my good work." (This wuz strategy)

"Not much," sez he. "I know better. 'Yoor a butter-nut."

"How knowst thou?" sez I.

"Yoor nose," sez he. "That buckens bakken like wuz never got out uv spring water."

"Yoor knowedge uv men and things is too much for me. I confess and surrender at discreeshun—do with me as thou wilt."

And he did. I wuz led out to camp, and wuz allowd to volunteer to fite against my convickshens—against my brethren, who hev taken up arms in a righteous coz. So be it. Hentzith the naim uv Nasby will shine in the list uv matters.

Amid the dark, deep gloom that envellups me, wan ray uv light strikes mo. I hev seen the clockshun returns, and wen I seed em I yelled Hallelogy! Me and another victim uv Linkin's tyranny, who is a Dimekrat (he wuz a postmaster under Bookannon, and wen removed by Linkin dident give up the balance uv money he hed on hand, fearin twos be used to subvert our free instooshns), hod a jubilee. We smuggled a bottle uv condenst ekstasy, and celebratid merrily. "The North's redeemed!" showtid I. "Let the Eagle serene!" yelled he. "The Quakers have votid!" showtid I. "Abhism dead!" screemed he. "Dimoorisy's triumphed!" left I, and so on, until after midnite, when, completely eggustid, we sank into slumber, with a empty bottle atween us.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

P. S.—Tell Looizer Jane that I may never see her again—that shoold it be my fate 2 perish on the battle-field, amid the roar uv battle and the horrors uv miscellaneous carnage, my last thot, as life ebbs slowly away, shal be uv her, and ask her ef she can't send me half or three-quarters uv the money she gits fer washin, as whisky costs fitefully here.

P. V. N.

VII.

DESERTS—HIS EXPERIENCE IN CLOTHES.

CAMP OF THE LOUISIANA PELICANS,
November the 1, 1862.

I hev deserted, and am now a soljer uv the Confederacy, Jest ez soon ez our regiment struck Suthin sile, I made up my mind that my bondage wuz drawin to a close—that I wood seeze the fust oppertoonity uv escapin to my nateral friends the soljers uv the sunny south. Nite before last I run the gurd, wuz shot at twice (reseevin two buck-shot jest below the hind buttons uv my coat), but by eggstrordinary luck I escaped. Had infantry bin sent after me, I shoold hev bin taken, for I am not a fast runner, but the Commandent uv the Post wuz new at the bizis, and innosently sent cavalry. Between the hosis they rode, and the stoppin to pick up them ez coodent stick onto ther flyin steeds, I hed no difficulty in outruunnin em.

At last I encounterd the pickits uv the Louisiana Pelicans, and givin myself up ez a deserter from the hoides uv the tyrant Lukin, wuz to wunet taken afore the Kernel. I must say in this connerckshun that I wuz surprisid at the style uv uniform worn by the Pelicans. It consists uv a hole in the sect uv the pants, with the tale uv the shirt a wavin gracefully therefrom. The fullerin colloquy, ensood :

"To what regiment did yoe belong?"

"776th Ohio."

"Volunteer er draftid?"

"Draftid."

"Yoor name?"

"Nasby, Petroleum V."

I notist all this time the Kernel wuz eyein my clothes wistfully. I had jest drawd em and they wuz brand new. Sez the Kernel:

"Mr Nasby I reseeve yoo gladly ez a recroot in the grand army uv Freedom. Ez yoo divest yoorself uv the clothes uv the tyrant, divest yerself uv watever lingrin affeshuns you may hev for the land uv yer nativity, and ez yoo array yerself in the garb uv a Suthrin suljer, try to fill yer sole with that Suthrin feelin that anymates us all. Jones," sed he, addressin his Orderly, "is Thompson dead yit?"

"Not quite," sez the Orderly.

"Never mind," sez the Kernel, "he can't git well uv that fever; strip off his uniform and give it to Nasby, and berry him."

I judgd from the style uv the uniforms I saw on the men around me, that I woud rather keep my own, but I sed nothin. When the Orderly returned with the decessed Thompson's uniform, I groaned innardly. There wuz a pair uv pants with the seat enthly torn away, and wun leg gone below the knce, a shoe with the sole off, and the straw he had wrapped around the other foot, and a gray woolen shirt. Sez the Kernel:

"Don't be afeerd uv me Nasby. Put on yer uniform rite here."

Reluctantly I pulled off my new dubble-soled boots, and I wuz petrified to see the Kernel kick off the slippers he wore, and pull em on. I pulled off my pants—he put em on, and so on with every article uv dress I possest, even to my warm o/arkote and blanket. Sez the Kernel:

"These articles, Nasby, belongs to the Guvment, to which I shal akount fer them. Report yoorself to-wunst to Capt. Smith."

Ex I passed out, the Lootenant-Kernal, Major and Ajitent

I ullud me to wun side, and askt me "ef I coodent git three more to desert." Wun glance at ther habillyments showd why they wuz so anxious fer deserters.

I candidly confess that Linkin takes better care uv his soljers than Davis does. The clothin I hev described. Instid uv reglar rashens we are allowed to eat jest whatever we kin teal uv the planters, and ez mite be expected we hev becum onderfully expert at pervidin, but ez the Pelicans hev bin mpt here three months, the livin is gittin thin. Yet a man n endoor almost any thing fer principle.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

VIII.

CAPTURES A TURKEY.

CAMP UP THE LOUISIANA PELICANS,
Nov. the 10, 1862.

NASBY still lives, tho I must say its rayther tite nippin. Tho servis uv the Suth'in Confederacy wood be ez pleasant ez any military life cood be, were it not for three things to-wit :

1. We hev nothin to eat.

2. Our clothes is designed more for ornament than use, consistin cheefly uv holes with rags around em—an appropriate summer costoom, but rayther airy for this season.

3. Our pay is irreglar, and not jest ez good in quality ez cood be wished.

Fer instance. Our regiment hazzent reccevd a cent for 8 months, and ther wuz much grumblin wich cum to the ears uv the Keinel.

"The men murmur do they," sed he to his Ajitent
"Their complaints is just, and they shal be paid their just doozs. Is ther a printin offis in the town?"

"Ther is," retorts the Ajitent.

"Go take possession uv it in the name uv the Confederate States and secze watever paper he my hev on hand: The faithful Pelicans must be paid."

The next day every wun uv the men hed his haversack stufft with money, each wun takin ez much ez he judgd he cood use. It does very well except that it gives the grocery keepers much trouble, as they take it by weight—a \$1 bein wuth ez much ez a \$20, cepitin that the \$20 is a trifle the largest, and weighs more.

A incident. I wuz out on pikkit dooty, in the immejit visinuity uv a planter's barn, who had been suspectid uv Unionism. I saw a turkey, capchered it, and indulged all the way into camp into the pleasant idee that, for the first time in voo months, I wood hev a stunnie-distendin dinner. Ez I entered camp I met the Kernel, who, ez his eagle eye caught the proud bird I held, spoke, sayin :

"Ha ! a turkey. Wher gottist thou him ?"

"I capcherd him at Johnson's," replied I.

"Fat and young," mused he, feelin uv him, and then lookin up thus he did say : "My venerable patriot" (he allooded to my gray hairs), "this bird belonged to a Union man, and all sich property taken by the army belongs, uv course, 2 the Government. Yoo will 4thwith take it my quarters."

Not hev'in eaten any thing fer 18 hours, I determined to make wun effort for my turkey. Sez I, "Admittin the bird belongs to the Government," sez I, "I may retane him, I suppose, by payin his vulyoo," and I tendered him a hand-ful uv the money we hed reseevd that mornin.

"Not so fast, my aged hero," sed he, "the Guverment nees turkeys more than it does money. Money we kin make, but yoo must be aware, that without a material alter-ashen in our anatomikle structure the makin uv a turkey by us is a impossibility. Leave the property at my quarters."

* * * * *

That nite I passed the Kernel's quarters. There wuz a sound uv revelry within, and the odor uv a Thanksgiving dinner assalld my nostrils. The next mornin I saw the Kernel's dorg a chawin the bones uv that Government turkey.

PETROLEUM V. NABBY..

IX.

IMPROVES HIS FORTUNES BY MARRIAGE.

CAMP OF THE LOUISIANA PELICANS
November, the 11, 1862.

I AM here and miserable !

I am not less than 213 per cent more miserable nor I used to be !

I consoomd 2 hours of the Suthrin Confedragy's time, and a 12 foot board, ascertainin the eggsact increesd uv misery wich I am engoyin. With the above result.

Wen I wuz draftid I wuz not particularly dissatisfied. My posishen wuz becomin precarious. Looizer Jane (the wife uv my buzin) had cut off my supplies, and wuz wastin the money she reccevd fer washin, on bread and clothes fer the childern, and misunderstandins and coolnissess ensogd. I whal-d her in the afternoon when she wuz tired, and she whaled me in the mornin, when she wuz fiesh. Had I expended the energy and strength consoomd in whalin Looizer Jane in choppin cord-wood, I mite hev ownd a farm. I then tried the credit system, but the unanimity with wich the bar-keepers all remarkt that "that thing wuz played out," wuz trooly surprisin to the undersined.

Knowin that I cood at any time desert to my Suthron friends, I felt satisfied at bein draftid. Sence my enrollment in the ranks uv the Pelicans, the romance uv the thing hev departid. Nothin 2 eat, nothin to wear, no money, and hard work. This is our fix. The plump, rosy Nasby is no more — anserin 2 his name is a lean indiviggooal, upon whose nose a bullet cood be split.

I determined to better myself by marriage. The idee wuz sejestid by our second corpral, who interdoost me 2 a widdier lady who lived jest out uv town — the owner uv 2 thousand akers. The akers inspired me, and I prest my soot with vigger and guder. In a week the thing wuz dun. I caught the regimental chaplin sober enuff wun nite, and we wuz married.

Fer a day I wuz a happy man. I contemplid ~~my~~ plantashen and wept tears uv goy. Suddenly my happinis bustid. The Sârgent informed me that my wife—the future sharer uv my goys and sorrows—wuz a OCTOROOM, one 8th NIGGER! — that she wuz a slave left in charge by her mistress, and that the corpral did it jest fer a goak! A purty goak to play upon a Dimekrat! Nabby marryin a Nigger!

My views hev changed on the slavery question. Amalgamashen is the cuss uv slavery. The blacks hev bleached and bleached, until it is almost impossible to distinguish the slave from his owner. Wen the mix becomes wus, wat then? Wenn e slave is ez white ez his master, wat are yoo goin to do? Slavery, like a man with a tape-worm, hez within itself the elements necessary to its destruction. Amalgamashen is the ~~type~~ worm uv slavery.

PETROLEUM V. NABBY.

X.

CONVERSES WITH A SOUTHERN SOLDIER.

CAMP UP THE LOUISIANA PRITCHANS
December the 11, 1862

I HED a conversashen tother day with a fellow-defender uv the rites uv the South, wich ruther startled me. I wuz a holding 4th with my yoosual ability on the blessidnits uv slavery, and wuz, uv coarse, quotin hevvy frum skriptor to defend my position. A member uv our company interrupted me by remarkin that N ichee hed spiled a great rascal in me, by not contribbitin a suffishent amount uv brains. He continued his remarks :

"Nasby," sez he, "I know slavery is a cuss—a ommittyga-tid cuss. I hed 18 niggers, and they kept me as poor as a skim milk cheese. The hogs eat the corn, the niggers eat the hogs, and I lived on what they left. To defend my property in these niggers we seceshed and startid a new Guvment. The new Guvment took the corn, the hogs, the niggers, and finally took me. My oldest dawter run off with wun defender uv the flag, my wife with another, and my youngest childern is livin with sum niggers 2 old fer the Guverment to take. I've had my share uv rites, I hev. Ef there's any more comin to me, give em to some poor person as needs em. I'm jest more'n rollin in a perfooshn uv that kind uv wealth."

"But," sez I—

"Ther aint no buts," sez he. "Yoo're a Northern man, and don't hev niggers. Don't defend nigger. Ef I hev the itch I may aware that itch is a good thing, but wat sense is

ther in yoor swarin it onasked and fer nothin. Sech stratejy borders closely on lunacy. Let us squeeze our own liles *—don't yoo do it gratooitous. Appolygize fer yer own sins—don't shoulder ourn: I may be mean for my own profit, but to act dirty fer another man's use, and hev him kick ye fer doin it, is a kick ahead uv my comprehenshun. Durn all sech men."

And he stawkt indignently away.

I hev reseevd more letters from frends in my wunst happy but now distractid home than I kin anser separatly. I shel do it all to-wunst, thus :

JOHN M.—Shoemakin would be a splendid biznis here, only ther aint no leather. Practice haff-solin with straw before you start.

W. G.—The pay uv a member uv the Mississippi Legislater is \$6 per diem, evry day, paid in Confedrit 30 per cent bonds, redeemable at the pleasure uv the Guvment any time within two centuries. Come along. Almost any body kin git ~~off~~ in this state.

B. N.—Ther is a good openin fer a Watchmaker here. I am the only mechanic in this section uv Mississippi. I fixt the Kernel's watch, yisterday — forged a mane-spring out uv a baynet, and fer a chanc used a fiddle-string. It don't jest keep time, but ez it ticks it anser to bet on poker. Fetch sum lard ile—tar won't work on watches even in this warm climate.

AMOS.—The success uv our Guvment is shoor. Finances hez trubbled us, but our Seketary uv the Treasury hez bought 2 fast printin presses, and a lot up a paper on tick, and we now git all we want.

PETROLEUM V. N¹SBY.

XL

AT HOME.

WINGERT'S CORNERS.

Feb. 27, '63.

A MAN who duz things frum prinsippel kin stand a good deal. I kin. Sustaned and soothed by an unfaltrin trust in the rychusnis uv the Suthrin coz, I stuck to my beluvd rejyment, the Loozeaner Pelikins, with a tenassity wich I did not dreme I possest. But ther is a pint beyond wich human nacher can not go. I endoord hunger and cold—I saw the rags drop off my muskeler limbs wun by wun—I murnered not. But, wen the pataloous wuz awl gone—wen my gostoom wus a blanket and wun shoe—I applide fer new pants, and the Quartermaster onseclinly remarkt that my dress wuz all rite; that hereafter my gostoom wuz to be adoptid as the uniform uv the rejyment—I felt that desershun wuz no longer a crime, and I deserted. It is entirely onnessary to rekount awl I endoord in makin my eskaip. Suffice it to say that at Columbus I stript the klose off uv an innembryatid solger, and maid my way to Amanda township. My old Demokratio friends did not kno me, and ez I expected to borry money uv them I deemed it best not to make myself knone.

They were suspishus uv my blóo kóte, at fust, until wun uv them remarkt how I likd the serviss?

"To wich I anserd, "Dam the serviss!"

"Don't admire fitin fer the bigger, eh?"

"Not any," sez I.

"Why not desert?" sez he.

"I hev deserted," sez I.

In a instant the aspeck uv things wuz changd. A jug wuz propdoost, and they awl shook hands. Wun, more richer nor the rest, handed me a treasury note uv \$10, sayin, "You may need it."

I replide that, as a general thing I wood hev nothin to do with any paper that bore the babboon likeness uv the usurper and tyrent Linkin, but under the sirkumstances I wood endoor it until I cood get it changd into lujany munny. They took up a kollekshun to wunst, for my benefit, which amounted to \$13.

Jest at this pint wun uv em asked me to what rejyment I belonged

I replide the Loozeaner Pelikins

"Loozeaner!" sed another, "why that's a Confednacy rejyment ant it?"

"To be sure," sez I.

"And air yoo a d sceter fium a Suthain rejyment?" sez the benevolent old buttanut who hed inversed \$10 in the desarter biznis.

"Sartin," sez I.

Seczin me by the throte, he ejackelated, "Give me my money you swindler!" And with a unanimity trooly surprisin they awl yelled, "Give me my money you swindler—you got it under false pretences!"

Hevin the munny safe in my pokkit, I took these compliments with ekanimity, sidin out and gettin away ez soon ez possible.

I am disappointed in Amandy. Fium wat I had heard I hed supposed they were kind to deserters. I found that it makes much diffrence wich side you desert from.

* PETROLEUM V. NABBY.

ASSISTS DRAFT REGISTERS.

XII.

ASSISTS DRAFT REGISTERS.

IN THE HANDS OV LINKIN HIRELINS,
HOSKINVILL, *March 20, 63*

I AM in durance vile. Wunst more the tree uv liberty is uprooted in my person—wunst more hev the unrightous tools uv the monster Linkin seized my venerable form and incarcerated it in a basteel. So many times hev I bin imprisoned for opinions sake that if I kin get a pardner with capital, I shet go into the manurin biznis. But 2 my nar-rashen. When the news reechd me uv the bold stand made by the heroes uv Hoskinvill, in opposition to the draft, I determined to throw myself "in2 the deadly and imminent breech," ez W Shakspeer, hez it. I made my way to Hoskinvill, wuz receevd with the wildest enthoosiasm by the patriots ther assembled, and wuz to-wunst placed in command uv the forces. It wuz a proud day for Nashy! Before me stood, leand and laid (akordin ez they hed emptied their canteens, wich wuz all filled with new fitu whisky), two hundred uv the brave sons uv Hoskinvill, from the rich, hory-headed farmer (uv whom I promptly borrowd 50 odd dollars), to the gay and sportive yooth uv 16, all consoomd with uncomparable ardor. I drilled sech uv them ez were sufficiently sober to keep their feet, nigh onto two days, amockin ourselves into the intervals with passin resoolutions denouncin Linkin and pledgin ourselves to resist even un2 death.

At last our agents brot me intelligence that two companies uv blooded hirelins wuz within 9 miles of us.

approachin, at the rate uv wun and a half miles per hour. "Ha!" shoutid I, "the foe! they comest! Now men uv Hookinville and visinnity, show yourselves men!" Accordinly another meetin wuz immejitly organizd, Chairman and Sekréta; appointid, and a resolution passed, pledgin the meetin to resist even un2 death, the proceedins to be published in all the Dimekratic papers. We adjourned, and I wuz about drawin on em up in line uv battle, and wuz instructin uv em to hold the muzzle uv the gun from instid uv toward theirselves, when they fired, and wuz explainin to others the necessity uv puttin the powder down the barrel before the ball, and makin scch other arrangements ez a wise and prudent commander determined to conker or die would, when suthin like a dozen uv em ejakilates:

"Gineral!"

Drawing myself up to my full hite I anserd, "Wat!"

"Gineral," sez wun uv the oldest, "we are not advantagesly postid. Wood it not be better on the hill," sed he, pintin to a very high hill júst east uv the town. I perseeved at a glance the strategik importance uv the position, as the enemy wuz approachin from the west, and I ordered the men to deploy by squadrons in open right file platoons, and okepy the summit. Never wuz a order obeyed with greater alacrity. I hev a reputashen fer speed—I kin rival the courser and outstrip the jentle gazelle, but they shot past me like a arrow. Their enthoosiasm carried em to the top uv the hill, and how much further I hev no mences uv knowin, ez when I reached the top uv the hill not wun uv the resisters wuz in site.

I wuz arrested that nite. In vain I protested that I was a Methodist preacher scillin fruit trees—my nose wuz blossoming like the lobster and a copy uv the Noo York Day Book I hed in my pocket wuz aginst me, and I wuz to wuzt confined. My feelins is hurt.

PETROCKUM V. HASSY.

XIII.

STRATEGISCS.

WINGERT'S CORNERS,
May 15, '61.

Disconsay hezn't ez many hobbies now ez it used to hev, and it is somewhat difficult to keep the people strung up the proper pitch. Nigger is all the capital we hev left, and its rayther tough work to keep the old machine rummin. In Union and Orange their blood dident bile when I told em that 40,000 niggers wuz on their way to that section—nary bile. So I had recourse to strategy. Last Friday eve I pro-hooked some lamp black and lard-ile, and applyin it to my classica countenance, and my labor staned hands, transformed myself into a villainous contraband. Then I proceeded after night to the south end uv the township, and at day-light com-menzed goin north. The skem workt beautiful. As they house the follerin conversashen wood ensoo:—

"Hello, Cuff, wher yoo from?"

"Tennisce, massa."

"Wher you goin?"

"I've gwine to stop sum'ers 'bout heah."

"Who sent you North?"

"Israel Niblin, and de ablishners ob de 21st."

"Is Niblin and yoo too. Git?"

"Went back did. Then went back to take another load, standin' on a pile of shits and doctins, and main sich o'f means to arguin our people is a realt'ion made by the owner a floatin nigger population, and a field of slaves, for my

mind. It became a serious thing though, for on the fourth day, so many had seen me, that they really spoke the nigger invasion had commenced, and they hunted me. I ran a mile, and findin they were gainin on me, darted into the woods, washed, and came out ez the original Nusby

Lord, what an enthusiastic meetin we had that night. Their faith in the nigger invasion hed bin shaky, but it was now firm. They had seen em. Wun had seen 38 that day, uv wich number he wuz proud to say he had killed 5. I laifed innardly, but held my preece. Desep-hen is justifiable now and then. I kin do it. I only borrered \$4 in Union.

PETROLFUM V. NUSBY.

XIV.

ADDRESSES THE SOLDIERS.

At a meetin uv the manejers uv the ginocwine Dimocracy, consistin uv the immortal J N Free, the illustrious Vandildigum, and myself it was resolved to ishoo a address to the soldiers uv the Cumberland. Vandildigum hev'n failed in the habus corpus liznis is employin his spare time in amusin of himself in Fort Wain, wh h is near Boston, while J N. is vigorously marterin uv himself for the saak uv trooth, wick is idcotik. The dooty there4 devolves upon me.

Soldjers of the Cumberland Ez individooels hev'n votes, I esteem yoo—ez invaderis uv Dimokratic States, ez men engaged in the slawtrin Dimocrats by the 1000, ez bloo koted tools uv a abolishn despotism, I can not smile at you approvingly.

Sum uv you wuz Dimokrats, who, without contemplatin the konsekenes to the party, volunteerd. Faytle error, incomprehensible stoopidity! And I regret 2 learn that, notwithstanding we hev told you over and over that it is a Abolishn war, you laff at our sollum warnins, and madder uv you hev turned Abolishnists yureselves.

We warned uv the evils that woud naterally follow Abolishn. To show you that we professide correctly I now give attention to the follerin strictly Dimokratic fact.

Slawtrn engagement uv the war the addres uv miggers (northern side) has been as follows:

Hev'n

Wood (in consensens uv 1861 in the Ashly's despotism) 22,000

Lorano (wich is near Oberlin) 103,000
 [All uv wich is study in for the ministry, drawin cavelry, cap'n's pay
 and rashes, till they gradoo, includin 2 white serjants wath.]
 Sineky 99,000

And so on ad infinitytum. These niggers are workin in
 sitooashens yoo wunst okepiet. The tuler shops, blaksmith
 shops, shoe shops, and stores is all filld with these noosengis
 fresh from Suthrin plantashens. So yoo see that while they
 hev seezed upon yure labor, you air tax by a nigger-lutin
 Government to support them in idlenis. But there is moar
 fax :

Number uv soljers wives who died uv starvashen in
 Hankok county, last week 1258

Besides 1 small wooman they did not count. And all
 this time (ny blu l biles when I think uv it) the entire nig-
 ger popelashen is bein fed on briled sirline stake stuff with
 oysters. 238 white men hev married black femails, within 2
 weeks, also 803 white wimmin to black men, all in the corpo-
 rashen uv Winget's Corner, the Cluverment payin license,
 preecher's fee, and the bridle outlit, incloodin furnytoor to
 start 'em howskoopin.

It is useless to multiply instancis. You are eckspoosin
 yure livers and helth, just 2 set free a army uv shiftlis niggers,
 who wont work, and who by takin yoor plasis on the farms
 and in the workshops, will prevent yoo from cruin a onist,
 livin wen yoo git back.

Soljers, remember these things wen yoo vote this fall.
 Under Dimokratik rule, wen the Sowth roold us pearsely
 as they wantid 2, awl wuz peese. We kin hev it agin on the
 same terms, with perhaps the payin uv the expensis they have
 incurred in manetanin uv ther rites, payin penshuns 2 the
 widders uv them yu hev wiksidly slane, or settery.

Soljers! you kin emansipate yureselves. Shoot yer
 ofisers, throw down yure arms, and cum hoam. The old

party is in danger, and without you it'll go to rooin a canterin.
 Shal any feelin of pride in yure sountry deter you from
 comin wen yure party is in peril? I can not beleave it.

PATRICK M. NEASE.

For hisself and collogues—I uv hoom is in a abollish
 basted, a studyin "Pulpit Pollytiks," and the uthers goin
 round missellaneously a matter in uv hisself.

XV.

ORGANISES A DEMOCRATIC CHURCH.

WINGERTS ~~Congress~~,
 June 8, 1864.

NUTHIN hez dun so much agin the Dimocaisy ez churches, skool-houses, Sandy-skools, preachers and sich. Here, our people hev awoken to the dangerous tendencies uv sich instooshins, and hev set about vigorously to suppress 'em. Ez this work is what my hart delites in, I organized the pious portion uv the Dimocriy, that we mite do our work well and thorough. When my jigantic intelck hez a chance, the work is shoer to be well done, and I hev the satisfaction uv announcin the complete destruction uv two churches, the drivin off o' preachers, and the fightin in uv many wimin.

But my mission is not alone to tear down—I bilt up. The idee segostid itself to my fertile mind that a strikly Dimokratie Church and Sandy skool wud not only help the cause, but afford me an easy livin. It wuz dun, and I am reglarly installed ez the pastur uv the first Dimokratie Church uv Ohio.

The follerin is the order uv exercises:

1. People assemble at the second tootin uv the horn.
2. Readin uv one uv the follerin passages uv Skriptur: 9th chapter uv Jennysis, wich relates the cusin uv Canaan provin' that niggers is Skriptoorally slaves; and the chapter about Haymer and Onanims, wich proves the Fugitive Slave Law to be skriptooral. (The rest uv the Bible we consider s'ggerative, and pay no attention to, whatever.)

3. Singin—"O well hang Abe Linkin on a sour apple tree," or some other improvin ode, havin a good moral.

4. Readin extracts from the New York Argus.

5. Singin—"O John Brown's body lie a danglin in the air."

6. Reading from the Day Book.

7. Lecture on whatever phase uv the nigger question may seem appropit.

We hev also organised a Sundry Skool on a pure basis. I spent much time in getting up a katekizm, uv wich the followin is a sample :

Q. Wat is the cheef end uv man ?

A. To whale niggers and vote the Dimekratic ticket for ver.

Q. Wat do the Skripters teach ?

A. That a angel sent Hayger back to her mistress, that Paul sent Onesimus back, and "Servance obey your masters."

Q. Who wuz Onesimus and Hayger ?

A. Onesimus wuz a mulatter, and Hayger a cotton-pickin.

Q. Wat is sin ?

A. Skratchin a ticket.

Q. Who compose the Dimocratic trinity ?

A. Vallandygum, Bute and Fernandywood.

Q. Wat is the first duty uv man ?

A. To beware uv Ablushin lies, to rally to the polls to vote early, and to bring in the agid, the infirm, and the idiotik.

To stimoolate the infant mind I hev instituted a system uv rewards ez follows.

For committin' 2 verses uv Vallandygum's address, I heer a good at the Coincise; 5 verses, 2 checks; 12 verses, and to the child havin the most verses, a copper-bottomed cement pip.

We hev a festival winderday. The tables are then copiously spread with holden, liver-wurst and onkers, wile a

harl uv native whisky furnisht the floods necessary. It wuz a tetchin site to see the mothers, with maternal solissitood, a mixin Nacher's Great Restorer with water and sorghum syrup, to adapt it to the infantile stumick. Fer my part I alluz take nino strait.

I bleve good will be accomplisht. Last week in makin a p'reorel visit jest about noon to the house uv wun uv my flock, who hez fine poultry, I wuz amored at hearin a meer infant only three years uv old, swinging his little hat, and cry, "Hooraw fer Jeff Davis!" It wuz tetchin. Fattin the little patriot on the head, I instantly borrowed five cents uv his father to present to him.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

XVI.

GOES ON WITH HIS CHURCH.

CHURCH uv St. VALLANDYGUM,
June 10, '63.

WE hed a blessid and improvin time yisterday. My little flock staggered in at the usual hour in the mornin, every man in a heavenly frame uv mind, hevin bin ingaged all nite in a work uv mercy, to-wit: 2 mobbin uv 2 enrollin officers. One uv em resisted, and they smote him hip and thigh, even ez Bohash smote Jahecl. (Skriptooral, wich is nessary, bein in the ministry) He wuz left fer dead.

We opened servis by singin a hym, wich I writ, commen-cin es follows:

"Shel niggers black this land possess,
And mix with us up here?
Oh no, my friends, we rayther guess,
We'll never stand that 'ere."

I then held forth from this text: "Whar hev ye laid him?" I statid that the person I referred to wuz the mar-tered Vallandygum, and I, in behaff uv a outraged Dimocriasy, demanded uv the tyrant Linkin, "Whar hev yoo laid him?" A unconvertid individooal sed, "He's laid him out!" wich remark cost him a broken head. I went on to show why our saint hed bin martyred. It wuz becoz he wuz a Dimocrat—becoz he dared to exercise the rites garanteed to every American, exceptin Ablishuists and niggers—aboesin the Guverment. Fer this and nuthin else wuz he eggaled: "My friends," sez I, drawin myself up to my full hite, and

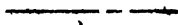
lookin ez much like Fernandy Wood ez possible, "I am willin to be martred. I denounce this war as unholy, unconsooshnel, unrighteous and unmittygated. It is nuthin less than a invashen uv Demokratik states, for the sole purpos uv freicin niggers. Linkin is a tyrant, Burnside a tool, order 38 a relik uv barbarism, and I will resist the enrolement, the conskripshen, and the tax. Hooray for Jeff Davis."

Our class-meetin wuz more interestiner than ever. One old, white headed brother sed that at times his way wuz dark, and his pathway gloomy. Wunst he wuz very near becomin a infidde. He reely believed at one time that the nigger was human, and wunst he voted for a Republican road Supervisor. But he hed repented, and was, he trusted, forgiven. His mind wuz now easy, and he should vote the whole Democratic tickit.

Two backsliders who scratched their tickits last fall confessed their sin, publicly. I exhorted em two hours, fined em a gallon uv whisky apeece, and took em into full communion. The whisky will be devotid to the missionary service, wich is mo.

This is a deliteful feeld uv labor. At the Corners they give me such floods ez I need, at all the doggeries but one, and at that one they trust me, wich amounts to the same thing. I hev horrid uv my flock over 60 dollars already. It is a rich feeld, and wun wich will endoor much workin. My nose is deepuin in color every hour.

PLETROLLUM V. NABBY,
Pastor uv sed Church, in charge.



XVII.

STARTS A PAPER.

CHURCH OF ST. VALANDIGUM,
June 30, '63.

I AM back in the midst uv my flock. I coodent be a martyr. The Federal officers dismiss me with the insultin remark that I wuz 2 smal potatoes to notis. Hevin time on my hands, and feelin that I'm havin vane onls, I am doin suthin fer the grate coz, I hev determined to ishoo a paper, devoted to disseminatin my view. I ishooed my prospectusses to-day, uv which the followin is wun :

TO THE PURE DIMOCRASY!

PROSPECTUS UV THE "MARTER AND TIENT REGISTER!"

Orgust 1st, the underlined will ishoo the fust number uv a paper bearin the above title, devoted to the interests uv the pure Dimocracy. To ishoo the tithful just sech a paper ez they need, the followin able writers hev bin engaged, regardlis uv expence :—

On arbitrary arrests—Petroleum V. Nasby.

On habus corpus—P. V. Nasby.

On nigger—P. Volcano Nasby.

On vilashens uv Constooshunal rites—Mr. Nasby.

This brilyunt gallacksy uv intelleck, under the edytorel controle uv Petroleum V. Nasby!

The "Marter and Tient Register" will support Valandigum, and while givin the Guverment a harty support uv puttin down the rebellyun, will uv coarse oppose—

Coercin the secedid stait
 Invadin the secedid stait ;
 Raisin armiz by volunteerin ;
 Raisin armiz by draft er conscripshen ;
 Raisin meens by tax er tariff ;
 Arrestin uv men fer sympathisin with the Southern
 Dimocrisy ;

Arrestin uv anybody fer anything ;
 The usin uv niggers ez soljers ;
 The usin uv white men ez soljers ;
 Evrything the Administrashen hez dun, is doin, er may
 hereafter do.

It will viggerously advocate—
 The Constitooshn ez it is ;
 Vallandigum's doin away uv the Constitooshn ;
 The Union ez it wuz ;
 Vallandigum's plan fer dividin the Union in 2 4 parts ;
 The cleckshen uv Vallandigum ;
 The cleckshen uv troo Dimekrats to good payin offises ;
 The enforcement uv the laws ;
 The resisting uv conskripshen and enrolein offisers ;
 Morality and good order ;
 The mobbiz uv Methodis, Presbyterin, Luthrin Brethrin,
 and uther hetrodox churchis.

I appele confidently too the Dimocrisy fer support. The
 actooal, ginooine prinsiples uv Dimocrisy need a able defender,
 and I'm the identicle individooal. Mi hole sole is in the coz,
 and I am peecooliarly fitted by eddicashen and taists fer the
 posishen.

I bleeve the speckelashen will pay hevvy. My church
 welkomed me back with a corjality trooly affectin. They
 held a Festivle on my return, to wich the Sundy skool
 skolars wuz present. I unbendid myself, and kist em onst
 a peece, takin a nip uv corn essense atween times, wich wuz
 nessary. Mistakin a mother fer her infant, the infooriated

husband assaulted me. I wuz riskood afore much danij wuz
dun. A spehlt church meetin' will be held too con idder
his case.

PETROLEUM V. NABBY,
Paster uv sed Church, in charge.

XVIII.

PREACHES AND MAKES A SUDDEN SHIFT.

CHURCH OF ST. VALANTINUS,
July 7th, '63.

I PREACHED last Sunday from the text, "Break every yoke and let the oppressed go free." I went on to show that this text had no reference whatever to niggers. Niggers wuz ordained 2 be bondmen from the very day Noah took a overdose uv the Great Happyfier, and cust Canaan. But the text, like the Deklarashen uv Independense, and the ever blessid Constitooshn, wuz made solely fer white men. It hed undoubted reference to the payin uv debts. Wat heavier yoke is ther than notes? and who is more oppressed than he who pays ten per cent? "Burn yer notes, and let yer debtors go free," woud be a more correcter readin uv the passage.

In our biznis meetin in the afternoon, the question uv the draft wuz considered. It wuz plain that the enrolment cood not be prevented. The enrolin ofisers hed managed to do it, and it wuz a sertinty that every name atwixt 18 and 45 wuz down. And we were all so satisfied that the draft cood be enforst, and therf it behooves us to make it ez light ez possible, more espeslly, ez when one uv us is draftid, he will hev 2 go, not hev in the ncesary 300 dollars. It is here ez it is in all exclsuivly dinocratic communities, the grocery keepers absorb all the capital. The follerin resolutions were past:

WHEREAS, Our nashen is involved in a horrible, fratricide war, the same bein unholy and waged solely 2 free the nigger and enslav the white man, wich is therefore our duty to oppose the same, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we are in favor uv raisin our quota by volunteerin, and hereby urge the same.

RESOLVED, That we consider the employment uv niggers ez soljers ez not only justifiable, but highly commendable.

RESOLVED, That a committee be appointed to select the settlement uv 2 hunderd families uv niggers in this township, exclusively fer volunteerin purposes.

The resolooshens wuz past, and the committees appointed.

The very next day we heerd uv Vicksburg and Gettysburg. I to-wunst blew the horn and got my flock together—told em the news, and offerd the following resolooshens:

WHEREAS, Our beloved country is involved in a bloody war against rebels and traitors—

(A old man interrupted me sayin “W-h-a-t!” Payin no attenshon, I proceeded.)

And in sich a crisis the dooty uv every troo citizen is to sustain the Guverment, therefore be it

RESOLVD, That the Dimocrisy are, ez they alluz hev bin, in favor uv a vigerus pro-schooshen uv the war.

RESOLVD, That our confidence in the great Vallandigham is unabated, and bleevin him to be the only actooal war man in Ohio shel give him our hearty support.

RESOLVD, That the reports uv troubles in Ohio and Ingeany is lies, got up to deseeve the people.

The resolooshens wuz past, tho I had to tell em twice to vote for em. We iminejitly hunted up 2 enrollin ofisers who we tarred and feathered sum weeks ago, jest after Hooker wuz defeated by Lee, at Chansleville, wen we sposed our Suthern brethrin wood triumph, and giv em a public dinner. Ef all the leaders of the Dimocrisy were ez sagashus ez me, the old party wood hev smooth sailin. Alas! how few hev the gigantik intellek uv Nasby! I hev writton to my frends advisin em to shift es soon ez possible.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Pastor of sed Church in charge.

XIX.

OBSERVES A DAY OF FASTING.

CHURCH LV ST. VANLANDIGUM,
July 20.

YESTERDY wuz set apart by my congregashen, ez a day uv fastin and humiliashen fer our misforchunes at Gettitzberg, and the loss uv Port Hudson and Vixburg. I ishood the follerin direxshens f r the proper observance uv the fast to wit:

1. Nip before breckfust not 2 ecksed two jills.
2. Fer breckfust no animal food permitted, ceptin ham and eggs, beef, etc.
3. Fer dinner, ditto, supper - me ez on ether dazo.
4. Beer 2 be taken by the single glass, and pretzels 2 be eten without salt on em.
5. These rules to be void in the case uv peepil over 35 and invalids, who may hev ther sustaimin fluids ez usual.

I preecht frum this text, "O mi sole why art thou cast down." I told em we wuz ast down becoz uv Meed's whip-pin Lee, becoz uv Grant's takin Vixburg, and Banks' takin Port Hudson. That's what's the matter with us. That's what hez cast a shadder over ovr countnansis, and changd the hew uv our nozis from the brilyunt grimsun tq the gustly bloo! The flattrin hopes uv a successful invashen uv the North is dasht — likewise the releef uv Vixburg, and now to fill our cup uv sorrer, Jon Morgan's command is destroyd. But still my fiends ther is a silver linin 2 evry clowd, wich is poetry. There is wen ray uv hope, amid all th's gloom. I alloud 2 the late constooshual demonstrashens in New York.

Ther wuz a victory. Th' draft bloks wuz destroyed and the draft wuz stopp'd. But ther wuz a bigger triumph than stoppin the draft. Niggers wuz kill'd—the proud Anglo-saxn riz in his mite and stoned the niggers! Halleloujy. At this pint sum uv the awjence becum sleepy, and to arouse them I becum fascshus. Why, sez I, wuz the Dimocriy who mauld the niggers in Noo York, a most ennerjetic and perseverin people? Becoz, anserd I, they left no stone unturnd 2 effect ther purpus. The ijec uv interdoosin conundrums int the pulpit is orijsenel with me. I closed by exhortin uv em too stand firm. Ef we kin elect Vallandigham we may yet check the Fedral Guvment in its victorius enere. With Ohio all rite for constooshnal rites, the game uv subjoogushen woud be playd out. Let us, sez I, never falter nor faint, but press onward 2 the mark uv our hy calln. Ez the Israelites threw down the walls uv Geryko by blowing ram's horns so kin we by blowin our horns throw down the walls uv this Abolishn Geryko. Blow your horns, my brethrin, for whoso bloweth not his own horn the same shall not be blown, but whoso bloweth his own horn the same shall be blown with a muchness.

We took a enumeration uv ovr church with a vew to the draft, with the followin result:

Hole number uv male in 1863,	200
Over 45,	50
Under 18,	50
Badly rupeheid, and utherwise diseased,	22
Gone to Candy 2 visit the Union,	8

We air ezy in our minds on this subje.

PELROLIUM V. NABBY,
Pastor uv said Church, in charge.

XX.

VISITS VALLANDIGHAM

CHURCH UV ST. VALANDIGHAM,
July 27, '63.

I HEV jest returned from a visit to our persekootid saint Valandygum. The marter wuz holdin a resepsium at the Clifton House, wen I arrove. He caught site uv me ez soon ez I entered the room, and he rusht in2 my arms, and droopin his head on2 my heavin buzm, wecpt aloud :

"Marterd saint!" sez I, with a voice tremulous with emoshn.

"Sufferer fer truth!" sez he, and then this trooly grate man whispered, "Jest keep in this posishn a minnit—the artist uv the Noo York Illustratid Flapdoodle is makin a sketch uv us," wich we did, standin locked in2 each others arms, and weepin profoosely fer 15 minits. It wuz exhaustin and tiresum, but fer the cause I endoord it. The picter will appear in next weck's Flapdoodle, headed "The 2 grate minds uv the Age! Affectin meetin uv Valandygum and Nasby!" The matter akompyin the picter will be written by Valandygum and myself, he writin v. it relates 2 hisself, and I wat relates 2 myself. We kin do ourselves justis. After the Eastern delegashen hed gone thro the serrymony of kissin his feet, wich cleaned em, he dismist em, and we wuz alone.

"Nasby," sez the great C. L., "how is things in my native state?"

"Squally," sez I.

"Wat was the opinion sentiment uv the people as to my egg sale."

"They was extremely glad uv it."

"The skoput uv my prostrashen—my untold sufferins, et settry, wick I hed publiht in the papers; did that not affeer them?"

"Yes, they laft."

"Did not the affectin akount uv the wife uv my buzm, and my cherub babes a jinin me here 2 share my lonely egg sale, move em?"

"Nary move"

"Nasby, the peeple is stun. But I'll fetch em. Nil despritrando is my motto."

After a few moments uv profound silence, he rose and said: "I must be Guvner, for how else kin we prevent the subjugashen uv the Dimekratic stait. Elect me and therd be not more trouble about drafts, unless we shoold git involved in a war with the United States. The Confedracy wood be recognised, Ohio wood go with the South, and slavery wood be interdoct, and as we woodent hev eny further use fer em, poor men woodent be allow'd to vote. making me potpetooal Guvnor. Nasby, we must succeed"

"Certinly But we're in a tite plais. Oor speakers is embarist. It takes a gigantik intellck to bring the pints 2gether. A anecdote. A spritely boy wunet put 200 eggs in a nest for a hen to set on. Sez his maternal mother, 'My son why put-tist thou so many eggs under the hen? She canst not kiver em.' 'Certinly she canst not, but thunder, I want to see her spread herself.' Jest so. Our speakers are in the same fix. The outside egg in the Dimekratik nest is opposition to the war. Tother side uv the nest, 200 eggs distant, is the support uv the war. To kiver em all requires great stretchin capacity."

"Troo, 2 troo. But we must mix it and trust to luck. In loyal counties stuff em with dilooted patriotism—in our

counties pure secesh. The people is jest ez gullible now ez ever they wuz."

I left the patriot and sage much comforted.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

Paster uv sed Church, in charge.

XXL

CONFESSION OF FAITH.

CHURCH OF ST. VALLANDIGUM,
August 31, '62.

We hed the glorusist kind uv a seesun yisterdy. The winders wuz opend and a showr uv pure Dimecratic grace descendid upon us and we wuz blest. Glory! We reseved into our Zion 18 young men who reseved the faith by inheritance, ther fathers hevin alluz voted the strait ticket. The follerin is the Confeshun uv Faith too wich they subscribed:—

Queshun—Dostest thow bleeve that Canaan wuz doomed to bondig becoz uv Noer's gettin tite; that Hayger and Onezimus prove the skriptoorality of the fugytiv slaiv law; that taken ez a hull they show that the ketchin uv niggers with dorgs is commendible and evangelikle?

Dostest thow bleeve that the present war is unconstooshnel and unholy; that it wuz brot on by the Abolishnists interferin with slaivry; that the bombardment uv Sumter wuz rite, thu hasty?

Dostest thow bleeve that Linkin is a tyrent and usurper; that he hed no rite to subjoogait the sowth; that his callin out troops wuz unconstooshnel; and that every thing he hez dun, since the war begun, is likewise unconstooshnel?

Dostest thow bleeve that Vallandigum wuz sent in2 the world to save the Dimocratic party; that in doin it he wuz arestid at Dayton, tride afore Ponteus Burnside, and sent sowth; that after three months he riz agen in Canydy,

whense he shel cum ez soon ez hese cloetid, and Poeh got after him with 300 thousand?

Dostest thou take the Crisis?

Dostest thou bleeve that the Sentrel committis is the sole dispenser uv opinyun, and wiltest thou alluz yawp wen they wink?

Dostest thou bleeve that skcratchin a tikkit is the onpar-donable sin?

Dostest thou bleeve that this war wuz got up to free niggers, and that to-day Linkin hez 75,000 niggers in Ohio, a feedin on fride oysters and hot punch?

Dostest thou bleeve that Lee is the greatest ginerall uv the age, and that all reports uv Fedral victries is lies?

Dostest thou bleeve Ben Butler, a beast, and Hamlin a mulatter?

Wiltest thou pledge yurself 2 oncompremisinly oppose yure sisters marrying niggers, no matter how much they want to?

2 all uv these questuns the candidates anscred, "I dost." Bro. Tuttle extendid the rite hand uv fellowship—Bro. Huff sold eech uv em a copy uv Vallandigham's Record, and after making a ✕ to their names, wich I hed prevusly ritten in our church book the wuz made members of my flock.

The coz is prosperin. We commense a series uv revival meetins next week, and hev made extensiv prepparashens therefor. 10 barls uv condenst Dimocrisy, 20 barls uv beer, and 300 yards uv bolony hez bin provided. Ther will be a outporin.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Pastor uv se^d Church, in charge.

XXII.

PREACHES—SUBJECT, "GIVEN."

CHURCH OF ST. VALENTINE,
September 21, 1863.

I PREACHED yisterdy frum this text: "Verely I say unto yoo, it is moar blessedder toe give than toe reseeye."—Jonah 17, 313 to 21, ineloosiv

The inspird riter hed, no dout, the Dimecratic party in his mind's I, wen he rit them wuds uv wisdom. Experence hez shbde the truth uv them sentens, and ef it hadent youd be bound to bleeve it, coz I, yoor paster, sez so, wich is Dimocrisy. To illustriat we shall inquire:

1. Wat is givin?

Givin is givin, wich is a sullishently cleer explanashen fer all practikle poipuses.

2. Wen shoold we giv?

This pint reqwires moar cloocydashen. We must giv alluz fer it is moar blessider toe giv ner toe reseeye. The Dimocrisy hez alluz bin scriptooral in this partikeler. Wen the Sowth wantid Misoory, we giv it. Wen she wantid a Fugitiv Slaiv Law, we giv it. Wen she wantid Toxis, and Kansas, and Nebrasky, we giv it, halloogy. Wen she wantid Bookannon, we giv it, and wen she demandid Duglisses hed, we giv it, fer it is moar ble-sider to give ner it is to reseeye.

3. Why shoold we give?

Becoz it pays. So long ez the Dimocrisy hed the power uv givin all wuz well. The Sowth hev'in all it wanted wuz contentid, and evry thin wenz on smooth and plesent like.

Nacher intendid em to robb, and us uns to serve, and we wuz satisfide, and so wuz they. Such offisis ez wuz benethe em, they lost to us, and all wuz peese. It wuz normal.

4. Wat hez bin the consekencis uv not givin?

My frens, seest thou yon Post orifise? A abolitionist sets there. And woe is us the plasis we onct did fill all ore the land, we fill no moar. And wuz. Ther is war—the North hez rebeld against the Dimocrisy, and to-day, yoor sons is being dragged to the tentid feeld, to be offered up a sakrifik to the fell sperit uv “not givin.” Oh, my frens, we stumbled ourselves. We faild to giv wunst, and that failyour wuz fater. Wen we in our pride defide the Sowth at Charleston, we sinned, and air now payin fer it. O hed we all yoonited in given, then—hed we follered presedent and got down into the dust, then all wood hev bin well.

We dedooce from the foregoin the follerin grate trooth, to-wit, viz: Suffrin alluz follers sin. Nether duz the sinner git the price uv his sin. The demon uv Abolishnism, er NOT GIVEN, wich is sinonymus, held afore the eyes uv Duglis the dazzlin prospek uv Northrin votes. But lo! when Duglis hed took the fatel step, the votes wuz Linkin’s, and the Post orifises wuz Linkin’s, and the Dimocrisy supped on sorrer, and brekfasted on woe.

Ther is, my brethren, a hevy cuss on Not givin. “Wo unto yoo fer a stif-necked and rebelyus people.” Abiram 31, 5, xlp. In the originel Rooshen it is “stif-backt” instid uv “stif-neckt,” wich makes it mene Massychusetts. They wood never bend a inch, they hed no limbernis, and with head up, instid uv down—with backs strate, instid uv curvyd, they insisted on bein men ez well ez Virginny, thus forcin the Sowth to take up arms to bend em into ther nateral posishen.

My frens, this war is a effort on the part uv the Sowth to put down these rebels against the grate prinsipal uv GIVEN. That’s all they want, and wen they git it they’ll stop, I make

no doubt. Then breethrin, let us pray for their success—let us imytait our martird saint, Van and gun, who is a exel far away, and 2 the stent uv our ability farther the grate coz. Let Noo Ingland be got under, Sumner, and Waid and Giddins, and Oin Ashly, and Oin Luvjoy, hung—the grate Davis President, with Fernando Wood and Van and gun in his Cabrait, then will ther be for us pcece, and harmony, and good will, and post orifises. Let wat I hev sed sink deep in2 yoor harts, wen the contribooshen box cums around, remem-ber that "it is moar blessedder 2 give than 2 receive." So mote it be.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

Paster uv sed Church, in charge.

XXIII.

VISITS CAMP DENNISON TO ELECTIONEER
FOR VALLANDIGHAM.

CHURCH OF ST. VALLANDIGHAM,
October 1, 1863. "

FELLEN it a sakred dooty I oad the coz uv Dimocrisy and fre speech (on awl subgeks not interferin with Dimocrisy ez it hez bin, ez it is, or ez it may be), I visyted Camp Dennysoh, wich is naimd after a Abbolishuist, to use my stentorin voyse fer Vaulandigum, among the payrold prizners. It wuz a bammy mornin in September, wen I arriv, and procoorin admishen, I set to work to onct. Noticin a cupple uv duzen uv a playin poker, 1 cent anty, I jedged by a instink I hev that ther wuz a gud field for sowin dimycratik seed. Advansin, I sed, "My frends!" "Wat," sed wun uv em, takin advantij uv the interupshen to slip a ace er 2 up his koat sleeve.

"My frends," sed I, "I cum 2 yoo ez a possel uv peece, and I umble advokait uv Dimocrisy, and that persookootid angil, Vanlandigum,—

"Five aces, Jimmel," sed the person who fust sed "Wat" to me, "I take the pile, cor yu no yu cant bete five aces," and sweepin the munny, he remarkt 2 me, "now parson wat did yu say?"

"I cum," sez I, "in behalf uv the outraid Vanlandigum, who is a exel far away."

I found that the sile ov Camp Dennyson wuz altogether 3 stony to maik preeching for Vaulandigum and fre speche

very plesent, fer no sooner hed the yurds left my lips than a showr uv stuns assailed me, wun thit, felt ez tho it wayd a tun prostratid me. A seriz uv outfalls wuz then perpetrated wich beggers beskribehun. I wuz peltid with rotten eggs, and rotten cabbig, and decayd pertaters, in fact at wun time the air wuz so full uv eggs, that I might hev thot, had I bin possibke, that the blessid sun wuz a mammoth hen, badly distard, and a layin rotten eggs a milyun a minnit. Finell, wun uv em sez, "Boys, we aint the prizners this feller's aft. Johnson's Island's wher he want to go to find his frends." "Yes," sed another, "and to git thair yu go by water," where-upon three frends seczed me and draggd me thro a boss troff 15 er a hunderd times. Then they pourd cole ilo over me, and wuz a goin to set afire to dry me, ez they sed, but I broak and fled, pursood by 1000 uv these infooriatid demuns. I finelly escaid by passin myself orf ez Morris Gresly, onto a party uv em who stopt me.

I am at present confind to my bed, sustanin myself by takin dosis uv terbacker joose from J. Davis' spittoon, dileoted with whisky. It inwiggoraitz me.

• PETROLEUM V. NABBY,
Paster uv sed Church, in charge.

XXIV.

IN THE "APOSSEL BIZNIS."

May 6th, 1863.

THE sole uv Nasby's foot knoze no rest. Eternal viggilence is the prise uv libberty, and a old Dimecrat who hez never skratshed a tikkit, and who never spiles his likker by dillooshn, kin work in these perilus times. I am engaged in organizin Sieties on the basis uv the Union ez it wuz, the Constitooshn ez it is, and the nigger wher he awt to be. This imployment soots me—the apossel biznis I like. Brot into continooal contact with the best uv Dimecrats, I hev the run uv a thowsan jugs—pay regler and libral—fasilitiz fer borrerin unekalled—I am kontent. I send a few extras frum my jernal.

MUNDY, 2D.—Kum into Whartensberg afoot. Wuz re-seeved with enthooziasm, invited to drink 20 times in ez menny minits, which invitashens I acceptid, solely fer the good uv the coz. Hevin cast-iron bowils I survived the trial. I found here a order called the "Limit," wieh is a good thing. Hed a meetin, and added the oaths to resist drafts and shelterin deserters, and after exhortin uv them to stand by Valandigum, horrered thirty dolers and a elene shirt, and departid. [Poskrip.—The elene shirt I borrered frum a line about 9 P. M.]

TOOSDY, 3D.—Houkto..n wuz the next pint. Dimecrisy all rite to opperate on. Never wuz in a place in wich nigger wuz so hated and feerd. They hev a holesum prejoodis agin evry thing black. Wun old patriark shot all his black sheep, paintid a black hoss red, and his dawter, a gushin majen uv thirty-too, askt the obgik uv her affeckshins too dy his raven fox white. A roomer that a Provo Marshal

wuz in the visinity did the job fer him in a single nito. Found him well organizd. Addressed em at length, showin conclusivly that hed Linkin resined in favor uv the hi-mindid Davis, we shoold never hed this war. That soch a compermise, and the follerin concessions, woud hev averted blud-shed, to-wit:

The rite uv suffrage to held only by slave-owners and sech ez they may designate.

The repele uv awl tariffs ceptin the wun on sugar.

The fillin up uv Boston harbor.

The suppresshun uv the Triboon.

The hangin uv Giddins, Waid, Ashly, Sumner and Oin Luvgooy.

I dwelt at length on the horrors uv amalgamashen, and closed with an elokent appele to stand by Vanlandigum and pure Dimocracy. Borrowed three dolers on a prommis to remit, wish I shel do sum time after next Preidenshel electshin. I maid the wictim ezy, by given him my note. Wen men can be made comfortable by simply a note, I alluz do it, if they furnish paper. Benevolens is a prominent trate in my karieter.

WENSDEY, 4TH — Van Buren wuz my next pint. The Dimocrisy here hev their Janips tryind and buruin. They indoost more soljers to desert than any in the county ceptin Amandy and Union. I organised a branch sosity to wunst. A blessid feelin prevades here. They jest more than hate niggers, and morn twenty babies hev bin named Valandigum within six munths. One enthoosiastic old Butternut named a femail infant Vallandighamia, and another named his boy J. N. Valandigum Olds Woods Bright. The boy bez a strong constooshn and may live. Things is workin in Allen. I borrowed only 8 dollers uv the fathoful, which I shel pay wen I uv my rich uncles pegs out.

I shel percede to Unyuni and Orange townships immediately.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

Paster uv sed Church, in charge.

XXV.

WAILETH.

CHURCH UV ST. VALANDYGUM,
October 14, '63.

I'm sad—and waxed. My hed is a fountin uv teers, and mine eyes distil dilootid corn-joose. My hart is lead, and my sole is pot-bellied with greef. My lims ake with woe; my manly form is bowld, and my venerable lox is turnd white. O, Valandigum, thou hast gon to the grave, and in the same toom is berriid all my hopes. Adoo, vane world, adoo! I'll be a nunnery.

The fait uv the people uv Ohio is seeld. Valandigum,

Our chosin stander-barer,

is not only a exile far away, but ther is a cheerful prospek, wich is dailly improvin, uv his continnerin in the exile biznis fer an indeffynit peryod uv time. A tyraunikle Presydent hez taken our old habis corpusses from us, and persistently refuses to furnish us new wuns—and the people hevin acquiest by their votes, we lay bound hand and foot. Men fleein from conskripshen and sich kin be seczed and dragd in2 slavery—cavelry drest in odjus bloo hez license to hunt the pantin fugitive, who, after drawin his bounty and pay, changis his mind and desires to return to the buzem uv his family, and the shootin uv'enrollin orficers and tax assessors will now be considered a crime. Alas!

The newsraffectid me variously. I hed our township all

fixt, hev'n distriibbitid tikkit's, and knowin nuz uv em eood skratsh em, ez they don't rite efny. I reseovd the returns with a gratifide smile. "Bless yoo, my children, you hev dun nobly," sez I. Presently a currier arrived, bringin the disturbin intellygens that the Northren countis giv Bruff 30 thowsen, and 2 minnits thereafter another arrivd statin that the Suthrin countis had got loonatik and given Bruff 35 thowseind. With a harterendin and sole tarin shreek, I fell a inannymait corps on the flore. * * * I awoke. A oder uv suthin natrel filled the room, givin me life agen. It wuz whisky. The worthy woman to whose house I borde, hed bin rubbin the soles uv my feet with a jug, and givin me small dosis uv the Restorer thro a funnel. Her exershens restored me to life agen. I presume the fact uv my owin six months board did not nerve her fragile arm. It wuz revrens.

Despondent and weery uv life, I attempted sooside. I mixt my licker for a day; I red a entire number uv the Crisis; I peroozed "Cotton is King," "Pulpit Pollytiks," and "Valandigum's Record," but all in vano. Ez a last desprit resorce, I attemptid to pizon myself by drinkin water, but that faled me. My stumick rejected it—I puked.

I am 2 much prosteratid to offer either advise or consolation to my Dimecratic friends. We air in a stait of abject en-situde. To see Waid and Chaise, and Oen Luvgooy, and that 3 ply Abolishnist Horis Greely, feelin good, is prusie asid and strickd to us. I shell seek relceef from my sorrers in the floin bole.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

P.S.—The printer will put mournin lines abuv and below this letter.

XXVI.

"CHANGES HIS BASE."

CHURCH uv ST. VALANDIGUM,
October 28, 1863.

PAUL the apossel, on his way frum Geroosalem 2 Damaskus, to persekoot the Crischens, seed a dazmlin lite wich struck him blind. The old Dimocrisy on the 13th uv October, on its way to Glory, to persekoot the nigger, seed a lite wich knocked it crazy. Wen yu've suckd a orange dry, natrelly yoo fling away the peel, and if the froot provd sour and bitter instid uv sweet, yoo fling it a good dele further, bein disgustid. Valandigum's marterdom wuz our orange—we suckt it wiggerously; but alas! quinine is sweetnis compared to it; to-wit: I fling away the wuthless pele.*

Myself and flock is now all war Dimecrats. We hev alluz bin. We never agreed with the extreemists uv our party, and we remaned in the organnyzation, only becoz, ez members thereof, we cood restrane it frum doing mischif. We wer zelus in the support uv Valandigum, and workt hard to lect him, only that, being his supporters, and hevin electid im, we cood curb him.

Therefore, all our apparent opposishen to the war, wuz bely its most effishent support. I hope the people will see it.

At a biznis meetin uv our church yisterdy afterneon, the follerin resolooshen wuz past:

WAREAS, Dimocrisy flourishes best wen it is successful; and wareas, it is a tender flower that don't bare the chillin frosts uv adversity much; and wareas, the peeple hev shode

by the pekoolyer stile uv ther votin that they don't like Valandigum ner his prinsipples; and warena, the peeple is moar use to us than Valandigum, therefore be it.

RESOLVD, That Valandigum never wuz a representativ uv Democratic idee.

RESOLVD, That we do not endors his vews, or approve his acts, and nevur did.

RESOLVD, that onist old A. Linkin, by arrestin uv him, and thereby forsin uv us into committin polittikle sooiside by nominatin uv him, wuz gilty uv a hecnus sin.

RESOLVD, That we aint ez much consernd about our habis corpusses ez we wuz afore the elecshen.

RESOLVD, That the war fer the Union must go on, until its enemis is subjoogatid, and the banner uv buty and glory waves over every stait, and the Democratic committis uv the varius staits be requestid to procoor a suffishent number uv banners, and appint sub-committis to wave em.

RESOLVD, That we air in favor uv subjoogashen, emansipashen, confiscashen, taxashen, conscripshen, exterminashen, nigger enlistments, and ef ther is any thin else the peeple desire, let em write us (post paid) and weel pass the nessary resolooshen.

These preamble and resolooshen (which, at my request, wuz past unanimusly) strikes me ez kivering the hull ground.

Waitin and watchin,

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

Paster uv sed Church, in charge.

XXVII.

HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT.

CHURCH ST. _____,
Nov. 1, '93.

I FELT it my dooty to visit Washinton. The misarable condishon the Dimocrisy find themselves into sinse the clecshen, makes it nessary that suthin be did, and therefore I determind to see wat cood be effectid by a persnel interview with the President.

Interdoosin myself, I opened upon him delikitly, thus :

"Linkin," sez I, "ez a Dimocrat, a free-born Dimocrat, who is prepard to die with uetnis and dispatch, and on short notis, for the inalienable rite uv free speech—knoin also that you er a goriller, a feendish ape, a thirster after blud, I speek."

"Speek on," sez he.

"I am a Ohio Dimocrat," sez I, "who hez repoodiatid Valandigum."

"Before or sinse the clecshin, did yoo repoodiate him?" sez he.

"Sinse," retortid I.

"I thot so," sed he. "I would hev dun it too, hed I bin you," continnered he with a goriller-like grin.

"We air now in favor uv a wiggerus prosecushen uv the war, and we want you to so alter your polisy that we kin act with yoo, corjelly," sez I.

"Say on," sez he.

"I will. We don't want yoo to change your polisy, materially. We air modrit. Anxshus to support yoo we ask yoo to adopt the follerin trifling changis :

Restoar to us our habis corpusses, as good ez new.

Arrest no moar men, wimmin and children, fer opinyun's saik.

Repele the ojus confisticashen bill, wich irrytaits the Suthern mind and fires the Suthern hart.

Do away with drafts and conskripshens.

Revoak the Emansipashen proclamashen, and give bonds that yoo'll never ishoo a nother.

Do away with tresury noats and sich, and pay nuthin but gold.

Protect our dawters frum nigger eqwality.

Disarm yoor nigger soljers, and send back the niggers to ther owners to conciliate them.

Offer to assum the war indetctenis uv the South, and plej the Guverment to remoonerate our Suthrin brothren fer the losses they hev sustaned in this onnatral war.

Call a convenshen uv Suthern men and sech gileless Northern men ez F. Peerce, J. Bookannun, Fernandough Wood and myself, to agree upon the terms uv re-union.

"Is that all?" sez the goriller.

"No," sez I promptly. "I'z a garantee uv good faith to us, we shel insist that the best half uv the orfises be given to Dimocrats who repoodiate Valandigum. Do this, Linkin, and yoo throw lard ile on the trubbled waters. Do this and yoo rally to yoor support thowsends uv noble Dimocrats, who went out uv offis with Bookannun, and hev bin gittin ther whisky on tick ever sinse. We hev maid sakrifises. We hev repoodiatid Valandigum—we care not ef he rots in Canady—we are willin to jine the war party reservin to ourselves the poor privildg uv dictatin how and on wat prinsipples it shel be carried on. Linkin! Gorilla! Ave! I-hev dun."

The President replide that he wood give the matter serious considerashen. He wood mepshen the idee uv resinin to Seward, Chais and Blair, and wood addres a serculer to the Postinasters et settry, and see how menny uv em wood be

willin to resine to accomodait Dimocrats. He hed no dout sevral wood do it to-wunst. "Is ther any littel thing I kin do fer you?"

"Nothin pertikler. I wood accept a small Post orifis, if sitoontid within ezy range uv a distilry. My politikle daze is well nigh over. Let me but see the old party wunst moar in the assendency—let these old eyes onct moar behold the Constooshn ez it is, the Union ez it waz, and the Nigger ware he ought 2 be, and I will rap the mantel uv privit life arownd me, and go in2 delirium tremens happy. I hev no ambishen. I am in the sear and yaller leef. These whitnin lox, them sunken cheak, warn me that age and whisky hev dun ther perfect work, and that I shell soon go hents. Linkin, scorn not my wurd. I hev sed. Adoo."

So sayin I wafd my hand impressively and walkd away.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Pastor uv sed Church, in charge.

XXVIII.

PREACHES.

CHURCH UV ST. _____,
Nov. 9, '63.

I PREACHED yisterdy from the follerin text: "What shall we do to be saivd?"

This, my brethrin, is a important enquiry. Speakin cz a Dimocrat who fer thirty yeres hez never scratched a tikkit—vewin things from a Democratic stand-pint, I hev no hesitashen in sayin that we need savin in a eminent degree. The dark waives of fanattysism wich wuz near ripples in 1856, were mountin high in '60, and now they roll, unchecked, from Calyforny 2 Manc. One island is yet unsquelched. Noo Jersey yet is troo to Dimocrisy—a oasis amid the steril desert, a green spot by the wayside, a beckon lito to the ship-reckd maryner, a whisky-jug in Manc—thank hev'n fer Noo Jersey—hallelloogy! I am proud 2 say that I, yoor paster, wuz born in Noo Jersey—that my father sawd wood fer the Presydent uv the Camden and Amboy, and my mother wuz his watherwoman. Umble wuz our lot, but what sez the good book—"It is better to be a dorekeeper at the house uv Dimocracy, than a postinaster in the tents uv Abolishnism. But 2 resoom :

Wat shol we do to be saivd? This inquiry is uv pekool-yer intrest jest now. Let me ask why do we need savin? Dimocrisy is the pure refund salt uv the government—to speek uv salt savin is a abserdity. Ah! my frends, wile Dimocrisy savd the Gavernment, the Guvernment savd Dimocrisy. It

wuz a strikin illustrashen uv the eternal fitness uv things. So long ez my venrable frenk hed a Post Orifis he wood be wuz nor a loonatik ef he did n^t sustane the Guverment that giv him the Post Orifis. Evrything went on, on long ez we hed the Post Orifises. Wat we want jest now is votes—and how to get em^s the question. Whisky used to do it! but, alas! the amount uv whisky nessary to convert a Abolishnist to Dimocrisy wood kill him afore he cood vote—they not being seasond vessels.

We lost controle, my brethren, by bein stubborn. O! let us dodge that fatal error. The last elecshen shode that we cood not lede the people—let the people lede us. Ef the people want war, let us be war men; ef they want peece, let us sing hosanners to peece! Ef they want war in Ohio, let Ohio Dimicrats be war, and if Noo York wants peece, let em be peece men. Our platform is broad enuff to accomodait all, and on the mane question, which is Post Orifis, we kin all agree, hallelöogy!

Hevin settled the matter uv faith, we will consider that uv work, fer faith without works is uv no moar use than a whisky punch without the whisky. Ther must be no draft—the men must be razed by volunteerin. Exstrordinary indoosements must be held out fer Abolishnists to enlist—fer evry wun who goes stands a lively chance uv trubblin us no moar. We must hev our voters back frum Canady. My friends, there were enuff good Dimocrats in Canady to hev savd Ohio and Noo York. They must be hum, to wunst. We need em.

We hev not sufflishently improvd the nigger—we neglectid him. Ther is 2 sides to the w^r question, but on nigger we air invulnerable. Why yu ask! Becoz he has no frends. The Abolishnists air afeerd to defend him, and by taking uv him to them we hev wun menny a site. O bless the Lord fer the nigger he is our tower uv strength.

My brethrin, we hev a big job afore us. Let us dally no longer. Think uv the consequences uv another defect. Seeh

uv our Democratic leeders ez did not git commishns in the army air in a bad shaip. They can't git whisky on tick, furever. Sum uv em hev got so low ez to be obliged to drink dilooted camfene, wich hez a bad effect upon the stumick. I tried it wunst. They must be releevd. They must hev their posishens and ther reglar salaries, fer without em ther stumicks is gone. Brethren, to the brecch, to-wunst.

My church deppytised me to assertane the wherabouts uv sum Democrat who hezn't exprest a opinyun sinse the war commenst, and tender him the nominashen fer the Presidensy.

PETROLEUM V. NASHY,
 Paster uv sed Church, in charge.

XXIX.

SUBMITS A PLAN FOR THE SALVATION OF THE
DEMOCRATIC PARTY.CHURCH OF ST. —,
Dec. 2, '03.

I AM not apt 2 change. Ez the Samist sez, "wunst I wuz yung, but now I am old," but yung er old, it has alluz bin the saim with me. Whisky strate hez bin my bevrige, and Dimocrisy my tikkit, wun and inseprable, and I hev stuck to em with a fidelity ekaled by few and serpast by nun. But the time hez cum fer a radlykel change, in order to saiv the good old party I hev ornamented so long. My reezens are these :

The rebelyun is played out. Our Suthern brethrin is gone in. To use figgerativ languidge wich will be understood in the circles in wich I am akustomed 2 move, Linkin has maid 4 alreddy, and holds high, low, and jack. So long ez ther wuz any chanse fer the 15 Dimocratic staitis to succeed 't was natrel fer us to help em, fer then we cood ezy jine with em agin, but ez they are past prayin fer, wat is wisdom fer us? Clerely to help wipe em out. Why? In my skriptooral reedin I wunst found a histry uv a steward who wuz about losin his plais. Like Hamlick he soliloquized, "Wat kin I do? I can't work, I don't fancy beggin, and hevn't got the green-bax to start a grocery." (Groceries wuz cash in Judee.) A lucky thot emergd frum his Websterian intelleck. "I Rev it," sez he to hisself. "I am yet steward.

I will giv recceets in full to them ez owes my boss, and wen my day uv trubble cums, I'll board with em."

The pint is plane. Wile in the serviss uv our Suthrin masters we wuz rayther hard on our Afrikin brethrin. We did bete em and choak em, and did despitefully use em. We can't count on the Sutherners no moar—let us Aevait the nigger to the plais his master okepide in the party. Like the steward aforescd, let us do good to them we was wunst tuff on, that we may hev frends wen we need em. Let that bory old dotard Tawny be assassynated, and sum wun appointed in his plais, that will reverse his decision that they hedent eny rites that wite men was bound respect—let Samcox and Fernandy Wood interdoose bills abollyshin slairy in the staits, and givin evry Afrikan brother a quarter secshun uv land, a 2 hoss team, a red bunnit with artefishel flowers onto it—maik em sittyzens, and then—

We'd get evry wun of em. This wood give us the fifteen Suthrin staits as in the happy daze of yoar, and the 500,000 uv our cullerd brethrin, now in Kanady, cood be brot back to the land uv their nativity, and distriibited thro Ohio and Noo York, so ez to redeem them staits from the rule uv misguided Abolish—I meantersay, Republikins. This plan is feezible, and pekoolierly adapted to the Dimecratic mind, wich is flexyble, very. Let it be adoptid and wunst moar will the good ole party repose under the shadder uv the Trezury bildins, wuust agin will the chozn few dror reglar salaris, and the Nashen flourish under the blessins we lost wen Bookannon, the gileless, retird to privit life.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

Paster uv sed Church, in charge.

XXX.

TAKES A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW.

CHURCH UV THE SLAWTERED INNOCENTS
(Lait St. Vulandigum), Dec. 11, '63.

YISTERDY I heerd a Abolishnist remark, "The world moves." The observashen (wich I hev heerd frequently uv lait) set me into a trane uv refleckshen. My comperhensive mind sprang back into the misty daze uv the past, and I wuz a boy agin. Twenty-six yeres ago I wuz a splittin my symetrikle throate a hollerin fer Van Booren. Then wuz the pammy daze uv Dimocrisy. Androo Jaxon hed left us his naim ez cappytal fer us to do biznis on, wile he wuz out uv the way, and coodent interfere with our steedin, wich wuz comfortable. We wuz beetn, but wuz still strong and viggerous, knowin that we cood manaje to live doorin Harryson's rane on wat we hed stole doorin Van Booren's, the fasilités havin bin unlimitid. O them times! Ther wuz Cass, and Davis, and Dickison, and Calhoon, and Tooms, and Bill Allen, and Duglis (who wuz jest comin in), and Ritehy, and Benton, and Isaer Ryn- ders, and Wise, and Yankce Sullivan, a gelloracious galaxy uv intellectooal and muskeler Dimocrisy, sech ez the world never seed afore and never will agin. Wuz Abolishnism tolratid in them happy daze? Not enny. O with what arder Oin Luv- joy wuz shot at Alton—how wiggerusly the Dimocrisy labered to throw his press in2 the turbid waters uv the Missisipi. Wood, o wood that we cood hev sunk his doctrens with his press. Did we allow Abolishu talk? Nary. These stalwart arm hev hurled baskit-fuls uv unsavry eggs at the pedlers uv polittikle heresy, and my skill in eggin Abolishn lecterers wunst maid me Justis uv the peese in my nativ township.

In the South every hills'le wuz dottid with the carcasses uv Noo England skoolmarms, who hevin bin suspected uv teechin niggets to rede, wuz justly hung, and the plesent crack uv the whip wuz heerd all over the land. Oh them Ar-

cadian case, wen it only took 20 minits to arrest, try, sentence, hang, and divide the close uv a Yankee skoolteecher!

But alas! heresees crep in2 our ranks, and ther wuz confooshun. Van Böoren bolted and bete Cass, and, notwithstanding he repentid, afterward, the Abolishon pizon he interdoost in2 the Dimocratic body pollytik, remained. It broke out in ugly sores in Ohio, in 1848, in the shaip uv the Feendish Free sile party. Then Chaise and Brinkerhoof sluffed orf, and jind with our ainshent enemies. Jest afterward the Anti-Nabrasky excitement, cuppled with No-Nothinism, whaled us, and it wuz only by sooperhooman eggshens that we electid Bookannon. Sence it hez bin nothin but disaster. Bookannon and Duglis got by the eers, Duglis refoosed to cave to his suthrin brethrin, Linkin wuz electid, war ensood, and now wat do these old ize behold? Cass, and Ben Butler, and Logan, and Dix, and Dickison, and Dave Tod, strikin hands with Josh Giddins, and Horris Greeley! It is a singeler fact, that every leader we used to trust is now agin us. And wuss. Abolishn papers is bein publisht in South Karliny, in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Loozeaner, and a millyun uv men, led by the ghosts and ghostesses uv them hung skoolmasters and skoolharns aforesaid, assisted by John Brown's soul, wich is littrally a marchin on, is enforein a proclamashen freein all the niggers at wun stroak, and the Dimocrisy bein sum hundreds uv thowsends in the minority, is powerless to prevent it.

Trooly, the world moves. It hez moved the Dimocrisy from the Pedestal uv Power it wunst okepide, and laiid it prostrait. It hez elevatid men we despised, and adoptid idees we scoft at. Yunger men may shift and git in2 the tide agin, but ez fer me I cant. I shel maik wun moar effort, and if we fail—why then I shel withdraw from public life, and start a groserly, and in that umble callin will flote peecefully down the streem uv time, until my wether beten bark strikes on the rox of deth, gittin my likker in the monetime (uv wich I consume menny), at wholesail prices.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

Paster uv sdd Church, in charge.

XXXI.

COMMUNES WITH SPIRITS.

CHURCH UV THE SLAWTERD INNOCENTS
(Lait St. Valandigum), Dec. 19, '63.

I HEV bin for menny yeres disposed to bleeve in speritoo-
lism. Ther is suthin plesent in the idee uv bein in communi-
cashen with them ez hev gone before, as it may be reznable
supozed that frum their stan-pint they kin see things in a
more clearer lite than we who is encumbered with clay.
Akordingly I invited a distingisht mejum to visit my
flock.

* * * * *

A circle wuz formd, and I wuz requestid to call fer the
sperit uv sum wun. Hevin a few Abolishnists present,
whom I wisht to enliten on politikle topix, I cald for Tomus
Jefferson. "Tomus," sez I, "wuz yoo the father uv Dimo-
crasy?"

(I use my own langige. ez them old fellers wuz not alluz
elegant.)

"I wuz."

"Tomus, are the party now barin the name yoor child?"

"Not any. Its a mizable bas'ard, born uv John C. Calhoon,
and that old hag, Stait Rites, and a low-lived whelp it is.
My heirs is them ez supports the Guverment I help to
maik."

"But, Tomus, wood yoo hev us support a Abolishn 'war
fer the perpus uv freein niggers?"

The sperit capt out with awful distinknis, "We hold

these trooths to be self evident, that awl men is creatid ekal, and endoud with certing inaleyemable rites, among wich is life, liberty—"

At this pint I stopt the mejum. I knew the sperit wuz not Tomus Jefferson, but a imposter, hevin heerd a Abolishn preecher use the same langige at a 4th uv Guly selebrashan. I then cald Androo Jaxon, hoo respondid.

"Androo," sez I, "woodent yoo like to be back on yearth, jist now?"

"Yoo kin bet I wood," retortid he. "I'd like to hev bin President in the plais uv that old, white-liverd, black cockade Fedralist, Bookannon. Wat a hangin ther wood hev bin! Ther wood hev bin vacansis in Congris, and jest ez menny funerals ez ther wuz vacansis. As fer Sowth Carliny,"—

The communycashen ceesd, and I heerd a sound like the grittin uv teeth. It resoomed. "I'd string up Valandigum, and Fernandy Wood, and Sam Medlary, et settry. It wood be a bad old joke on them indivijjles ef I hed controle of the habis corpus, I'd—"

I refoozed to here fether. This sperit wuz also ondoutdly a imposter.

I cald fer Benton, whi merely sed that Mizzory wuz comin to her sensis in gettin rid uv slaivry, and fer Duglis who remarkt that he cood say uv the temple of Dimocrixy es the Savior sed of the sinagog, "My howse is cald a howse of prayr, but ye hev maid it a den of theeves," both of whom wuz onquestionably imposters. Another sperit (probably of a deceest abolishuist) sed that Benedict Arnold and Judis Iscariot hadent bin on speekin terms fer sum time, Iscariot hevin called Arnold a copperhed. Arnold sed he'd never stand that.

Duglis cum back, and sed he had jest wun word 2 say. The Dimocratic party wuz wunst grate, but it hed got in 2 bad hands and gon crazy as a drunken bed-bug. It needed new manajers—men uv sufficient sence and honisty to run

the party ou old prinsiples. In the old hands it wuz a pat-tryotic party—a party that wuz alluz fer the country. It whaled the British in 1812, and afterwards noekt the hind sites off uv the old Fedryl party fer opposin it. It smasht Mexico, and afterwards smasht the Whig party fer not helpin. Now for the Dimocriasy to oppose a war agin rebels who not only commenst it, but hed actooally bustid the party itself, is loonasy unekaled in the histry uv the world. Squelch them tuppenhy pollytishns who hev cheeved the mantels wurst worn by Jaxon and Benton (they look in em jest about as well as a orgin grinder's munky wood in a soljer's over-kote, and fill em jest as much), get onto a war platform, and”—

I didn't care about persooin my investigashens enny ferther, pertikelerly ez the Abolishnists were all a snickrin. Its my privit opinyun that thers nothin relyable about it. Hed the sperits bin reely them uv Jefferson, Jaxon, and sich, they woodent hev talkt so much undilootid niggerism.

However, it did me very well. The mejum took up a colleckshun uv six dolers, wich, by a singler coincidence, was the eggsact amount I hed intendid to charge him fer the use uv my church. He grumheld, but finelly sheld out. I am now warin a new pare uv pants.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

Paster uv sed Church, in charge.

XXXII.

TRIES AN EXPERIMENT.

CHURCH OV THE SHAWLED INNOCENTS
(Lat St. Valandigum), Dec. 23, '63.

MANKIND is the most perverse and onrezonable beins uv the human family. Wile they assent 2 a princippel, they never will put it into practis ef it bares hard onto em ez indivijles, to-wit:

I had bin for severl weeks deliverin a coarse uv lekters on the divinnity uv slairy. I argood that the institooshn wuz based upon the infeerority uv wun man 2 another—that it wuz not only a wise but a bootiful pervision uv nacher that the strong shood hev charge uv the weak, a guidin, and protektin and a workin uv em. The idee plezed my congregashen vastly, and fifteen or twenty uv the strongest perposed that it shood be put into pr'aktis, j'ist 2 show the world that the grate doctrine cood be carried out j'ist as well in the North as in the South. To wich I assented to-wunst, and at the next biznis meetin, the follerin plan wuz adoptid :—The members uv the congregashen shood try ther strength, and them as cood lift 600 shood own and posses, in fee simple, all them ez coodent.

The trial wuz had, the divizshen maid, and I wuz happy at bein the umble instrooment uv plantin the grate institooshen on Northrin sile.

But alas, owin 2 the perversity uv the human mind, afore-said, it dident work. Old John Podhammer razed his 600 with the gratest eeze, wile Bill Sniffles, who wuz a workin fer him fer 12 dolers a munth, coodent fetch it. Podhammer went over to Bill's cabin, the next mornin, and sez he,

"Wilyum, frum this time hentz4th, and furever, yoo air my man. As all a slaiv has is his master's, the 18 dolers I owe yoo, or that I did owe yoo afore this blessid system wuz establisht, I shel kepe, and as yoo hev moar furnytoor than befits yoor lowly condishen, I will send a team over to-morrer, and taik yer bawrow and stand, and bedstids up to my house, and——"

At this junctur in cums Mrs. Sniffles, who kin lift 600 with old Podhammer on the top uv it, and it wuz no time afore she diskivered wat his biznis wuz. She turnd red in the fais. Sed she:—

"Yoor goin to take my furnytoor?"

"Certingly."

"And we air yoor slaivs?"

"Uv course."

"And yoo kin sell my children?"

"Naterally."

"And yoo kin maik me yoor conkebine?"

"Ef I wish."

"You old beest!" shreckt the infooriated femail chattel, forgettin her normal condishn, "you sell my babies, you taik my furnytoor, drat ye, I'll give yeⁿ sum uv it now," whereupon she hurled a chare, wich laid him prostrait on the flore, wen she pickt him up and flung him out the dore.

It did not end here: Podhammer hed in his hand a patch-work coverlid, wich he thot he wood taik with him, and when he cum to he walked off with it, whereupon Mrs Sniffles hed him took up on a charge uv steelin, and he wuz actooaly tride, found gilty, and sent to jail fer 30 daze. How kin we establish Dimocratic institooshens, wen the corts won't recognize the laws of nacher. The experiment, for the present, hez the apperentz of a failyer.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Paster uv sed Church, in charge.

XXXIII.

ESTABLISHES AFRICAN SLAVERY.

CHURCH OF THE SLAUGHTERED INNOCENTS
(Lat St. Valandigham), Jan 20, '61.

TROUBLE air a cumin upon me thicker and faster. "Men change, but principples, never." hez bin a motto uv mine fer yeers, and bleevin in the grate principple of the strong owning the weck, or in uther words, slaivry, I shel never ceese my efforts to maik it universal. Ther bein a onreasonable prejudis in the minds uv the weck uv my congregashen aginst bein the perpetooal servance uv them as nacher hez maid to rool, I called a special meetin of my flock, to consider the matter. I interdoost the matter thus :

By Hager I proovd that slaivry was scriptooral.

By "cussid be Kanan," et settry, I shodè conclusively that the nigger wuz the identikle indivijle who wuz to be the sed slaiv aforesed.

Then it wuz put to vote and it wuz unanimously resolvd that Aferken slaivry be interdoost an ongst us. I notist with pleasure that the poorer the indivijle, the moar anxsbus he seemid to own a nigger.

Opinyuns were then interchanged. Absolum Kitt, who is a carpenter, and who never saved a doler, hevin alluz hed a sick wife and a large family of childern, sed he felt that a grate work hed bin dun that nite. The prowld Anglo-saxun whom nacher intendid to rool, hed bin that nite elewatid 2 his normel speer. Hentz4th ther wuz no moar labor fer him. He hed a kontrak to bild a hovse for brother

Podhammer, and he hed no doubt that the brethrin who wuz blest with menes woud make up a puss, and enable him 2 buy a nigger carpenter to do his work.

Brother Podhammer aroz. He, uv coarse, woud be glad to assist brother Kitt, but dooty 2 his family required a diffrent line uv askshen. His idee wuz to purchis a nigger carpenter hisself, and

"WHAT?" exclaimed Kitt.

Brother Podhammer resoomd. He intended to buy a nigger carpenter hisself, and bild his house. The cheef buty uv the grate system, and the wun that maiks it altogether luvly, is that yoo kin buy yoor labor.

"But," sed Kitt, "what kin I doo if yoo work nigger carpenters?"

"Trooly," sez Podhammer, "I kno not. A carpenter kin be purchist fer \$1000, the interest uv wich is \$60, and his keepin say \$100 more, per annum. Now ef brother Kitt'll cum to them wags, and be modritly umble, I mite, fer his saik, forego the exquisit pleasure uv hev'n a nigger to flog, and still employ him."

"But," sez Kitt, turnin pail, "my family woud starve on them wags. Wy, I mite ez well be a nigger myself."

At this pint I lifted up my voise. I exorted Bro. Kitt to patience. The grate Democratic idee that cappytal shood own labor must be establisht. It may bare hard upon indivijles, but wat then? John Rogers went camly to the stake fer principle. Ef Bro. Kitt doth not like to accept his normel condishon to-wunst, he kin go to sum less favored country, wher the grate instooshon is not establisht.

Bro. Podger, a blacksmith, sed he' suppozd the rich uns woud buy a nigger blacksmith, and let him emigrait.

Bro. Snipes, a plastrer, made a simler obserwashon.

Bro. Punt, a bricklayer, remarkt likewise.

Whereupon they all, in corus, similarly exclaimed they see us d—d fast, and then they woudent.

Whereupon they reconsidered there molushen establishin slaivry.

Kitt and his herritix wuz not at church last Sundy, and the Postmaster told me that they hed sent off a club for the Noo York Tribune.

Trooly, a reformer's Jordan is a hard rode to travel I belceve.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Paster uv sed Church, in charge

XXXIV.

PREACHES—SUBJECT, "THE PRODYGAL SUN."

CHURCH OV THE NEW DISPENSASHUN,
January 31, 1864.

My brethren and sisteren : I shall maik sum remarks this mornin based upon the bootiful parable of the prodygal sun. I woud read 2 you the passij, but the Bible I hev is the only wun in the township, and I lent it yisterdy 2 Square Gavitt, who sed swarin witnesses on almanacs woodent do in hoss cases, and he hasent brung it back. The skripter sez, in substance :

Ther was a certin man who hed 2 suns. The yungist hed a taist fer that braunch uv agrikultooral persoots known ez sowin wild oats, so he askt the old man fer his sheer uv the estait. He got it, turnd it into greenbax, and went off. He commenst living high—bording at big hotels, and keepin trottin hosses, and playin bilyards, and sich. In about a year he run thro his pile, and wuz ded broak. Then his credit playd out, and he wuz in a tite place for his daily bred. The idee struck him that he hed better put for hum, wich he did. The old man saw him a cumin, and he run out and met him, and giv him a new cote, and a 'order for a pare uv shoes, and kild a fat caff, and hed flour doins. The oldest boy obgected 2 these sayin, "Lo I hav servd thee these menny yeres, and thou never madest no splurge over me, but when this thy son, who hez fooled away his pile, returns you kill calves and sich." Then the old man retorts sayin, "My sun

who wuz lost is found, the sheep who went astray is cum back, let us be merry."

My brethren, this parable appl'ge ez well to the present time ez though it wuz maid fer it. Uncle Samynel is the old man, the suthern wing uv the "Dimocratic party" is the proddygal, and the Abolishuists is the oldest sun. • The south got tired and went off on its own hook. I haz, I maik no doubt, spent the heft uv its substance, and will shortly conclude to cum home. Now the grate question uv the hour is how shel he be reseved. My friends, the Dimocratic rool is to foller the scripiter wen yoo can maik a pint by so doin. In this pertikeler case Godlinis is gane, halleluogy, therefore, let us be Godly. Let Uncle Samyooel see the repentant proddygal afar orf—let him go out to seek him, er send Fernandy Wood, and when he hez found him let him fall, not upon his neck, but at his feet—let him put onto him the purple robe wich is royalty, and upon his hand a ring, wich is dominion, wich is a improvement upon scripiter.

But the Abolishuist, who is the elder sun, steps up and sez, "Nary. He wuz a doin well and he wented out frum us, takin awl that wuz his own, and sech ez he cood steel, all uv wich he hez spent upon such harlots as Afrikin slaivry, Stait rites, and Suthern independence, wich last two menshund is whited sepulkers. I sent my sons Grant, and Rosyorange, and Benbutler after him, but lo! wen he wuz strong and wiggerrus he did despitefully use them. Now that he is week from hunger, let him brindle. Ef we taik him to our buzems, let him cum on his nees, let him cast off the harlots that hev sedooost him, that ther may be no moar trubble in all the land."

My brethren, we must taik him back ez the old man did in the bible. Why? do you ask. Becoz he wuz alluz the old man's pet, and had things his own way. We wuz his friends and shared with him the steelins; but sence he went out the Abolishn brother and his friends hev controll'd things and where air we? Eko ansers no whair! We okepy low plasiz in the

sinagog, and the doggery keepers go mournin about the streets and refuse to be comforted becoz ther cash is not plenty, and ef we taik back the proddygal shorn of his strength, of what avail is he to us? He must cum back ez strong as ever, he must bring his harlots with him—he must ROOL! Then shel we hev the Post Orifises, and then shel we agin live on the fat uv the land, dodgin the cuss uv labor. Brethrin, let us be dillygent in this grate work, instant in seeson and out uv seeson.

A collecshun wuz takin up fer the perpus uv sending a mishunary 2 Massaychusits, wich yelded 7 dolers. Ez the amount woodeut pay the ralerode fair, it wuz voted to apply it on repairs on the church, wich I did by havin my boots haif-sold and buyin a new hankercher.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Paster uv sed Church, in charge.

XXXV.

DREAMS.

CHURCH UV THE NEW DISPENSASHUN,
February 6, 1864.

AM no speshel bleever in dreams. The gulf atwixt the material and innmaterial world, is 2 wide to be spannd by the bridj uv sleep, ur if spannd at all, the way is 2 narrer to make safe even the passij uv a nite-mare. [Poeticke idee.] Still, the sperit may, wen loost from its lode uv c'ay, sore off in2 the dim fucher, and retane a porshen uv its impreshus wen it agen okepics its prison-howse.

Last Saterdy nite I hed a dreame. I hed bin a redin "Cotton is King," and sech works, aidin my understandin with frequent drafts from a bottel containin "nacher's lust, best gift 2 man," and I fell in2 a gentel slumber. I dreemd that the Confederasy hed bin successful, that it carrid out its orijinel idee, and hed subjoogated the northern staits. Gefferson Davis wuz roolin at Washinton under the title uv "Gefferson I, Empror uv all the Amerikys." The Senit and Hows uv Representativs hed bin dun away with by decrees, and the biznis uv governin wuz dun solely by the Empror and his ministers. All to wunst I wuz in Washinton, a rolein along in a gorjus carige. I wuz sumwat surprizd at my persnel apperans. I wuz drest in flesh culered tites, with sandels on my feet, with dimund buckels onto em, and on my hed wuz a crown, makin me resemble a play acter I seed wunst a playin Richerd. Suddenly the carige stopt, and I alitid, and assended the stops uv the Palise. It wuz a

resc-pshun, and a chamberlin wuz announcein the gests ez they arriv. "Earl von Seymor!" "Count de Sammedary!" "Marknis Fernandywood!" and ez I stept forerd wat a gush uv ecstasy thrild thro my v^lanes as the chamberlin (who wuz little Samcox) showtid, "DOOK DE NASBY!" O, what a moment!

My dreein's continnerd. Methawt the nobility wuz maid up uv the officers uv the Confedrit armies and sech Northern men ez hed bin troo to the Confedrisy. The Northern staits hed bin diwidid into dookdums, and erldums and sich—my territory extending forty miles cech way from Wingert's Corners, whair my dookal palis-e wuz sitooated. Niggers wuz dun away with, ez all the whites excepting the priviled classes wuz serfs, wich effectocally settled the question uv Afrikin slivry. The nobility ownd the land and the inhabitants wuz all pesantry, payin to the lord uv the soil 4 fifts uv the pro-dux. I wuz livin in stile. We hed subjoogated the Abolish-nists, and wuz usin their leadin men ez our meenyels. O, it wuz magnificent and gorgus. I arose evry mornin with Sum-ner a holdin a bason, and Waid a pourin uv perfomed water over my hands, after wich Ginn Ashly dryd em with towels. They wuz my servance! Poetikle justice.

In short, Gelferson Davis, ez soon as he hed the power, hed declarid the idee uv men governin themselves a failoor, and hed revivd the old fool-el system. France and England hed assisted him in establishin hisself, and hed jest got the thing into good runnin order. One seen in my dreein filled me full uv joy. I tho't I wuz in my dukel robes in my an-cestrel halls, overlookin my stewar (editer Raymond, uv Noo York Times), a reseevin triboot from the happy pesantry, wen I notist among em sum who hed refoosed me credit in the days uv the Republic. Rage filld my sole. "Away with the hory miscrance," showtid I to my armed serviters, "away with em 2 the deepest dunjun nceth the castle mote! ha! ha!" Just then I awoke.

It wuz but a dreem, hut it left an impreshen on my mind. "If we succeed in smashin Lincoln and his guverment," thawt I, "a monerkey must ensow, and, who nose, I may yet be Dook de Nasby!" Filled with new zele I resoomd laber on my sermon for the morrer, on the unconstooshnality uv the puttin down rebelyuns with muskets, with renood wigger.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Paster uv sed Church, in charge.

XXXVI.

HIS LETTER ON FREMONT'S NOMINATION.

CHURCH OF THE NOO DISPENSASHUN,
June 2, 1864.

HALLELOOGY!

Now is the winter uv our diskentent, maid gellorious summer. The clouds that over d the perlittle horyzon is broak, and rays from the sun and a success hev peerced em, gildin the nosis uv the fatheful he h a rayjence that whisky can not give.

Honey hez cum out uv a karkis—good hez perceeded from Nazzzyreth. The Raddykels hev nominated Fremont! Hal-leloogy! They did it at Cleveland.

I never votid for Fremont. In '56 I did't like—in fact, I aboosed him. I laft at him fer partin his hare in the middle, I accoosed him uv being a Cathlic, and uv steelin cattle from the Guverment. Wen Linkin appointed him Genral, I aboosed him agin, and more than ever wen he ishood his Emansipashen Proclinnashen.

But now I diskiver that I hev did him a grevous wrong. The most becomin way a man kin part his hare is in the middle, the steelin uv cattle fr m Guverment is a act that no man who supported Bookannon can condem, and his Abolish-nism—why hez to be pitied for that.

Uv coarse no Dimocrat can vote for him, for ther is a triflin diffrence in our prinsipples, yet about a haff uv the Abolishn party ought to do it by all menes. John C. is the man fer them ondoubtedly.

But wether he gits menny votes er few, his bein nominated is salvashen to us. Every yote he gits, Linkin won't git, and then what—

The bair thot almost overpo'gers me: Wa-kin elect a Dimocrat!

This movement put a new face upon affairs. We needn't be pertikelerly auxshus cnny moar fer Lee's success—in fact, I bleeve it woud be better fer us 2 hev Grant whip Lee and taik Richmond. Fer why? Becoz. Spozn about the time the Confederasy is playd out we elect a Dimocrat, and spozn that Dimocrat lets up on em, restores ther niggers, pardones em, pays ther debts, compensats them ez hez sustaned losses in the war, and penshens ther widders, woudent they let us hev the best uv the orfisi- a while. Uv coarse they woud.

I segest that the Committis who air takin up collecshuns fer Vallandygum, send the munny forthwith to Fremont's Execootiv Committy. I shod taik up a collecshun in my congregashen immediately fer that purpus.

Re-iuwiggoratid,

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Paster uv sed Church, in charge.

XXXVII.

SCNNIT ONTO A SOLJER—FRUM A
DIMMEKRATIC STAN-PINT.

BY PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

Bloo-koted monster !—thow goist 4th,
 Armd with thy rifle and sharp-pinted bayonet,
 Whose peeked end with Suthrin blud is wet,
 I hait thee ! tool and minyun uv the North !
 Put on a Dimocrat them kote and pants,
 Put in his hand a gun with peeked eend,
 Then toot a fife and he's a Linkin feend,
 Who thirsts fer blud uv Dimecratic saints,
 Monster unnachrel, by Niggerism hatched,
 Thowsends and moar uv Dimocrats yoo've slane
 Whoo'l never rally 2 the poles again,
 To vote. ez wunst they did, a tikkit all unskatched.
 Avant ! yoor work our party is undoin,
 To us your kote uv bloo menes jest bloo rooin.

THAT'E AWL.

THE ORPHEUS C. KERR

PAPERS.

INTRODUCTION

THE Great Rebellion was nearly half over when a distinguished American statesman declared at a public meeting that the war, so far as it had gone, had been a "gigantic frolic for the North." It will be very curious to watch in the following papers the development of that curiously comic and frolicsome element which has never been entirely dissociated from one of the most sanguinary and devastating wars that the world has ever seen. Nobody in the North thought the worse of the writer of the *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers* for depicting, as he did, the state of his country under the most disastrous and the most contemptible aspect. He was known to be a loyal man; and, being thus "sound on the goose," he was entitled, as an independent citizen and patriot, to abuse the Government as much as ever he chose—to denounce the venality, the corruption, and the incapacity flagrantly existing in every public department—to accuse the administrators of the armies of the United States of systematic peculation, and their commanders of shameful and habitual drunkenness. He was an American and a Northerner; and who would quarrel with him for lashing enormities which every Northern American knew to be prevalent? It is only when a foreigner probes the sores in their body politic that Americans wince. If William

Russell had been an American citizen, he might have written twenty Bull-Run narratives unmaligned and unstoned. The bitter satire and uncompromising abuse of the *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers* apply only, however, to the earlier stages of the war. The evils exposed and denounced were, in process of time, remedied. I have heard Doctor Ollapod's remark about "a chubby child, in high health, with a pimple," quoted in explanation of the terrific suddenness with which a nation enjoying unexampled happiness and prosperity were plunged into the midst of warfare and desolation. At first they could scarcely realise the magnitude and the awfulness of their position; so, like Béranger's *Petit Homme gris*, they shook their sides with laughter at their own disasters. The *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers* are but a printed mass of cachinnation, at events at which the rest of the world were sorrowfully wondering.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

51 GUILDFORD STREET, RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, October 1863.

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ORPHEUS C. KERR PAPERS

LETTER I.

SHOWING HOW OUR CORRESPONDENT CAME
INTO THE WORLD: WITH SOME PARICU-
LARS CONCERNING HIS EARLY CHILD-
HOOD.

Washington, D.C., March 20th, 1961.

JUDGE not by appearance, my boy, for appearances are very deceptive, as the old lady cholericly remarked when one, who was really a virgin on to forty, blushinglly informed her that she was "just twenty-five this month."

Though you find me in Washington now, I was born of respectable parents, and gave every indication, in my satchel and apron days, of coming to something better than this,—much better, my boy.

Slightly northward of the Connecticut river, where a pleasant little conservative village mediates between two opposition hills, you may behold the landscape on which my infantile New-England eyes first traced the courses of future railroads.

Near the centre of this village in the valley, my boy, and a little back from its principal road, stood the residence of my worthy sire—and a very pretty residence it was. From the frequent addition of a new upper-room here, a new dormer window there, and an innovating skylight elsewhere, the roof of the mansion had gradually assumed an Al-

pine variety of juts and peaks somewhat confusing to behold. Local tradition related that, on a certain showery occasion, a streak of lightning was seen to descend upon that roof, skip vaguely about from one peak to another, and finally sink ignominiously down the water-pipe, as though utterly disgusted with its own inability to determine, where there are so many, which peak it should particularly perforate.

Years afterwards, my boy, this strange tale was told me by a venerable chap of the village; and I might have believed it, had he not outraged the probability of the meteorological narrative with a sequel.

And when that streak came down the pipe,' says the aged chap thoughtfully, 'it struck a man who was leaning against the house, ran down to his feet, and went into the ground without hurting him a mite!'

With the natural ingenuousness of childhood I closed one eye, my boy, and says I:

'Do you mean to tell me, old man, that he was struck by lightning, and yet wasn't hurt?'

'Yes,' says the venerable chap, abstractedly cutting a small log from the door-frame of the grocery store with his jack-knife; 'the streak passed off from him, because he was a conductor.'

'A conductor?' says I, picking up another stone to throw at the same do-

'Yes,' says the chap confidentially, 'he was a conductor—on a railroad.'

The human mind, my boy, when long affected by country air, tends naturally to the marvellous, and affiliates with the German in normal transcendentalism.

Such was the house in which I came to life a certain number of years ago, entering the world, like a human exclamation point, between two of the angriest sentences of a September storm, and adding materially to the uproar prevailing at the time.

Next to my parents, of whom I shall say little at present, the person I can best remember, as I look back, was our family-physician. A very obese man was he, my boy, with certain sweet-oiliness of manner, and never out of patients. I think I can see him still, as he arose from his chair after a profound study of the case before him, and wrote a prescription so circumlocutory in its effect, that it sent a servant half a mile to his friend the druggist, for articles she might have found in her own kitchen, *aqua pumpaginis* and sugar being the sole ingredients required.

The doctor had started business in our village as a veterinary surgeon, my boy; but, as the entire extent of his practice for six months in that line was a call to mend one of Colt's revolvers, he finally turned his attention to the ailments of his fellows, and wrought many cures with sugar-and-water Latinised.

At first, my father did not patronise the new doctor, having very little faith in the efficacy of sugar-and-water without the addition of a certain other composite often seen in bottles; but the doctor's neat speech at a Sunday-school festival won his heart at last. The festival was held near a series of small

waterfalls just out of the village, my boy; and the doctor, who was an invited guest, was called upon for a few appropriate remarks. In compliance with the demand, he made a speech of some compass, ending with a peroration that is still quoted in my native place. He pointed impressively to the waterfalls, and says he:

'All the works of nature is somewhat beautiful, with a good moral. Even them cataracts,' says he sagely, 'have a moral, and seem eternally whispering to the young, that "Those what arr falls,"'

The effect of this happy illustration was very pleasing, my boy, especially with those who prefer morality to grammar; and after that the physician had the run of all the pious families—our own included.

It was a handsome compliment this worthy man paid me when I was about six months old.

Having just received from my father the amount of the last bill, he was complacent to the last degree, and felt inclined to do the handsome thing. He patted my head as I sat upon my mother's lap, and says he:

'How beautiful is babes! So small, and yet so much like human beings, only not so large. This boy,' says he, fatly, looking down at me, 'will make a noise in the world yet. He has a long head—a very long head.'

'Do you think so?' says my father.

'Indeed I do,' says the doctor. 'The little fellow,' says he, in a sudden fit of abstraction, 'has a long head, a very long head; and it's as thick as it is long.'

There was some coolness between the doctor and my father after that, my boy; and on the following Sunday my

mother refused to look a wife's ne-
 bonnet in church.

I might cover many pages with further account of childhood's sunny hours; but enough has been given already to establish the respectability of my birth, despite my present location; and there I let the matter rest, my boy, for the time being.

Yours, retrospectively,
 OPHIUS C. KERR.

LETTER II.

SHOWING HOW THE WRITER INCREASED IN YEARS AND INDISCRETION, AND HOW HE WAS SAVED FROM MATRIMONY BY THE LAMENTABLE EXAMPLE OF JED SMITH.

Washington, D.C., March 25th, 1861.

To continue from where I left off, my boy: Between the interesting ages of ten and eighteen I went to school at the village-academy, working through the English branches and the Accidence, with a lively sense of a preponderance of birch in the former, and occasional class-sickness in the latter.

Those were my happiest days, my boy; and as I look back to them now, for a moment all my flippancy leaves me, and I forget that I am an American and a politician. Those dear old days! those short, unreal days! Only long in being long past.

It was just after the eternal '*Bonus—Bona—Bonum*' of the master had ceased to ring in my ears, that I commenced to be a young man. I knew that I was becoming a young man, my boy; for it was then that I began to regard the unmarried women of America with sheepish bashfulness, and stumble awkwardly as I entered my father's pew in church. Then it was that the sound of a young

female giggle threw me into a cold perspiration, and a looking-glass deluded me into gesticulating in solitude, before it, and extemporising the speeches I was to make when called upon to justify the report of fame by admiring popularities.

Do you remember the asinine time in your own life, my boy, do you remember it? I know that you do, my boy, for I can feel your blush on my own cheeks.

Of the few women of America who looked upon me with favour, there was one—Ellen—whom I really loved, I think; for of all the girls, the mention of her name alone gave me that peculiar feeling in which instinctive impulse blends unclesinably and perpetually with a sense of reverent respect, or rather, with a sense of some unworthiness of self. Ellen died before I had known her a year. I thought afterwards, like any other youngster, that I loved half-a-dozen different girls; but, even in maturer years, second love is a poor imitation. Say what you will about second love, my boy, in the breast of him truly a man, it is but an *imperium in imperio*—a flower on the grave of the first.

There was one young woman of America in our village, my boy, about whom the chaps teased me not a little; and I might, perhaps, have been teased into matrimony, like many another unfortunate, but for the example of a Salisbury chap I met one night in one of the village stores. He was a Yankee chap, with much south-western experience, my boy; and when he heard the lads teasing me about a woman, he hobbled his heels upon the counter, and says he:

'Any body'd think that creation wa-

born with a frock on, to hear the way you younkens talk of woman. Darn the she-critters!" says he, shutting his jack-knife with a clash. "I'd rather be as lonesome as a borried pup, than see a piece of caliker as big as a pay-cake. What's wimmen but a tarnation bundle of gammon and petticoats. Powerful Be you married folks, stranger?"

"Not yet," says I.

"Don't never be, then," says he. "My name's Smith—one of the Smiths down to Salsbury, that's guaranteed to put away as much provender and carry as big a turkey as ever set on critters down in that deestrick. And whilst my name's Smith, there'll never be a younker to call me "daddy," ef a gal was to have Jeru-salem tantrums after me. You're a stranger, and ain't married folks, but I don't mind tellin' ye about a gol-fired rumpus I got into down in Salsbury, when I took to a gal that stuck out all around like a haystack, an' was a screamer at choir-meetin' and such like. Her name was Sal Green—one of the Greens down in Pegtown; and the first time I took a notion to her was down to the old shingle meetin'-house, when Sara Spooner had a burvin'. When the parson gets out a hymn, she straightened up like a rooster at six o'clock of day-break, and let out a string of screams that set all the lubies to yelping as though big pins was goin' clean through their insides. Geewhillikins! how the critter did squawk and squeal, and turn up her eyes like a sick duck in a shower. I was jest fool enough to think it pooty. And when my old man says, says he, "Jed, you're took all of a heap with that pooty creature," I felt as ef chills an' fever was givin' me parkies all agone. Says I, "She's an awful for the printze of Wales; and ef that Bob Tompkins

don't stop makin' eyes at her over there, I'll give him such a lacing that he won't comb his hair for six weeks."

"The old man put a-chaw into his "meat-safe,"* and shut one eye; and sez he, "Jed, you're a fool ef you don't hook that gal's dress fur her before next harvestin'. She's a mighty scrumptious creature, and just about ripe for the altar. Jest tell her there's more Smiths wanted, an' she'll leave the Greens 'thout a snicker." I rather liked the idee; but I told the old man that his punkin-pio was all a-quash, because it wouldn't do to let on too soon. When the folks was startin' from the church, I went up to Sal; and sez I, "Miss, I s'pose you wouldn't mind lettin' me see you tu hum." She blushed like a biled lobster, and sez she, "I don't know your folks." I felt sorter streaked; but I gev my collar a hitch, and sez I, "I'm Mister Smith—one of the Smiths of this deestrick, an' always willin' for a female in distress." Then she made a curtesy, an' was goin' to say somethin', when Bob Tompkins step-up, and sez he, "There's a-goin' to be another buryin' in this settlement, ef some folks don't mind their own chores an' quit foolin' with other folkses company!" This riled me rite up, and sez I, "There's a feller in this deestrick that ain't had a spell of layin' on his back for some time; but he's in immediate danger of ketchin' the disease bad." Bob took a squint at the width of my chest, and then he turned to Sal, who was shakin' like a cabbage-leaf in a summer gale, and sez he, "Sal, let's narvel out of her company before it piles our mortals." With that he

* Yankee for 'mouth.'

† Abridgment of Jedaiah.

crooked one of his smashin' machin' and Sal was jest hookin' on, when I put the weight of about one hundred pounds under his ear, and sez I, "Jest lay there, Bob Tompkins, untill your patient comes out to look fur yer body." He went down as ef he'd been took with a suddint desire to examine the roots of the grass; and Sal screamed out that I'd murdered the rantankerous critter. Sez I, "The tombstun that's fur his head ain't out yet; but I calculate it'll be took out of the quarry ef he comes smellin' around my heels agin." Jest as I made this feelin' remark, the varmint began to scratch earth as ef he had a mind to see how it would feel to be on his pils agin; and I crooked my elbow to Sal, and thought it was about time to marvel. She layed up to me like a pig to a rough post, and we peregrinated along for some distance, untill we were pretty nigh hum. I was askin' her ef it hurt her much when she sung, an' she was sayin' "not partikeler," when all of a suddint somethin' knocked Fourth-o'-July fireworks out of my eyes, and I went to grass with my heels up. It was Bob Tompkins; and sez he, "Lay there, Mr. Smith, and let us here from you by the next mail." For a minute I thought I was bound for glory, but pooty soon I come to my outs, and then I rolled over, and seen Bob n-squakin' Sal's hand. All right, my prooshian blue, thinks I, there'll be a pothecary's bill for some family in this here desatrick; but I won't say who's to pay it at present. I jest waited to see the feller try to put his nose into Sal's face, and then I stretched to my feet, and sez I, "This here pasture wants a little makin' down to make it fruitful, and it's my impression that I can do it." Sal see that I was bound to make some-

body smell agony, so she jist ripped away from Bob, and marvelled for the house, screaming "fire," like a scrumptious fire-department. Bob looked after her for a minit, and then he turned to me, and sez he, "I hope your folks have got some crack in 'em, because there's goin' to be a job fur our virtuous sexton." I kinder smiled outer one eye, and sez I, "When Sal and I is married, we'll drop a tear fur the early decesse of an individual who never would hev been born if it hadn't been for your parients." This riled Bob up awful, and he came right at me, like a mad bull at a red slawl. I felt somethin' drop on the bridge of my nose, and see a hull nest of sky-rockets all at onet; but I only keeled for the shake of a tail, and then I p'ed in like a mad buffalo with the chollic. It was give and take for about five minutes; and, I tell you, Bob played away on my nose like a Trojan. The blood flu some, and I was sorry I hadn't said good-bye to the folks before I left them. But I gave Bob some happy evidences of youthful Christianity afound his goggles; and pooty soon he looked as ef he'd been brought up to the charcoal business. We was makin' pooty good time round the lot, when all of a suddint Sal came running up with her father and mother, and sez the old feller, "Ef you two members of the Church don't stop your religious exercises, there'll be some preachin' from the book of John."

'With that, Bob took his paw out of my hair, and sez he, "Smith's son hit me the first whack." I jist promunaded up to the old man, and sez I, "If you'll jist show me a good buryin'-place, I'll take pleasure in makin' a funeral for the Tompkinses." The old man looked kinder queerious at Sal, and she con-

menced to snicker; and sez she, "What are you two fellers rumpussin' about?" I looked lovin' at her, and sez I, "It's to see who shall hev the pooliest gal of all the Greens." When I said this, the old man bust into a larf like a wild hyeemer; and the old woman, she put her hands across her stummik, and began to larf like me; and Sal, she snickered right eout in my countenance, and sez she, "Why, I'm engaged to Sam Slocum!"

'Stranger, there's no use of talkin'. My hair riz right up like a blackin'-brush, and Bob's eyes came out like pens out of a yaller pod. There was speechless silence for two minits, and then says Bob, "There's a couple of gol-fired fools somewheres in this country, and it's a pity their dads ever seen their mothers." I see he felt powerful mean, so I walked up to him, and sez I, "Suppose we go and look for the New Jerusalem?" He jst hooked to my elbow, and, without sayin' another word, we marvelled* for him.

'Sence that I bain't held no communion with petticoats; and ef I ever g't married, you shall hev an invite to the funeral.'

As I went home that night, my boy, after hearing the story of that rude unlettered man, I made up my mind to have nothing more to do with the uncertain women of America, until my position should be such that they would not dare to "fool" me. The women of America, my boy, are equally apt at making a fool of a man in his own estimation, and a man of a fool in *their* own.

Yours, for celibacy,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER III.

OUR CORRESPONDENT BECOMES LITERARY, AND PATHOS CERTAIN MYSTERIES OF JOURNALISM. HE PRODUCES A DISTINCTIVE AMERICAN POEM, AND GAINS THE USUAL REWARD OF YOUTHFUL GENIUS.

Washington, D. C., March 31st, 1861.

As far as I can trace back, my boy, we never had a literary character in our family, save a venerable aunt of mine, on my mother's side, who commenced her writing career by refusing to contribute to the Sunday papers, and subsequently won much fame as the authoress of a set of copy-books. When this gifted relative found herself acquiring a reputation, she came in state to visit us, and so disgusted my very practical father by wearing slip-shod gaiters, inking her right hand thumb-nail every morning, calling all things by European names, and insisting upon giving our oldest plough-horse the romantic and literary title of 'Lord Byron,' that my exasperated parent incurred a most tremendous prejudice against authorship, my boy, and vowed, when she went away, that he never would invite her presence again.

I was only twenty years old at that time, and the novelty of my aunt's conduct had rather an infatuating effect upon me. With that perversity often observable in youngsters before they have seen much of the world, I became deeply interested in my literary relative as soon as my father commenced to speak contemptuously of her pursuits, and it took very little time to invest me with a longing and determination to be a writer.

Thenceforth I wore negligent linen; frequently rested my head upon the

* Marched.

forefinger of my right hand, with a lofty and abstracted air; assumed an expression of settled and mysterious gloom when at church, and suffered my hair to grow long and uncombed.

Speaking of the masculine literary habit of wearing the hair in this way, my boy, I find myself impressed with a profound metaphysical idea. You have probably noticed that writers following this fashion will frequently scratch their heads when inspiration plays the laggard. It is also true that wearers of long and uncombed hair who are *not* writers, will scratch their heads in the same way, occasionally. The action being the same in both cases, can it be that physiological inspection would develop an affinity between the natural causes thereof?

I have often thought of this, my boy, —I've often thought of this.

My bearing during this period of infatuation could hardly fail to attract considerable attention in our village, and there were two opinions about me. One was that I had been jilted; the other, that I was about to become a vagabond and an actor. My father inclined to the former, and left me, as he thought, to get over my disappointment in the natural way.

My peripatetic spell had lasted about six weeks, my boy, when I formed the acquaintance of the editor of the *Lily of the Valley*, who permitted me to mope in his office now and then, and soothed my literary inflammation by permitting me to write 'puffs' for the village nulliner.

Oh! the agree and tremendous ecstasy of that moment when I first saw my own words in print, with not more than six typographical errors in each line:—
'QUEEN VICTORIA, it is said, is coming

to this country for the express purpose of obtaining one of these beautiful spring bunnets at Madame Smith's.'

I noticed, as I went home on the day of publication, that all whom I passed paused to look after me. I was already famous. The discovery, on reaching our house, that one of my temples was somewhat fingered with printers' ink did not shake me in this belief, my boy; I was too far gone for that.

The editor of the *Lily* treated me considerably, and even asked me at times to accompany him to the place where he daily sipped inspiration, gaining thereby a fresh flow of ideas and the qualified immortality of certain additional chalk-marks on the back of a door. I refer to a spirituous establishment.

Finding that the editorial treasury did not redeem its verbal promissory notes, my boy, the proprietor of this establishment suddenly put forth a new sign, conspicuously reading:—

TIMOTHY TROT, • LICENSED LIQUOR DEALER,

AND

Associate Editor of the "*Lily of the Valley*."

The editor went to him, and says he: 'What do you mean by this impertinence, Timothy?'

The liquor chap stuck his hands into his pockets, my boy, and says he.

'If I furnish inspiration for nothing, I may as well have some literary credit. The village swallows what you furnish,' says the chap, reasoningly, 'and you swallow what I furnish, and so I'm the head editor after all.'

But he took down the sign, my boy, when the editor dissolved the partnership by paying his score.

What are called Spirited Editorials in the New York papers, my Loy, very often involve two swallows as well as a spread-eagle.

While looking over some old magazines in the *Lily* office one day, I found in an ancient British periodical a raking article upon American literature, wherein the critic affirmed that all our writers were but weak imitators of English authors, and that such a thing even as a Distinctively American Poem *sui generis*, had not yet been produced.

This radical sneer at the United States of America fired my Yankee blood, my boy, and I vowed within myself to write a poem, not only distinctively American, but of such a character that only America could have produced it. In the solitude of my room, that night, I wooed the aboriginal muse, and two days thereafter the *Lily of the Valley* contained my distinctive American poem of

THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

To Lake Aghmoogenegamook,
All in the State of Maine,
A man from Wittequergaun came
One evening in the rain.

'I am a traveller,' said he,
'Just started on a tour,
And go to Nonjamiskillicoek
To-morrow morn at four.'

He took a tavern-bed that night,
And with the morrow's sun,
By way of Sakledetukus went,
With carpet-bag and gun.

A week passed on; and then we find
Our native tourist come
To that sequestered village called
Wassagum.

From thence he went to Abscquoit,
And there—quite tired of Maine—
He sought the mountains of Vermont,
Upon a railroad train.

Dog Hollow, in the Green Mount State,
Was his first stopping-place,
And then Skunk's Misery displayed
Its sweetness and its grace.

By easy stages then he went
To visit Devil's Den;
And Scrabble Hollow, by the way,
Did come within his ken.

Then, *via* Nine Holes and Goose Green,
He travelled through the State,
And to Virginia, finally,
Was guided by his fate.

Within the Old Dominion's bounds,
He wandered up and down,
To-day, at Buzzard Roost ensconced,
To-morrow, at Hell Town.

At Pole Cat, too, he spent a week,
Till friends from Bull Ring came,
And made him spend a day with them
In hunting forest game.

Then, with his carpet-bag in hand,
To Dog Town next he went;
Though stopping at Free Negro Town,
Where half a day he spent.

From thence, into Negationburg
His route of travel lay,
Which having gained, he left the State
And took a southward way.

North Carolina's friendly soil
He trod at fall of night,
And, on a bed of softest down,
He slept at Hell's Delight.

Morn found him on the road again.
To Lousy Level bound;
At Bull's Tail, and Tick Lizard, too,
God's provender he found.

The country all about Pinch Gut
So beautiful did seem,
That the beholder thought it like
A picture in a dream.

But the plantations near Burnt Coast
Were even tiner still,
And made the wond'ring tourist feel
A soft delicious thrill.

At Tear Shirt, too, the scenery
Most charming did appear,
With Snitch It in the distance far,
And Purgatory near.

But spite of all these pleasant scenes,
The tourist stoutly swore
That home is brightest, after all,
And travel is a bore.

So back he went to Maine, straightway,
A little wife he took;
And now is making nutmegs at
Mooschismagunkook.

In his note, introductory of this poem, my boy, the editor of the *Lily* affirmed (which is strictly true) that I had named none but veritable localities, and entertained the belief that the composition would remind his readers of Goldsmith Upon which his scorpion contemporary in the next village observed, that there was rather more smith than gold about the poem. Genius, my boy, is never appreciated until its possessor is dead, and even the useless praise it then obtains is chiefly due to the pleasure that is experienced in burying the poor wretch.

Up to the time when this poem appeared in print, I had succeeded in concealing from my father the nature of my incidental occupation; but now he must know all.

He did know all, my boy; and the result was, that he gave me ten dollars,

and I sent me to New York to look out for myself.

'It's the only thing that will save him,' says he to mother, 'and I must either send him off, or expect to see him sink by degrees to editorship, and commence to wear disgraceful clothes.'

I went to New York, I became private secretary and speech-scribe to an unscrupulous and, therefore, rising politician, and now—I am in Washington.

Thus, my boy, have I answered your desire for an outline of my personal history, and henceforth let me devote my attention to other and more important inhabitants of our distracted country. I had a certain postmaster'ship in my eye when I first came hither; but war's alarms indicate that I may do better as an amateur furo.

Yours iconoclastically,
ORPHEUS C. KEEL.

LETTER IV.

DESCRIBING THE SOUTH IN TWENTY LINES,
DEFINING THE CITIZEN'S FIBEL DUTY,
AND ELICITING A PARODY.

Washington, D. C., April —, 1861

THE chivalrous South, my boy, has taken Fort Sumter, and only wants to be 'let alone.' Some things of a Southern sort I like, my boy; Southdown mutton is fit for the gods, and Southside particular is liquid sunshine for the heart; but the whole country was growing tired of new South walls before this, and my present concept of the summe of all there is of Dixie may be summed up in twelve straight lines, under the general heading of

REPUDIATION.

Neath a ragged palmetto a Southerner sat,
A-twisting the land of his Parua lat,
And trying to lighten his mind of a load
By humming the words of the following ode:

Oh! for a nigger, and oh! for a whip;
Oh! for a cocktail, and oh! for a nip;
Oh! for a shot at old Greely and
Beecher;

Oh! for a crack at a Yankee school-
teacher;

Oh! for a captain, and oh! for a ship;
Oh! for a cargo of niggers each trip.

And so he kept oh-ing for all he had not,
Not contented with owing for all that he'd
got.

In view of the impending conflict, it is the duty of every American citizen, who has nothing else to do, to take up his abode in the capital of this agonised Republic, and give the Calhoun the sanction of his presence. Some base child of treason may intimate that Washington is not quite large enough to hold every American citizen; but I'm satisfied that, if all the democrats could have one good washing, they would shrink so that you might put the whole blessed party into an ordinary custom-house. Some of the republicans are pretty large chaps for their size, but Jeff Davis thinks they can be 'taken in' easily enough; and I know that the new tariff will be enough to make them contract like sponges out of water. The city is full of Western chaps, at present, who look as if they had just walked out of a charity-hospital, and had not got beyond gruel diet yet. Every soul of them knew old Abe when he was a child, and one old boy can even remember going for a doctor when his mother was born. I met one of them the other day (he is after the Mooshtennaguntcook post-office), and his anecdotes of the Presi-

dent's boyhood brought tears to my eyes, and several tumblers to my lips. He says that when Abe was an infant of sixteen, he split so many rails that his whole country looked like a wholesale lumber-yard for a week; and that when he took to flat-boating he was so tall and straight, that a fellow once took him for a smoke-stack on a steamboat, and didn't find out his mistake until he tried to kindle a fire under him. Once, while Abe was practising as a lawyer, he defended a man for stealing a horse, and was so eloquent in proving that his client was an honest victim of false suspicion, that the deeply-affected victim made him a present of the horse as soon as he was acquitted. I tell you what, my boy, if Abe pays a post-office for every story of his childhood that's told, the mail department of this glorious nation will be so large that a letter smaller than a two-story house would get lost in it.

LETTER V.

CONCERNING THE GREAT CROWD AT THE CAPITAL, OWING TO THE VAST INFLOW OF TROOPS, AND TOUCHING UPON FIRE-ZOUAVE PECULIARITIES AND OTHER MATTERS.

Washington, D.C., May 24th, 1861.

I AM living luxuriously, at present, on the top of a very respectable fence, and fare sumptuously on three granite biscuits a day, and a glass of water, weakened with brandy. A high private in the Twenty-Second Regiment has promised to let me have one of his spare pocket-handkerchiefs for a sheet on the first rainy night, and I never go to bed on my comfortable window-brush without thinking how many poor creatures

there are in this world who have to sleep on hair-mattresses and feather-beds all their lives. Before the great rush of the Fire Zouaves and the rest of the menagerie commenced, I boarded exclusively on a front stoop on Pennsylvania Avenue, and used to slumber, regardless of expense, in a well-conducted ash-box; but the military monopolise all such accommodation now, and I give way for the sake of my country.

I tell you, my boy, we're having high old times here just now, and if they get any higher, I sha'n't be able to afford to stay. The city is in 'danger' every other hour, and as a veteran in the Fire Zouaves remarked, there seems to be enough danger laying around loose on Arlington Heights to make a very good blood-and-thunder fiction in numerous pages. If the vigilant and well-educated sentinels happen to see an old nigger on the other side of the Potomac, they sing out, 'Here they come!' and the whole blessed army is snapping caps in less than a minute. Then all the cheap reporters telegraph to their papers in New York and Philadelphia, that 'Jeff. Davis is within two minutes' walk of the Capital, with a few millions of men,' and all the free states send six more regiments a piece to crowd us a little more. I sha'n't stand much more crowding, for my fence is full now, and there were six applications yesterday to rent an improved knot-hole. My landlord says that, if more than three chaps set up housekeeping on one post, he'll be obliged to raise the rent.

Those Fire Zouaves are fellows of awful suction, I tell you. Just for greens, I asked one of them, yesterday, what he came here for? 'Hah!' says he, shutting one eye, 'we came here to strike for your altars and your fires—especially

your fires.' General Scott says that if he wanted to make these chaps break through the army of a foe, he'd have a fire-bell rung for some district on the other side of the rebels. He says that half a million of the traitors couldn't keep the Fire Zouaves out of that district five minutes. I believe him, my boy!

The weather here is highly favourable to the free development of perspiration and mint-juleps, and I have enjoyed the melancholy satisfaction of losing ten pounds of flesh in three days. One of the lieutenants of the Eighth has a gutter about half an inch deep worn down the bridge of his nose by the stream of perspiration since Wednesday; and a chap from Vermont melted so awfully the other day, that they had to put him in a refrigerator to keep enough of him to send home to his rich but pious family.

In fact, this weather makes the Northern boys fall away awfully; one of the Fire Zouaves fell away tremendously yesterday; he fell away from Washington to Annapolis, and then somebody had to put him in a guard-house to keep him from perspiring all the way back to New York. The chap that boards on the next front stoop to me now, was so fat when he came here that his captain refused to use him as a sentinel, because he could not see far enough over his stomach to detect any one approaching him. Well, my boy, that chap has fallen away to such an extent that it took me half an hour last night to find out what part of his uniform he lived in. He blew down three or four times while we were walking up Pennsylvania Avenue; and while I was helping him up the last time, a passer-by asked me 'What would take for that ere flag-staff?'

LETTER VI.

INTRODUCING THE MACKEREL BRIGADE, DILATING ON HAVELOCKS AS FIRST MADE BY THE WOMEN OF AMERICA, ILLUSTRATING THE STRENGTH OF HABIT AND WEAKNESSES OF "SHODDY," AND SHOWING HOW OUR CORRESPONDENT INDULGED IN A HUGE CANARD, AFTER THE MANNER OF AN ENLIGHTENED DAILY PRESS.

Washington, D. C., June 15th, 1861.

THE members of the Mackerel Brigade, now stationed on Arlington Heights to watch the movements of the Potomac, which is expected to rise shortly, desire me to thank the women of America for supplies of Havelocks* and other delicacies of the season just received. The Havelocks, my boy, are rather roomy, and we took them for shirts at first; and the shirts are so narrow-minded, that we took them for Havelocks. If the women of America could manage to get a little less linen in the collars of the latter article, and a little more into the other departments of the graceful garment, there would be fewer colds in this division of the Grand Army.

The Havelocks, as I have said before, are roomy—very roomy, my boy. William Brown, of Company 3, Regiment 5, put one on last night, when he went on sentry-duty, and looked like a broomstick in a pillow-case, for all the world. When the officer of the night came round and caught sight of William in his Havelock, he was struck dumb with admiration for a moment. Then he ejaculated:

"What a splendid moonbeam!"

William made a movement, and the sergeant came up.

* An article of military dress bearing the name of Sir Henry Havelock, of Indian celebrity.

"What's that white object?" says the officer to the sergeant.

"The young man which is William Brown," says the sergeant.

"Thunder!" roars the officer, "tell him to go to his tent, and take off that night-gown!"

"You're mistaken," says the sergeant. "The sentry is William Brown, in his Havelock, which was made by the women of America."

The officer was so justly exasperated at his mistake, that he went immediately to his head-quarters, and took the Oath three times running, with a little sugar.

The Oath is very popular, my boy, and comes in bottles. I take it medicinally myself.

The shirts made by the women of America are noble articles, as far down as the collar; but would not do to use as an only garment. Captain Mortimer de Montague, one of the skirmish squad, put one on when he went to the President's Reception, and the collar stood up so high, that he couldn't put his cap on, while the other departments didn't quite reach to his waist. His appearance at the White House was picturesque and interesting, and as he entered the drawing-room, General Scott remarked, very feelingly:

"Ah! here comes one of our wounded heroes!"

"He's not wounded, general," remarked an officer, standing by.

"Then, why is his head bandaged up so?" asked the venerable veteran.

"Oh!" says the officer, "that's only one of the shirts made by the patriotic women of America."

In about five minutes after this conversation, I saw the venerable veteran, and the wounded hero, and the officer taking the Oath together.

The Seventy-ninth, Highlanders, came to town early last week, and are the finest body of Scotsmen that were ever half *kilt* by uniform alone. My heart warmed to them when I first saw them; and, with arms outspread, I greeted the gallant fellow nearest to me. With a tear of gratified pride in his eye, he exclaimed:

'Auld lang syne and Scots wha ha'e; but gang awa' wi' Heelaud laddie theither o' John Anderson my Jo; and, moreover, we'll tak' a right guid willie wacht for muckle twa and braw chiel.'

I told him I thought so myself.

I'm sorry to say, my boy, that some members of this splendid regiment are badly off for trousers, and shock my modesty tremendously. They probably forgot them in their hurry to get to the war, and the Union Pretence Committee ought to send them out an assortment of peg-tops at once. 'Not that I hobject to the innocent hamusements of the Highlanders, but that decency and propriety *must* be preserved within the limits of the army'—as the British showman observed.

I've just returned from visiting the most mournful sight that ever made a man feel as though he'd been peeling onions all the week, and grating horseradish on Sunday. It was the first dying scene of one of the 'Pet Lamblers,' down at Alexandria, and, as one of Fife's chaps remarks, it was enough to make the eye of a darning-needle weep, and bring tears to the cheek of a Greek slave. Jim was the only name of the sufferer, and if he ever had any other, it had slipped his memory, though his affectionate relatives sometimes called him 'Shorty,' by way of endearment. He was out on picket-guard the night

before, when the Southern Confederacy attempted to pass him. He challenged the intruder, and called to his comrades for help; but, before the latter could arrive, the Southern Confederacy drew a masked battery from his pocket, and fired six heavy balls through the head of the unfortunate Souve, nearly fracturing his skull, and breaking several panes of glass. The cowardly miscreant then fled to an adjacent sands, closely followed by Sherman's Artillery.

Upon discovering that he was wounded, Mr. Shorty examined the cap on his musket, and stood it carefully against a tree, buttoned his jacket to his neck, and asked a comrade for a chew of tobacco. Too full of emotion to speak, the comrade handed a gentlemanly plug to the dying man, who cut about half an ounce from it, placed it thoughtfully in his mouth, and then stuffed his handkerchief carefully in the hole in his forehead made by the balls.

'Is any of my brains hanging out?' he asked of another of his comrades.

'No, Shorty,' answered the other, bursting into tears; 'you never had any to hang out.'

After this response, the dying man paused for a moment to spit in the eyes of a dog that was snuffling around his heels, and then proceeded with his comrades in the direction of the hospital, or the house used for that purpose.

As they were passing the quarters of the officer with whom I was spending the night, the expiring Souve stopped to twist the tail of an old darkey's cat, which made such a noise that the officer's attention was attracted, and he called the whole party into his room. I at once noticed that the top of Mr. Shorty's head was completely gone, and that one of his eyes was half way down

the back of his neck. Upon entering the room he took a pipe from the mantel and commenced to smoke it, giving us, at the same time, a history of Nine's Engine and the first "muss" he was engaged in. After finishing the pipe, and requesting me to wrap him up in the American flag, he spit on one of my boots, and then died. I append a short biographical sketch.

THE LATE PRIVATE SHORTY.

Mr. James Shorty, the gallant Zouave who was shot last night by the Southern Confederacy, was born some years ago in a place I am not aware of, and graduated with high honours in the New York Fire Department. He was universally beloved for his genial manner of taking the butt, and never hit a feller bigger than himself. In the year 1861, he entered the United States army as a private Zouave, and was in it when the fate of war deprived the country of his beloved presence. His remains will be taken to the first fire that occurs.

Poor Shorty! I knew him well, my boy, and shall never forget how ready he always was to take a cigar from

Yours, mournfully,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I have heard that no such occurrence took place at Alexandria. The alarm was occasioned by the fall of a bag of hay in one of the officer's quarters, the noise being mistaken for the firing of a battery. Mr. Shorty, it seems, does not belong to the Zouaves at all, and is still in New York.

O. C. K.

LETTER VII.

RECORDING THE FIRST BANGUINARY EXPLOIT OF THE MACKEREL BRIGADE, AND ITS VICTORIOUS ISSUE.

Washington, D.C., June 20th, 1861.

I HAVE just returned, my boy, with my fellow-mercenaries and several mudsills from a carnival of gore. I am wounded—my sensibilities are wounded, and my irrepressibles reek with the blood of the slain. These hands, that once opened the oysters of peace and toyed with the bivalves of tranquillity, are now sanguinary with the *red juice of battle* (gushing idea!), and linger in horrid ecstacy about the gloomy neck of a bottle holding about a quart. Eagle of my country, proud bird of the menagerie! thou art avenged!

At a late hour last evening, the Brigadier-General of the Mackerel Brigade (formerly a practitioner in the Asylum for Idiots) received intelligence from a messenger that a strong force of chickens were intrenched near Fairfax Court-House under the command of a rabid secessionist named Binks. The brigade was at once ordered over the bridge at a double-quick, the general throwing a strong force of skirmishers into the Potomac, and waving his sword repeatedly to show that he was a stranger to fear. Shortly after touching Virginia soil, the orderly sergeant reported an engagement, on the left flank, between private William Brown and the man that puts his hair in papers. A consultation of officers was immediately called, and the order 'About face' was given. So excited was our general by the event, that when the order to march was given he

forgot all about the 'About face' business, and we didn't know that we were going the wrong way until we suddenly found ourselves at the bridge again. A consultation of officers was immediately called, and it was determined that, in consequence of the well-known revolution of the world on its axis, the part with the bridge on it had taken a turn while we were halting, and we were ordered to counterbalance the singular phenomena by marching the other way immediately. We had proceeded about one mile, when a scout reported that a shower was coming up. A consultation of officers was immediately called, and it was determined that a squad should search a neighbouring farmhouse for an umbrella for the Brigadier-General. The umbrella being obtained without loss of life, we pushed on toward Fairfax, and soon found ourselves before the works of the enemy. A consultation of officers was immediately called, and it was decided that the Brigadier-General should climb a tree, in order to be able to direct the assault effectively, and prevent the appearance of a widow in his family at home. The first regiment, Watch Guards, were ordered to reconnoitre the works, and private William Brown had almost succeeded in surrounding a very fat pullet, when Colonel Binks put his head out of the window of his fortress, and discharged a ten-inch boot-jack at our centre.

The Man that puts his hair in papers was wounded severely on one of his corns, and the Brigadier-General slid hastily down from the tree, and retired to the rear of an adjacent barn. A consultation of officers was immediately called, and it was determined to form our brigade into a square, and receive the charge of the enemy, who speedily

appeared before the breastworks with a pair of tongs in his hands. Reaching forward with the horrid weapon, he pulled the nose of our returned Brigadier-General with it. A consultation of officers was immediately called, and it was determined that death was preferable to defeat. Accordingly, the brigade was ordered to advance cautiously upon the enemy, while the orderly sergeant was sent to harass his rear, and turn his flank, if possible. Our Brigadier-General attempted to lead the charge, but made a mistake about the direction again, and had galloped half a mile toward where we came from before he could be convinced of his mistake. Seeing us descending upon him, at last, like an avalanche, the enemy deployed to the right, and poured in a volley of 'cusses,' throwing our right column into confusion, and wounding the delicacy of our chaplain. A consultation of officers was immediately called, and it was determined to make one more dash. We were formed into the shape of a bunch of radishes, the Brigadier-General retired a distance of two miles to encourage us, and we poured down upon the foe with irresistible force. His ranks were broken by the impetuosity of our charge, and he scattered and fled in dismay.

The engagement then became general, and in a little while we were on our victorious way to Washington again, with 150 rebel prisoners. Our captives were chickens, in excellent condition for dressing, and their appearance so delighted our Brigadier-General — whom we found sharpening his sword on the bottom of his boot, some miles away — that a consultation of officers was immediately called, and it was determined to cook and eat them immediately. But

the Pi should administer the oath of allegiance to them, and discharge them in the morning.

Yours, victoriously,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER VIII.

THE REJECTED 'NATIONAL HYMN.'

Washington, D.C., June 30th, 1861.

IMMEDIATELY after mailing my last to you, I secured a short furlough, and proceeded to New York, to examine into the affairs of that venerable committee which had offered a prize of \$500 for the best National Hymn.

Upon going into literary circles, my boy, no less than fifty acknowledged poets confidentially informed me, that the idea of bribing the Muse to be solemnly patriotic was altogether too vulgar to be tolerated for a moment by writers of reputation; and a whole swarm of poets, never acknowledged by any body, were humane enough to say that \$500 was not a small sum in these times; but they hadn't 'come to that yet, you know.'

One very poor Bohemian, my boy (whose scathing sarcasm at the expense of those degraded creatures who prefer wealth to intellect, has often delighted and improved the public mind), was as rash as to intimate that the importunities of his landladies might drive him to the desperate resource of competing for the prize; but he was quickly made to blush for the unworthy thought, by the undisguised contempt for his 'dem'd lowliness' displayed by a dejected young gentleman in a dirty collar and very

new neck-tie, who lives in a two-nair back in Wooster Street (shells and a roll twice a day), and writes graphic sketches of 'fashionable' life for the wholesale market.

And yet, notwithstanding all this high-mindedness, my boy, there is an immense amount of some sort of genius insidiously pitted against the contemptible \$500. Astounding and distracting to relate, the committee announces the reception of no less than eleven hundred and fifty 'anthems!'

The magnitude of eleven hundred and fifty 'anthems' is almost more than one human mind can grasp. Allowing that each 'anthem' is a quarter of a yard long, we have a grand total of two hundred and eighty-seven and a half yards of 'anthem;' allowing that each 'anthem' weighs half a pound (intellectually and materially), I find a gross weight of five hundred and seventy-five pounds of 'anthem!'

Let the reflective mind consider these figures for a moment, and it will be stricken with a sense of the singular resemblance between Genius and other marketable commodities. Eleven hundred and fifty anthems are enough to prove that Genius has its private mercenary weaknesses as well as Trade, my boy, and that brains can be bought by the yard as well as calico. Genius may carry with it a seeming contempt for the yellow dress of common humanity; but—it has to pay its occasional washer-woman.

And all these 'anthems' are rejected by the venerable committee! But must they all, therefore, be lost to the world? I hope not, my boy.—I hope not. Having acquaintance with the discriminating rag-merchant to whom they were turned over as rejected, I have procured

LETTER VIII.

some of the best, from which to quote
for your special edification.

Imprimis, my boy, observe this

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY H. W. L——, OF CAMBRIDGE.*

Back in the years when Phlegstaff, the
Dane, was monarch

Over the sea-ribbed land of the fleet-
footed Norsemen,

Once there went forth young Ursa to gaze
at the heavens—

Ursa, the noblest of all the Vikings and
horsemen.

Musing, he sat in his stirrups and viewed
the horizon,

Where the Aurora lapt stars in a North-
polar manner,

Wildly he started—for there in the heavens
before him

Flattered and flew the original Star-
Spangled Banner.

The committee have two objections
to this; in the first place, it is not an
'anthem' at all; secondly, it is a gross
plagiarism from an old Scandinavian
war-song of the primeval ages.

Next, I present a

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY THE HON. EDWARD E—— OF BOSTON.†

Ponderous projectiles, hurled by heavy
hands,

Fell on our Liberty's poor infant head,
Ere she a stadium had well advanced

On the great path that to her greatness
led;

Her temple's propylon was shattered;

Yet thanks to saving Grace and Wash-
ington,

Her temple was from her bosom hurled;
And, rising like a cloud-dispelling sun,

She took the oil, with which her hair was
curled,

To grease the "Hub" round which revolves
the world.

This fine production is rather heavy
for an 'anthem,' and contains too much
of Boston to be considered strictly na-
tional. To set such an 'anthem' to
music would require a Wagner; and
even were it really accommodated to a
tune, it could only be whistled by the
populace,

We now come to a

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY JOHN GREENLEAF W——.*

My native land, thy Puritanic stock
Still finds its roots firm-bonded in Plymouth

Rock,

And all thy sons unite in one grand wish—
To keep the virtues of Preserv-ed Fish.

Preserv-ed Fish, the Deacon stern and true,
Told our New England what her sons should
do,

And should they swerve from loyalty and
right,

Then the whole land were lost indeed in
night.

The sectional bias of this 'anthem'
renders it unsuitable for use in that
small margin of the world situated out-
side of New England. Hence the above
must be rejected.

Here we have a very curious

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL H——.†

A diagnosis of our history proves
Our native land a land its native loves;
Its birth a deed historic without peer,
Its growth a source of wonder far and near.

* John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker
poet.

† Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

* H. W. Longfellow.

† Hon. Edward Everett.

To love it more behold how foreign shores
Sink into nothingness beside its stores;
Hyde Park at best—though counted ultra-
grand—

The "Boston Common" of Victoria's land—

The committee must not be blamed
for rejecting the above, after reading
thus far; for such an 'anthem' could
only be sung by a college of surgeons or
a Beacon-street tea-party.

Turn we now to a

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY RALPH WALDO E——.*

Source immaterial of material naught,
Focus of light infinitesimal,
Sum of all things by sleepless Nature
wrought,
Of which abnormal man is decimal.

Refract, in prism immortal, from thy stars
To the stars blent incipient on our flag,
The beam translucent, nentrifying death;
And raise to immortality the rag.

This 'anthem' was greatly praised by
a celebrated German scholar; but the
committee felt obliged to reject it on ac-
count of its too childish simplicity.

Here we have a

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY WILLIAM CULLEN D——.†

The sun sinks softly to his evening port,
The sun swells grandly to his morning
crown;
Yet not a star our flag of Heav'n has lost,
And not a sunset stripe with him goes
down.

So thrones may fall; and from the dust of
those,
New thrones may rise, to totter like the
last;

But still our country's nobler planet glows
While the eternal stars of Heaven are
fast.

Upon finding that this did not go well
to the air of 'Yankee Doodle,' the com-
mittee felt justified in declining it; being
furthermore prejudiced against it by a
suspicion that the poet has crowded an
advertisement of a paper which he edits
into the first line.

Next we quote from a

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY GEN. GEORGE F. M——.*

In the days that tried our fathers
Many years ago,
Our fair land achieved her freedom,
Blood-bought, you know.
Shall we not defend her ever
As we'd defend
That fair maiden, kind and tender,
Calling us friend?

Yes! Let all the echoes answer,
From hill and vale;
Yes! Let other nations, hearing,
Joy in the tale.
Our Columbia is a lady,
High-born and fair;
We have sworn allegiance to her—
Touch her who dare.

The tone of this 'anthem' not being
devotional enough to suit the committee,
it should be printed on an edition of
linen-cambric handkerchiefs, for ladies
especially.

Observe this

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY N. P. W——.†

One hue of our flag is taken
From the cheeks of my blushing Pet,

* Ralph Waldo Emerson.

† William Cullen Bryant, of the *New York Evening Post*.

* G. P. Morris of the *Home Journal*.

† N. P. Willis.

And its stars beat time and sparkle
Like the studs on her chemisette.

Its blue is the ocean shadow
That hides in her dreamy eyes;
It conquers all men, like her,
And still for a Union flies.

Several members of the committee
being pious, it is not strange that this
'anthem' has too much of the Ana-
creon spice to suit them.

We next peruse a

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY THOMAS DAILEY A.—.

The little brown squirrel hops in the corn,
The cricket quaintly sings;
The emerald pigeon nods his head,
And the shad in the river springs,
The dainty sunflower hangs its head
On the shore of the summer sea;
And better far that I were dead,
If Maud did not love me.

I love the squirrel that hops in the corn,
And the cricket that quaintly sings;
And the emerald pigeon that nods his head,
And the shad that gaily springs.
I love the dainty sunflower too,
And Maud with her snowy breast;
I love them all;—but I love—I love—
I love my country best.

This is certainly very beautiful, and
sounds somewhat like Tennyson. Though
it was rejected by the committee, it can
never lose its value as a piece of excel-
lent reading for children. It is calcu-
lated to fill the youthful mind with
patriotism and natural history, besides
touching the youthful heart with an
emotion palpitating for all.

Notice the following

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY A. H. STODDARD.

Behold the flag! Is it not a flag?
Deny it, man, if you dare;
And midway spread, 'twixt earth and sky,
It hangs like a written prayer.

Would impious hands of foe disturb
Its memories' holy spell,
And blight it with a dew of blood?
Ha, traitor!! * * * It is well.

And this is the last of the rejected
anthems I can quote from at present,
my boy, though several hundred pounds
yet remain untouched.

Yours, questioningly,
ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER IX.

IN WHICH OUR CORRESPONDENT TEMPORA-
RILY DIGRESSES FROM WAR MATTERS TO
ROMANTIC LITERATURE, AND INTRODUCES
A WOMAN'S NOVEL.

Washington, D. C., July —, 1861.

WHILE the Grand Army is making its
preparations for an advance upon the
Southern Confederacy, my boy, and the
celebrated fowl of our distracted country
is getting ready his spurs, let me distract
your attention for a moment to the sub-
ject of harrowing Romance as inflicted
by the intellectual women of America.

To soothe and instruct me in my lei-
sure and more obtrusive moments, one of
the ink-comparable women of America
has sent me her new novel to read; and
before I allow you to enjoy its green
leaves, my boy, you must permit me to
make a few remarks concerning the
generality of such works.

* Thomas Bailey Aldwick.

* A. H. Stoddard.

Long and patient study of womanly work teaches me that woman's genius, as displayed in gushing fiction, is a power of creating an unnatural and unmitigated ruffian for a hero, my boy; at whose shrine all created crinolines and immense delegations of inferior broad-cloth are impelled to bow. Such a one was that old humbug, Rochester, the beloved of 'Jane Eyre.' The character has been done over scores of times since poor Charlotte Brontë gave her famous novel to the world, and is still 'much used in respectable families.'

The great difficulty with the intellectual women of America is, that they will persist in attempting to delineate a phase of manly character which attracts them above all others, but which they do not comprehend. Woman entertains a natural fondness for that which she can not understand, and hence it is that we very seldom find her without a wildly-vague admiration of Emerson.

There is in this world, my boy, a noble type of manhood which unites dignified reserve with the most loyal integrity, relentless pride of manner with the kindest humility of heart, rigid indifference to the applause of the world with the finest regard for its honest respect, and carelessness of woman's mere frivolous liking with the most profound and chivalrous reverence for her virtues and her love.

This is the type which, without comprehending it, the intellectual women of America are continually striving to depict in their novels; and a pretty mess they make of it, my boy,—a pretty mess they make of it.

Their 'Rochester' hero is harder to understand than Hamlet, when he falls into the hands of our school-girl authoresses. He looms rakishly upon us, my boy, a horribly misanthropic wretch, de-

vising the world with all the dreadful malignity of chronic dyspepsia, and displaying a degree of moral biliousness truly horrifying to members of the church. His behaviour to the poor little heroine is a perpetual outrage. Alternately he caresses and snubs her. He never fails to make her read to him when he traps her in the library; and when she says, 'Good night' to him, he is too deep in a 'fit of gloomy abstraction' to answer her civilly. If he calls her a 'little fool,' her fondness for him becomes ecstatic; and at the first hint of his having murdered a noble brother and two beautiful sisters in early life, she is led to fear that her adoration of him will exceed the love she owes to her Maker!

This unprincipled ruffian may be separated from the virtuous little heroine for years, and he flirting consuemedly with half a dozen crinolines when next she sees him; yet is he loved dearly by the virtuous little heroine all the time, and when last we hear of him, she is resting peacefully upon his vest-pattern.

What makes the inconsistency of the whole story still more apparent, is the intense and double-refined plety of the heroine, as contrasted with an utter stagnation of all morality in the breast of the ruffian. How the two can assimilate, I do not understand; and my misunderstanding is woefully augmented by the heroine's frequent expressions of churchliness, and the ruffian's equally frequent outbursts of waggish infidelity.

And now, my boy, let me transcribe for you the new novel, sent to me with such kind intent by one of the young and intellectual women of America. You will find much lucidness of sentiment, my boy, in

HIGGINS. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY GUSHALINA CRUSHIT.

PREFACE.

In writing the ensuing pages, I have been guided by no motives other than those which lead the mind in its leisure hours to scatter the germs of the beautiful. It may be urged that the character of my hero is unnatural; but I am sure there are many of my sex who will discover in Mr. Higgins a counterpart of the ideal of days when life still knew the odours of its first spring, and the soul of man seemed to the eye of innocence an elysium of virtue into which no gauze of mere worldliness intruded. I have done.

CHAPTER I.

It was on the eve of a day in the happy month of June, that my great grandfather's carriage, drawn by six hundred and twenty-two white horses, drew up under the tall palm-trees before the gates of the venerable Higgins' Lodge, and I was lifted almost fainting from the wearied vehicle. As my grandfather supported my trembling steps into the spacious hall of the lodge, I noticed that another figure had been added to our party. It was that of a man six feet high, and broad in proportion; whose majestic and spacious brow betokened realms of elysian thought and exuberant idealism. His pallid tresses hung in curls down his back, and an American flag floated from his Herculean shoulders. Fixed by a fascination only to be realised by those who have felt so, I cast my piercing glance at him,

and my inmost soul knew all his sublimity. It was as though an angel's wing had swept my temples and left a glittering place there.

Mr. Higgins said my grandfather, 'here is your wife, Gushalina.'

For an instant silence prevailed. Then Mr. Higgins said, in tones of exquisitely modulated thunder:

'What did you bring the old girl here for, you old cuss you?'

It was as when one sees a strain of music. I remembered the prayers of my dear departed mother when she sought to enlighten my speechless infancy with divine grace, and I felt that I loved this Higgins.

Such is life. We wander through the bowers of love without a thought of the morrow, while the dread vulture of predestination eats into our souls, and cries woe woe! Truly, earthly happiness is a mockery.

CHAPTER II.

Scarcely had I taken my seat in the library after my grandfather had left us, when Mr. Higgins ordered me to black his boots. This I proceeded to do with a haughty air, scarcely daring to hope, but wishing that he would conquer his freezing reserve, and speak to me again. For I was but a child, and my young heart yearned for sympathy.

Presently, Mr. Higgins turned his large gray eyes on me, and said:

'Ha!'

After this, he remained in a thoughtful reverie for two hours, and then turning to me, asked:

'Gushalina, what do you think of me?'

'I think,' replied I, carefully putting the blacking-brush in its place, 'that

your nature is naturally a noble one, but has been warped and shadowed by a misconceived impression of the great arcana of the universe. You permit the genuflexions of human sin to bias your mind in its estimate of the true economy of creation; thus blighting, as it were, the fructifying evidences of your own abstract being—

I blushed, and feared I had gone too far.

'Very true,' responded Mr. Higgins, after a moment's pause; 'Schiller says nearly the same thing. It was a sense of man's utter nothingness that led me to kill my grandmother and poison the helpless offspring of my elder brother.'

Here Mr. Higgins held down his head and quivered with emotion, as the ocean quakes under the shrieking howl of the blast.

I felt my whole being convulsed, and could not endure the spectacle. I stole softly to the door, and stammered through my tears, 'Good-night, Mr. Higgins: I will pray for you.'

He did not turn his noble head, but said in firm tones, 'Poor little beast, good-night.'

I went to my room, but could not sleep. Shortly after half-past two o'clock I crawled noiselessly down to the library-door and looked in. Mr. Higgins still sat before the fire in the same thoughtful position. 'Poor little beast!' I heard him murmur softly to himself—'poor little beast!'

CHAPTER III.

Let the reader transport himself to a small store cottage on the Hudson, and he will behold me as I was at the age of twenty-one. I had reached that acme of woman's career when common sense

is to her as nothing, and the world, with all its follies, bursts upon her ravished ears with tenfold succulence. My grandfather had been dead some fifty years, and I was even thinking of him, when the door opened and Mr. Higgins entered. I felt my heart palpitate, and was about to quit the room, when he cast a searching glance at me, and said:

'Well, girl, are you as big a fool as ever?'

I hung my head, for the tell-tale blush would bloom.

'Come,' said Mr. Higgins, 'don't speak like a donkey. I'm no priestly confessor. Curse the priests! Curse the world! Curse every body! Curse every thing!' And he placed his feet upon the mantel-piece, and gazed meditatively into the fire.

I could hear the beatings of my own heart, and all the warinths of my nature went forth to meet this sublime embodiment of human majesty; yet I dared not speak.

After a short silence Mr. Higgins took a chew of tobacco, and placing his hand on my shoulder, exclaimed:

'Why should I deceive you, girl? Last night I poisoned my only remaining sister, because she would have wed a circus-keeper; and scarcely an hour ago I lost two millions at faro. Your priests would say this was wrong—eh?'

I stifled my sobs, and said as calmly as I could,

'Our Church looks at the motive, not the deed. If a high sense of honour compelled you to poison all your relatives and play faro, the sin was rather the effect of vice in others than in your own noble heart, and I doubt not you may be called innocent.'

He glanced into the fire a few hours, and then said,

'Go, Galushinna!—I would be alone! Go, innocent young scorpion.'

Oh, Higgins, Higgins, if I could have died for thee then, I don't know but I should have done it!

CHAPTER IV.

Seventy-five years have rolled by since last I met the reader, and I am still a thoughtless girl. But oh, how changed! The raven of despair has flapped his hideous brood over the halls of my ancestors, and taken from them all that once made them beautiful. When I look back I can see nothing before me, and when I look forward I can see nothing behind me. Thus it is with life. We fancy that each hour is a butterfly made to play with, and all is gall and bitterness.

I was chastised by misfortune, and occupied a secluded cavern in the city of New Orleans, when my faithful old nurse entered my dressing-room, and burst into a fit of hysterical laughter.

'Sassafrina!' I exclaimed, half angrily.

'Please don't be angry, miss,' replied the tried old creature; but I knew it would come all right at last. I told you Sir Claude Higgins hadn't married his youngest sister, but you wouldn't believe me. Now he's down stairs in the parlour waiting for you.'

And the attached domestic fell dead at my feet.

After hastily putting on a pair of clean stockings, and reading a chapter in my mother's family Bible, I left the room, murmuring to myself, 'Be still, my throbbing heart, be still.'

CHAPTER V.

When I entered the parlour, Mr. Higgins sat gazing into the fire in an attitude of deep reflection, and did not note

my entrance until I had touched him. His dishevelled hair hung from his massive temples in majestic decomposition, and an extinguished torch lay smouldering at his glorious feet.

O my soul's idol! I can see thee now as I saw thee then, with the firelight glowing over thee like a smile from the cerulean skies!

As I touched him he awoke.

'Miserable girl!' he exclaimed, in those old familiar tones, drawing me towards him, while a delicious tremor shook my every nerve. 'Wretched little serpent! And is it thus we meet? Poor idiot, you are but a woman; and I—alas! what am I? Two hours ago I set fire to three churches, and crushed a sexton 'neath my iron heel. Do you not shrink? 'Tis well. Then hear me, viper—I love thee.'

Was it the music of a higher sphere that I smelt, or was I still in this world of folly and sin? And were all my toils, my cares, my heart-breathings, my hopes, my sobbings, my soul-writhings to end thus gloriously at last, in the adoration of a being on whom I lavished all the spirit's purest glories?

My bliss was more than I could endure. Tearing all the hair-pins from my hair, and tying my pocket-handkerchief about my heaving neck, I flung myself upon his steaming chest.

'My Higgins!'

'Your Higgins!'

'OUR Higgins!!!'

THE BLISSFUL FINIS.

The intellectual women of America draw it rather temperately when they try to reproduce gorgeous manhood; but they mean well, my boy—they mean well.

Yours, in a brown study.

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER X.

MAKING CONSERVATIVE MENTION OF THE
BATTLE OF BULL RUN AND ITS EVENTS.
THE FIRE ZOUAVE'S VERSION OF THE
AFFAIR, AND SO ON.

Washington, D.C. July 28th, 1861.

WE have met the enemy at last, my boy; but I don't see that he's ours. We went after him with flying banners, and I noticed when we came back that they were flying still! Honour to the brave who fell on that bloody field! and may we kill enough secessionists to give each of them a monument of Southern skulls!

I was present at the great battle, my boy, and appointed myself a special guard of one of the baggage-wagons in the extreme rear. The driver saw me coming, and says he:

'You can't cut behind this here wheel, my fine little boy.'

I looked at him for a moment, after the manner of the late great actor, Mr. Kirby, and says I:

'Soldier, hast thou a wife?'

Says he:

'I reckon.'

'And sixteen small children?'

Says he:

'There was only fifteen when last heard from.'

'Soldier,' says I, 'were you to die before to-morrow, what would be your last request?'

Here I shed two tears.

'It would be,' says he, 'that some kind friend would take the job of walloping my offspring for a year on contract, and finding my beloved wife in subjects to jaw about.'

'Soldier,' says I, 'I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side.'

And he didn't let me do it.

Just at this moment something burst, and I found myself going up at the rate of two steeples and a shot-tower a second. I met a Fire Zouave on the way down, and says he:

'Towhead, if you see any of our boys up where you're goin' to, just tell them to hurry down; fur there's goin' to be a row, and Nine's fellers 'll take that cro four-gun hydrant from the secesshers in less time than you can reel two yards of hose.'

As I was *very* tired, I did not go all the way up; but turned my back at the first cloud, and returned hastily to the scene of strife. I happened to light on a very fat secessher, who was doing a little running for exercise. Down he went, with me on top of him. He was dreadfully scared; but says he to me: 'I've seen you before, by the gods!' I winked at him, and commenced to sharpen my sword on a stone.

'Till me,' says he, 'had you a female mother?'

'I had,' says I.

'And a masculine father?'

'He wore breeches.'

'Then you are my long-lost grandfather!' says the secessher, endeavouring to embrace me.

'It won't do,' says I; 'I've been to the Bowery Theatre* myself, and with that I took off his necktie and wiped my nose with it. This action was so repugnant to the feelings of a Southern gentleman, that he immediately died on my hands; and there I left him.'

It was my first personal victory in this unnatural war, my boy; and as I walked away I thought sadly of the domestic circle in the Southern Confederacy that

* The Surrey Theatre of New York.

might be waiting anxiously, tearfully, for the husband and father—him whom I had morally assassinated, and there he sprawled, denied even the simple privilege of extending a parting blessing to his children.

Shortly after the event I have recorded, I was examining the back of a house near the battle-field, to see if it corresponded with the front, when another Fire Zouave came along, and says he:

'It's my opinio that you're sticking rather too thick to the rear of that house. Why don't you go to the front like a man?'

'My boy,' says I, 'this is the house of a predominant rebel, and I'm detailed to watch the back door.'

With that the Zouave was taken with such a dreadful fit of coughing that he had to move on to get his breath, and I was left alone once more.

These Fire Zouaves, my boy, have a perversity about them not to be repressed. They were neck-and-neck with the rest of us in our stampede back to this city; and yet, my boy, they refuse to consider the United States of America worsted. Here is the version of

BULL RUN.

BY A FIRE ZOUAVE.

Oh, it's all very well for you fellers
That don't know a fire from the sun,
To curl your moustaches, and tell us
Just how the thing oughter be done;
But when twenty wake up ninety thou-

sand,
There's no more one follow but rout;
We didn't give in till we had to
And what are yer coughin' about?

The crowd that was with them ere rebels
Had ten to our every man;

But a fireman's a fireman, me covey,
And he'll put out a fire if he can:
So we ran the rebs down at a gallop,
As fast as open and shut;
And as fast as one feller went under,
Another kept takin' his lust.

You oughter seen Fencham that mornin',
In spite of the shot and the shell;
His orders kept ringing around us
As clear as the City-Hall bell.
He said all he could to encourage
And lighten the hearts of the men,
Until he was bleeding and wounded,
And nary dried up on it then.

While two rifle regiments fought us,
And batteries tumbled us down,
Them cursed Black-Horse fellers charged
us,

Like all the Dead Rabbits in town.
And that's just the way with them rebels,
It's ten upon one, or no fair;
But we emptied a few of their saddles—
You may bet all your soap on that air!

'Double up!' says our colonel, quite coolly,
When he saw them come ridin' like mad,
And we did double up in a hurry,
And let them have all that we had.
They came at us counting a hundred,
And scarcely two dozen went back;
So you see, if they bluffed us on aces,
We made a big thing with the Jack.

We fought till red shirts were as plenty
As black berries, strewing the grass,
And then we fell back for a breathing,
To let Sixty-nine feller's pass.
Perhaps Sixty-nine didn't peg them,
And give them uncommon cheroots?
Well—I've just got to say, if they didn't,
You fellers take small of my boots!

The Brooklyn Fourteenth was another,
And these Minnesota chaps too;
But the odds were too heavy against us,
And but one thing was left us to do,

We had to make tracks for our quarters,
And finished it up pretty rough;
But if any chap says that they licked us,
I'd just like to polish him off!

With the remembrance of the many heroic souls who sacrificed themselves for their country that day, I have not the heart, my boy, to continue the subject. I was routed at about five o'clock in the afternoon, and fell back on Washington, where I am now receiving my rations. I don't take the oath with any spirit since then; and a skeleton with nothing on but a havelock is all that is left of

Yours, emaciatedly.

ORPHEUS C. KERR,

LETTER XI.

DOINGS OF THE MACKEREL BRIGADE, AND
NOTES OF THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS IN
ARTILLERY, ETC.

Washington, D.C., August —, 1861.

THE Mackerel Brigade, of which I have the honour to be a member, was about the worst demoralised of all the brigades that covered themselves with glory and perspiration at the skirmish of Bull Run. In the first place, it never had much morals, and when it came to be demoralised, it hadn't any; so that ever since the disaster, the peasantry in the neighbourhood of the camp have been in constant mourning for departed pullets; and one venerable rustic complains that the Mackerel pickets milk all his cows every night, and come to lorrow his churn in the morning. When one of the colonels heard the venerable rustic make this accusation, he says to him:

'Would you like to be revenged on

the men who milk your animals?' The venerable rustic took a chew of tobacco, and says he: 'I wouldn't like any thing better.' The colonel looked at him sadly for a moment, and then remarked: "Aged stranger, you are already revenged. The men who milked your animals are all from New York, where they had been accustomed to drink milk composed principally of Croton water.* Upon drinking the pure article furnished by your gentle beastesses, they were all taken violently sick, and are now lying at the point of illness, expecting every moment to be their first.' The venerable rustic was so affected by this intelligence, that he immediately went home in tears.

By invitation of a well-known official, I visited the Navy-yard yesterday, and witnessed the trial of some newly-invented rifled cannon. The trial was of short duration, and the jury brought in a verdict of 'innocent of any intent to kill.'

The first gun tried was similar to those used in the Revolution, except that it had a larger touch-hole, and the carriage was painted green, instead of blue. This novel and ingenious weapon was pointed at a target about sixty yards distant. It didn't hit it, and as nobody saw any ball, there was much perplexity expressed. A midshipman did say that he thought the ball must have run out of the touch-hole when they loaded up—for which he was instantly expelled from the service. After a long search without finding the ball, there was some thought of summoning the Naval Retiring Board to decide on the matter, when somebody happened to look into the mouth of the cannon, and

The great water reservoir of New York.

discovered that the ball hadn't gone out at all. The inventor said this would happen sometimes, especially if you didn't put a brick over the touch-hole when you fired the gun. The Government was so pleased with this explanation, that it ordered forty of the guns on the spot, at two hundred thousand dollars a-piece. The guns to be furnished as soon as the war is over.

The next weapon tried was Jink's double back-action revolving cannon for ferry-boats. It consists of a heavy bronze tube, revolving on a pivot, with both ends open, and a touch-hole in the middle. While one gunner puts a load in at one end, another puts in a load at the other end, and one touch-hole serves for both. Upon applying the match, the gun is whirled swiftly round on a pivot, and both balls fly out in circles, causing great slaughter on both sides. This terrible engine was aimed at the target with great accuracy; but as the gunner has a large family dependent on him for support, he refused to apply the match. The Government was satisfied without firing, and ordered six of the guns at a million of dollars a-piece. The guns to be finished in time for our next war.

The last weapon subjected to trial was a mountain howitzer of a new pattern. The inventor explained that its great advantage was, that it required no powder. In battle it is placed on the top of a high mountain, and a ball slipped loosely into it. As the enemy passes the foot of the mountain, the gunner in charge tips over the howitzer, and the ball rolls down the side of the mountain into the midst of the doomed foe. The range of this terrible weapon depends greatly on the height of the mountain and the distance to its base. The Government ordered forty of these moun-

tain howitzers, at a hundred thousand dollars a-piece; to be planted on the first mountains discovered in the enemy's country.

These are great times for gunsmiths, my boy; and if you find any old cannon around the junk-shops, just send them along.

There is much sensation in nautical circles arising from the immoral conduct of the rebel privateers; but public feeling has been somewhat easier since the invention of a craft for capturing the pirates, by an ingenious Connecticut chap. Yesterday he exhibited a small model of it at a cabinet-meeting, and explained it thus:

'You will perceive,' says he to the President, 'that the machine itself will only be four times the size of the Great Eastern, and need not cost over a few million of dollars. I have only got to discover one thing before I can make it perfect. You will observe that it has a steam-engine on board. This engine works a pair of immense iron clamps, which are let down into the water from the extreme end of a very lengthy horizontal spar. Upon approaching the pirate, the captain orders the engineer to put on steam. Instantly the clamps descend from the end of the spar and clutch the privateer athwartships. Then the engine is reversed, the privateer is lifted bodily out of the water, the spar swings around over the deck, and the pirate ship is let down into the hold by the run. Then shut your hatches, and you have ship and pirates safe and sound.'

The President's Gothic features lighted up beautifully at the words of the great inventor; but in a moment they assumed an expression of doubt, and say-

'But how are you going to manage, if the privateer fires upon you while you are doing this?'

'My dear sir,' says the inventor, 'I told you I had only one thing to discover before I could make the machine perfect, and that's it.'

So you see, my boy, there's a prospect of our doing something on the ocean in the next century, and there's only one thing in the way of our taking in pirates by the cargo.

Last evening a new brigadier-general, aged ninety-four years, made a speech to Regiment Five, Mackerel Brigade, and then furnished each man with a lead-pencil. He said that, as the Government was disappointed about receiving some provisions it had ordered for the troops, those pencils were intended to enable them to draw their rations as usual. I got a very big pencil, my boy, and have lived on a sheet of paper ever since.

Yours, pensively,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XII.

A DEATHLESS EXPLOIT OF THE MACKEREL BRIGADE.

Washington, D.C., September 8th, 1861.

THE Mackerel Brigade, my boy, had a great engagement yesterday, and came very near repulsing the enemy. We were ordered to march forward in three columns, until we came within five miles of the enemy, Colonel Wobbles leading the first; Mr. Wobbles, the second; and Wobbles, the third. In the advance our lines presented the shape of

a clam-shell, but as we neared the point of danger, they gradually assumed more of the form of a cone, the rear-guard being several times as thick as the advance guard. When within six miles of the seceshers, we planted our battery of four six-pounders, and opened a horrible fire of shot and shell on the adjacent country. The seceshers replied with a hail of canister and shrapnell, and for eight hours the battle raged fearfully, but without hurting anybody, as the hostile forces were too far apart to reach each other with shot. Finally Colonel Wobbles sent a messenger, by railroad, to ask the seceshers what they wanted, and they said they only wanted to be let alone. On receiving this reply, Colonel Wobbles was much affected, and ordered us to march back to camp, which we did.

This affair was really a great victory for the Union, my boy, and I cannot refrain from giving short biographical sketches of the leaders concerned in it, commencing with

COLONEL WOBBLES.

This gallant officer, on whom the eyes of the whole world are now turned, was born at an exceedingly early age, in the place of his nativity. When but a mere boy, he evinced a fondness for the law, and his father, who was his mother's husband, placed him in the office of the late Daniel Webster. He practised law for some years, but failed to find any clients, and finally started a grocery store under Jackson's administration. At this time, Calhoun's peculiar views were agitating Christendom, and Mr. Wobbles married a daughter of the late John Thomas, by whom he had no children. When the war broke out in Mexico,

he left the grocery business, and opened a liquor store on the estate of the late J. Smith, and accumulated sufficient money to send his family into the country. Colonel Wobbles is now about eighty-five years old.

MR. WOBBLES.

This heroic young officer, now attracting so much attention, drew his first breath among the peaceful scenes of home, from which the captious might have augured any thing but a soldier's destiny for him. While yet very young, he was remarkable for his proficiency in making dirt-pies, and went to school with the sons of the late Mr. Jones. In 1846, he did not graduate at West Point; but when the war broke out between Mexico and the United States, he married a niece of the late Daniel Webster. It was also at this period of his eventful career that he first became a husband, and shortly after the birth of his eldest child it was rumoured that he had also become a father. He entered the present war as a military man. He is now but forty years old.

WOBBLES.

This noble patriot soldier, whose name is now a household word all over the world, was reared from infancy in the village of his birth, and took a prominent part in the meals of his family. While yet a youth, the Florida war broke out, and he attended the high-school of the late Mr. Brown. On arriving of age, he was just twenty-one years old, and was not a student at West Point. Shortly after this event, he married a cousin of the late Daniel Webster, and during the Mexican War he had one child, who still bears his father's

name. Wobbles is now sixty years old.

You will observe, my boy, that the noble officers have merited the commissions of brigadier-generals, and if they don't get them, they'll resign. Colonel Wobbles told me this morning, that if he resigned the army would sell him to pieces. I believe him, my boy!—field pieces. Yours, biographical,

ORPHEUS C. KEER.

LETTER XIII.

SUBMITTING A REPORT REMOVING CONCERNING THE CONDITION OF THE ARMY IN THE SOUTH, WITH A LIST OF THE NAMES OF THE LATEST RECRUITS AND A COPY OF THE BLOWN'S RECRUITING EXPLOIT.

Washington, D.C., September 20th, 1861

THERE is every indication that something is about to occur, which, when it does transpire, my boy, will undoubtedly give rise to the rumour that a certain thing has happened. It was observed in military circles yesterday, that General McClellan ordered a new pair of boots to be forwarded immediately from New York, and from this it is justly inferred that the Chain Bridge will be attacked by the rebels in the very shortly.

A gentleman who has just returned from the South to purchase postage-stamps, states that the rebel is in an awful condition, and will have to death as soon as Beauregard receives the order. At Richmond, ice-cream was selling for a hundred dollars a quart, gum-drops at sixty dollars an ounce, Brandreth's Pills at forty-two dollars and a half a box, Spaulding's Prepared Glue at twenty dollars a pint,

and Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup at four hundred dollars a bottle. In consequence of the sudden approach of fall and the renewed stringency of the blockade, there are no strawberries to be had, and the First Families are subsisting entirely upon persimmons.* Should the winter prove cold, the Southerners to a man will be compelled to wear much thicker clothing, and it is anticipated that many of them will take cold. *De jure* inquiring has broken out among the rebel troops at Manassas Junction, in consequence of insufficient accommodation, and the hospitals are so full of patients that numerous sufferers may be seen bulging out of the windows.

The same gentleman thinks that Beauregard will be obliged to attack Washington at once, or resign his commission and go to the Dry Tortugas with his whole army. They are called the *Dry Tortugas*, my boy, because not a cock-tail was ever known to be raised there.

A perfectly reliable but respectable person arrived here yesterday from Paris, and brings highly important intelligence from North Carolina. He has been permitted to sleep with a gentleman formerly residing in that State, and his report is credited by the Administration. Nearly all the people of North Carolina are devoted Union men at heart, and would gladly rally around the old flag, if it were not for the fact that nearly all the rest of the people of the State are secessionists and won't let them. In a town of 750 inhabitants, 748 and a half (one small boy) are determined Unionists; but the remainder, who are brutal traitors, have seized all the arms in the place, and threatened all who op-

pose them with instant death. At Raleigh, a mob consisting of three secessionists has seized the post-office and all the letters of marque found in it. Marque has fled from the State. Since the victory of Hatteras Inlet, the Union men have taken courage, and say, that if the Government will send two hundred thousand men to their assistance, and seventy-five rifled cannon, they can expel their oppressors in a few years. These true patriots must be instantly assisted, or a decimated and infuriated people will demand the expulsion of the entire Cabinet, and an entirely new issue of contracts for shoddy. In the interior of North Carolina there has been a rising of slaves. In fact, they rise every morning very early. From this the *Tribune* report of a negro insurrection originated.

I formed a new acquaintance the other day, my boy, in the shape of the Calcium Light Regiment, which is now ready to receive a few more recruits. The Calcium Light Regiment was born in Boston, near Bunker Hill Monument, and is now about sixty-five years old. He has become greatly demoralised from going without his rations for some days past, and is what may be called a skeleton regiment. He says that if he goes without them much longer, he'll soon be as light as a 12-inch coin, and won't need much calcium to blind the enemy to his presence. He's very light, my boy, and his features are so sharp that he might be used to spike a cannon with. The Calcium Light Regiment was recruited at great expense in New York, and went into camp on Riker's Island, until Secretary Cameron ordered his colonel to bring him on immediately for the defence of Washington. The regiment has three officers, and will elect the others

* The fruit of a Virginian forest-tree.

LETTER XIV.

as soon as his voice is strong enough. He says that he is a regiment of 1000 men ; he says that 1000 is simply the figure 1 and three ciphers, and that he represents the 1, and his three officers the three ciphers.

I believe him, my boy !

Villiam Brown, of Regiment 5. Mackerel Brigade asked his colonel last week for leave to go to New York on recruiting service, and got it. He came back to-day, and says the colonel to him :

'Where's your recruits?'

Villiam smiled sweetly, and remarked that he didn't see it.

'Why, you went to New York on recruiting service, didn't you?' exclaimed the colonel.

'Yes,' says Villiam, 'I went to recruit my health.'

The colonel immediately administered the Oath to him. The Oath, my boy, tastes well with lemon in it.

The women of America, my boy, are noble creatures, and do not forget the brave soldiers of the Union. They have just sent the Mackerel Brigade a case of umbrellas, and we expect a gross of hairpins by the next train.

Yours, meditatively,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XIV.

WHEREIN WILL BE FOUND THE PARTICULARS OF A VISIT TO A SUSPECTED NEWSPAPER-OFFICE, AND SO ON.

Washington, D.C., October 21, 1861.

THIS is a time, my boy, when it is the duty of every American citizen to make himself into a committee of safety, for the good of the Republic, and make

traitors smell the particular thunder of national vengeance. The eagle, my boy, has spread his sanguinary wings for a descent upon the bantams of secession ; and if we permit his sublime pinions to be burdened with the shackles of domestic sedition, we are guilty of that which we do, and are otherwise liable to the charge of committing that which we perform. These thoughts came to me yesterday, after I had taken the Oath six times, and so overpowered me that I again took the Oath, with a straw in it. Just then it struck me that the *Daily Union*, published near Alexandria, ought to be suppressed for its treason ; and I immediately started for the office, with an intention to offer personal violence to the editor. I found him examining a cigar through the bottom of a tumbler, whilst on the desk beside him lay the first "proof" of

THE EDITOR'S WOOING.

We love thee, Ann Maria Smith,
And in thy condescension
We see a future full of joys
Too numerous to mention.

There's Cupid's arrow in thy glance,
That by thy love's coercion
Has reached our melting heart of hearts,
And asked for one insertion.

With joy we feel the blissful smart ;
And ere our passion ranges
We freely place thy love upon
The list of our exchanges.

There's music in thy lowest tone,
And silver in thy laughter ;
And truth—but we will give the full
Particulars hereafter.

Oh, we could tell thee of our plans
'All obstacles to scatter ;
But we are full just now, and have
A press of other matter.

about the very, Queen of Souths,
 Without more hesitation;
 The very thought doth give our blood
 A larger circulation.

When the editor noticed my presence,
 he looked at so that his spectacles dropped
 off.

'Oh, my fine little fellow,' says he,
 'why, I don't want to buy any poetry
 now.'

'I don't fret yourself, my venerable
 churchy,' I: 'I don't deal in poetry
 at present. I just came here to tell you
 that if you don't stop writing treason,
 I'll appear for you in the name of the
 United States.'

'You're a mad-dill mob,' says he; 'and
 I don't allow no violent mobs around
 the office. I am an American citizen,
 and I won't sign no mobs. What does
 the Constitution say about newspapers?'
 'Why, the Constitution don't say any
 thing about them; so you've got no
 constitutional authority for meddling
 with 'em.'

'Then take the Oath,' says I.

'He looked at me for a moment, and
 he passed me a small black bottle. I
 held it up over my eyes for some time,
 the bottle was perfectly straight; and
 he remarked that if all Northerners took
 the Oath as freely as I did, they must
 be a very proof congregation of patriots. I believe him, my boy!

'The Mackerel Brigade has established
 a cookery department for itself, and is
 using a stove recently patented by the
 colonel of Regiment 5. This stove is a
 marvellous invention, and has already
 made fortunes for six cooks and a scul-
 tion. You put a shilling's worth of
 wood into it, which first cooks your
 meat and then turns into two shilling's
 worth of charcoal; so you make a shil-
 ling pay for time you kindle a fire.

Yesterday a gentleman, brought up to
 the oyster trade, and who has made se-
 veral voyages on the Brooklyn ferry-
 boats, exhibited the model of a new
 gun-boat to the Secretary of the Navy.
 He said its great advantage was that it
 could easily be taken to pieces; and the
 Secretary was just going to order se-
 venty-five for use in Central Park, when
 it leaked out that, when once the gun-
 boat was taken to pieces, there was no
 way of putting it together again. Only
 for this, my boy, we might have a gun-
 boat in every cistern.

Yours, nautically,

ORPHEUS C. KEEL.

LETTER XV.

NOTING A NEW VICTORY OF THE MACKEREL
 BRIGADE IN VIRGINIA, AND ILLUSTRATING
 THE PECULIAR THEOLOGY OF WILLIAM
 BROWN, WITH SOME MENTION OF THE
 SHAMP-SHOOTERS.

Washington, D.C., October 18th, 1861.

At an early hour yesterday morning,
 while yet the dew was on the grass, and
 on every thing else green enough to be
 out at that national hour, my boy, I
 saddled my Gothic steed Pegasus, and
 took a trot for the benefit of my health.
 Having eaten a whole straw bed and a
 piece of an Irishman's shoulder during
 the night, my architectural beast was in
 great spirits, my boy; and as he snuffed
 the fresh air, and unfurled the remnants
 of his warlike tail to the breeze of hea-
 ven, I was reminded of that celebrated
 Arabian steed which had such a con-
 tempt for the speed of all other horses
 that he would never run with them—in
 fact, my boy, he never would run at
 all.

Having struck a match on that rib of Pegasus which was most convenient to my hand, I lit a cigar, and dropped the match, still burning, into the right ear of my fiery charger. Something of this kind is always necessary to make the sagacious animal start; but, when once I got his mettle up, he never stops, unless he happens to hear some crow-cawing in the air just above his venerable head. I am frequently glad that Pegasus has lost his eyesight, my boy; for could he see the expression on the faces of some of these same crows, when they get near enough to squint along his backbone, it would wound his sensibilities fearfully.

On this occasion he carried me, at a speed of 240 hours a mile, to a point just this side of Alexandria, where the sound of heavy cannonading and curlew made me pause. At first, my boy, I remembered an engagement I had in Washington, and was about to hasten back; but while I was pressing the lighted end of my cigar to the side of Pegasus, to make him turn, Colonel Wolbert Robinson, of the Western Cavalry, came walking towards me from a piece of woods on my right, and informed me that ten of his men had just been attacked by fourteen thousand rebels, with twenty columbiads. 'The odds,' says he, 'is rather heavy; but our cause is the noblest the world ever knew; and if my brave boys do not vanquish the unnatural foe, an indignant and decimated people will at once call upon the Cabinet to resign.'

I told him that I thought I had read something like that in the *Tribune*; but he didn't seem to hear me.

By this time the cannonading had commenced to subside; and as I trotted alongside of Colonel Robinson towards

the field of battle, I asked him what he had done with his horse. He replied that, while on his way to the field, his sagacious beast had observed a hay-stack, and was so entranced with the vision that he refused to go a step farther; so he had to leave him there.

Upon reaching the scene of strife, my boy, we discovered that the ten Western Cavalry men had routed the rebels, killing four regiments, which were all carried away by their comrades, and capturing six columbiads, which were also carried away. On our side nobody was killed nor wounded. In fact, two of our men, who went into the fight sick with the measles, were entirely cured, and captured four good surgeons. I must state, however, my boy, that although nobody was killed or wounded on our side, there was one man missing. It seems that, when he found the balls flying pretty thickly about his ears, he formed himself into a hollow square, my boy, and retreated in good order into the neighbouring bushes. He formed himself into a hollow square by bending gently forward until his hands touched the ground, and made his retrograde movement on all-fours. Colonel Robinson remarked that this style of forming a hollow square was an intensely immense thing on Hardee.

I believe him, my boy!

The women of America, my boy, are a credit to the American eagle, and a great expense to their husbands and fathers; but they don't exactly understand the most pressing wants of the soldier. For instance, a young girl, about seventy-five years of age, has been sending ten thousand pious tracts to the Mackerel Brigade; and the consequence is that the air around the camp has been full of spit-balls for a week.

These tracts, my boy, are very good for dying sinners and other Southerners; but I'd rather have Bulwer's novels for general reading. William Brown, of Company 3, Regiment 5, got one of them the other day, headed, 'Who is Your Father?' The noble youth read the question over once or twice, and then dashed the publication to the ground, and took some tobacco to check his emotions. (That brave youth's father, my boy, is a disgrace to his species; he has been sinking deeper and deeper in shame for some months past, until at last his name has got on the Mozart Hall ticket.) I saw that William didn't understand what the tract really meant, and so I explained to him that it was intended to signify that God was his Father. The gifted young soldier looked at me dreamily for a moment, and then says he:

'God is my Father,' says he. 'Well, now I'm hanged if that aint funny; for, whenever mother spoke of dad, she always called him the "old devil".'

William never went to Sabbath-school, my boy, and his knowledge of theology wouldn't start a country church.

Wishing to find out if he knew any thing about Catechism, I asked him, last Sunday afternoon, if he knew who Moses was.

'Yes,' says he; 'I know him very well; he sells old clothes in Chatham Street.'

I went over to Virginia the other day to review Berdan's Sharpshooters, and was much astonished, my boy, at their wonderful skill with the rifle. The target is a little smaller than the side of a barn, with a hole through the centre exactly the size of a bullet. They set this up, my boy, just six hundred yards away, and fire at it in turn. After sixty of them had

fired, I went with them to the target, but couldn't see that it had been hit by a single bullet. I remarked this to the captain, whereupon he looked pityingly at me, and says he:

'Do you see that hole in the bull's-eye, just the size of a bullet?'

I allowed that I did.

'Well,' says he, 'the bullets all went through that hole.'

Now, I don't mean to say that the captain lied, my boy; but it's my opinion—my private opinion, my boy, that if he ever writes a work of fiction, it will sell.

La Mountain has been up in his balloon, and went so high that he could see all the way to the Gulf of Mexico, and observe what they had for dinner at Fort Pickens. He made discoveries of an important character, my boy, and says that the rebels have concentrated several troops at Manassas. A reporter of the *Tribune* asked him if he could see any negro insurrections; and he said that he *did* see some black spots moving around near South Carolina, but found out afterwards that they were some ants which had got into his telescope.

The Prince de Joinville's two sons, my boy, are admirable additions to General McClellan's staff, and speak English so well that I can almost understand what they say. Two Arabs are expected here to-morrow, to take command of Irish brigades; and General Blenker will probably have two Aztecs to assist him in his German division.

Yours, musingly,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XVI.

DESCRIBING THE TERRIBLE DEATH AND MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A CONFEDERATE PICKET, WITH A TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

Washington, D. C., October 28th, 1861.

My head swells with patriotic pride when I casually remark that the Mackerel Brigade occupy the post of honour to the left of Bull Run, which they also left on the day we celebrated. The banner which was presented to us by the women of America, and which it took the orator of the day six hours and forty minutes to describe to us, we are using in the shape of blazing neckties; and when the hard-up sun of Virginia shines upon the glorious red bands around the sagacious necks of our veterans, they all look as though they had just cut their throats. The effect is gory, my boy—extremely gory and respectable.

At the special request of Secretary Seward, who wrote six letters about it to the Governors of all the States, I have been appointed a picket of the army of the Upper Potomac. In your natural ignorance, my boy, you may not know why a man is called a picket. He is called a picket, my boy, because, if any body drops a pocket-book or a watch any where, his natural gifts would cause him to pick-it up. If he saw a pocket, he would not pick-it—oh, no! But pick-it—picket.

The Picket, my boy, has been an institution ever since wars began, and his perils are spoken of by some of the high old poets in these beautiful lines:

“The clasp thy tactics doom to bleed today—

Had he thy reasons, would he poker play?

Pleased to the last, he does a deal of good,
And licks the man just sent to shed his blood.”

I am weeping, my boy.

While on my lonely beat, about an hour ago, a light tread attracted my attention, and looking up, I beheld one of Secesh's pickets standing before me.

“Soldier,” says he, “you remind me of my grandmother, who expired before I was born; but this unnatural war has made us enemies, and I must shoot you. Give me a chaw terbacker?”

He was a young man, my boy, in the prime of life, and descended from the First Families of Virginia.

I looked at him, and says I:

“Let's compromise, my brother.”

“Never!” says he. “The South is fighting for her liberty, her firesides, and the pursuit of happiness, and I desire most respectfully to welcome you with bloody hands to a hospitable grave.”

“Stand off ten paces,” says I, “and let's see whose name shall come before the coroner first.”

He took his place, and we fired simultaneously. I heard a ball go whistling by a barn about a quarter of a mile on my right; and, when the smoke cleared away, I saw the secesh picket approaching me with an awful expression of woe on his otherwise dirty countenance.

“Soldier,” says he, “was there any thing in my head before you fired?”

“Nothing,” says I, “save a few harmless insects.”

“I speak not of them,” says he. “Was there any thing *inside* of my head?”

“Nothing!” says I.

“Well,” says he, “just listen now.”

He shook his head mournfully, and I heard something rattle in it.

“What's that?” I exclaimed.

“That,” says he, “is your bullet, which

has penetrated my skull, and is rolling about in my brain. I die happy, and with an empty stomach; but there is one thing I should like to see before I perish for my country. Have you a quarter about you?"

Too much affected to speak, I drew the coin from my pocket and handed it to him.

The dying man clutched it convulsively, and stared at it feverishly.

"This," said he, "is the first quarter I've seen since the fall of Sumter; and, had I wounded you, I should have been totally unable to give you any quarter. Ah! how beautiful it is! how bright, how exquisite, and good for four drinks! But I have not time to say all I feel."

The expiring soldier then laid down his gun, hung his cap and overcoat on a branch of a tree, and blew his nose.

He then died.

And there I stood, my boy, on that lonely beat, looking down on that fallen type of manhood, and thinking how singular it was he had forgotten to give me back my quarter.

As I looked upon him there, I could not help thinking to myself, "Here is another whose home shall know him no more."

The sight and the thought so affected me, that I was obliged to turn my back on the corpse and walk a little way from it. When I returned to the spot, the body was gone! Had it gone to Heaven? Perhaps so, my boy—perhaps so; but I haven't seen my quarter since.

Your own picket,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XVII

NOTICING THE ARRIVAL OF A SOLID BOSTON MAN, AND SHOWING HOW WILLIAM BROWN WAS TRIUMPHANTLY PROMOTED.

Washington, D.C., November —, 1861.

ON Wednesday morning, my boy, the army here was reinforced by a very fat man from Boston, who said he'd been used to Beacon Street all the days of his life, and considered the State House somewhat superior to St. Peter's at Rome. He was a very fat man, my boy: eight hands high, six and a half hands thick, and his head looked like a full moon sinking in the west at five o'clock in the morning. He said he joined the army to fight for the Union, and cure his asthma, and Colonel Robert Wobinson thoughtfully remarked that he thought he could grease a pretty long bayonet without feeling uncomfortable. This fat man, my boy, was leaning down to clean his boots just outside of a tent, when the General of the Mackerel Brigade happened to come along, and got a back view of him.

"Thunder!" says the general, stopping short; "who's been sending artillery into camp?"

"There's no artillery here, my boy," says I.

"Well," says he, "then what's the gun-carriage doing here?"

I explained to him that what he took for a gun-carriage was a fat patriot blacking his boots.

It is with raptures, my boy, that I record the promotion of William Brown, Company 3, Regiment 5, Mackerel Brigade, to the rank of Captain, with the privilege of spending half his time in New York, and the rest of it on Broad-

way. Villiam left the army of the Upper Potomac to pass his examination here; and the Board of Examiners report that he reminded them of Napoleon, and made them feel sorry for the Duke of Wellington. One of the questions they asked him was:

'Suppose your company was suddenly surrounded by a regiment of the enemy, and you had a precipice in your rear, and twenty-seven hostile batteries in front—what would you do?'

Villiam thought a moment, and then says he:

'I'd resign my commission, and write to my mother that I was coming home to die in the spring-time.'

'Sensible patriot,' says the Board. 'Are you familiar with the history of General Scott?'

'You can bet on it,' says Villiam, smiling like a sagacious angel; 'General Scott was born in Virginia when he was quite young, and discovered Scotland at an early age. He licked the British in 1812, wrote the Waverley Novels, and his son Whahae bled with Wallace. Now, old hoss, trot out your commission and let's liquor.'

'Praise, fair youth,' says the Board. 'What makes you think that General Scott had a son named "Whahae"? We never heard that before.'

'Ha!' says Villiam, agreeably, 'that's because you don't know poickry. Why,' says Villiam, 'if you'll just turn to Burns's works, you'll learn that

"Scots wha hae's wi' Wallace bled;"

and if that ain't good authority, where's your Shakespeare?'

The Board was so pleased with Villiam's learning, that it gave him his commission, presented him with two gun-boats and a cannon, and recom-

mended him for President of the New York Historical Society.

It was rained out in camp last night that the army would go into winter-quarters; and I asked Colonel Robinson if he couldn't lend me a few of the quarters in advance, as I felt like going in right away. He explained to me that winter-quarters would only be taken in exchange for Treasury Notes, and I withdrew my proposition for a popular loan.

Yours, speculatively,
ORPHEUS C. KERN.

LETTER XVIII.

CONCERNING A SIGNIFICANT BRITISH OUTRAGE, AND THE CAPTURE OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

Washington, D.C., November 24th, 1861.

MR. SEWARD, my boy, who takes the Oath with much sugar in it, and is likewise Secretary of State, will probably write twenty-four letters to all the Governors this week, in consequence of a recent outrage committed by Great Britain. I may remark, with great indignation, that Great Britain is a member of one of the New York regiments, my boy, and enlisted for the express purpose of stretching his legs. He is shaped something like a barrel of ale, and has a chin that looks like an apple-dumpling with a stitch in its side. As I rode slowly along near Fort Corcoran, on my Gothic steed Pegagus, about an hour ago, admiring the beauties of Nature, and smoking a pipe which was presented to me by the Women of America, I espied Great Britain seated by the roadside, contemplating an army-his-cult. These bisquit, my boy, as I stated

last week, were discovered amid the ruins of Herculaneum, and were at first taken for meteoric stones.

'Good morning, old Neutrality,' says I affably. 'You appear to be lost in religious meditation.'

'Ah!' says he, sighing like the great behemoth of the Scriptures, 'I was thinking of the way of the transgressor. If the inspired writers,' says he, 'thought the way of the transgressor was 'ard, I wonder what they'd think about this 'ere biscuit.'

'You're jealous of America,' says I; 'and it will be the painful duty of the Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Law to capture Canada, if you continue your abolition harangues against the best, the most beneficent, and powerful bread in the civilised world.'

'Bread!' says he, with a groan in three syllables; 'do you call this ere biscuit bread? Why,' says he, 'this ere biscuit is Geology, and if it were in old Hingland, it would be taken for one of the Elgin marbles, and placed in the British Museum.'

I need scarcely inform you, my boy, that after this ungenerous remark of Great Britain, I left him contemptuously, and at once proceeded to blockade a place where the Oath is furnished in every style. We have borne with Great Britain a great while, my boy; but it is now time for us to take Canada, and wipe every vestige of British tyranny from the face of the Globe. The American eagle, my boy, flaps his dark wings over the red-head of battle; and as his scarlet eyes rest for a moment on the English Custom House, he softly whispers—he simply remarks—he merely ejaculates—GORE!

Americans! fellow-citizens! foreign-

ers! and people of Boston! Shall we longer allow the blouted British aristocracy to blight us with base abolition proclivities, while Mr. Seward is capable of holding a pen?

'Hail, blood and thunder! welcome, gentle Gore!

Let the loud hewgag shatter every shore!

High to the zenith let our eagle fly,

Ten thousand battles blazing in his eye!

Nail our proud standard to the Northern Pole,

Plant patent earthquakes in each foreign hole!

Shout havoc, murder, victory, and spoils, Till all creation crouches in our toils!

Then, when the world to our behest is bent,

And takes the *Herald* for its punishment, We'll pin our banner to a comet's tail,

And shake the heavens with a big "ALL HAIL!"

That's the spirit of America, my boy, taken with nutmeg on top, and a hollow straw. Very good for invalids.

Next to the question concerning the capacity of gun-boats for the sweet-potato-trade, my boy, the great topic of the day is the capture of Slidell and Mason, whose arrest so pleased the colonel of the Mackerel Brigade, that he got up at nine o'clock in the morning to tell the President about it.

In the year 1776, my boy, this Slidell sold candles in New York, and was born about two years after the marriage of the elder Slidell. While he was yet a young man, he went much into female society, and at length offered his hand to a lady. Her father being a male, gave his consent to the match; and on the day of the wedding there was a fire in the Seventh Ward. Since that time Slidell has been a married man, and was much respected until he got into

the Senate. I get these facts from a friend of the family, who has a set of silver spoons engraved with the name of Slidell.

The rebel Mason was born and bred in the United States, and has always been a First Family. He says he was going to Europe on account of his health.

The capture of these men, my boy, cannot fail to produce a great sensation in diplomatic circles; and I am informed by a reliable gentleman from Wheelwaken that Mr. Seward is preparing a letter to Lord Lyons on the subject. This letter, I learn, will contain some such passages as this:

'I have the honour to say to your lordship, that your lordship must be aware of your lordship's important duty as a Minister to the United States, and I trust that your lordship will pay a little attention to your lordship's grammar when next your lordship addresses your lordship's most obedient servant. Your lordship will permit me to say to your lordship, that your lordship is in no way capable of interpreting the Constitution to your lordship's American friends; and I trust your lordship will not be offended when I state to your lordship, that your lordship will find nothing in the Constitution to compel your lordship to demand your lordship's passport on account of the recent capture of State prisoners from one of your lordship's government vessels, your lordship.'

I read this extract to Colonel Wobert Wobinson, of the Western Cavalry, my boy, and he said its only fault was, that it hadn't enough lordships in it.

'Lordships,' says he, 'lend an easy grace to State documents, and are as aristocratic as a rooster's tail at sunrise.'

The colonel is a natural poet, my boy, and abounds in pleasing comparisons.

The review of seventy thousand troops near Munson's Hill, on Thursday, was one of those stirring events, my boy, which we have been upon the eve of for the past year. A new cavalry company, for the Mackerel Brigade, excited great attention as it went past, and I understand the President said that, with the exception of the horses and the men, it was one of the finest cavalry mobs he ever saw. The horses are a new pattern; fluted sides, polished knobs on the haunches, and a hand-rail all the way down the back. A rebel caught sight of one of these fine animals, the other day, and immediately fainted. It was afterwards ascertained that he owned a field of oats in the neighbourhood.

Yours, variously,
ORPHEUS C. KERR

LETTER XIX.

DESCRIBING CAPTAIN WILLIAM BROWN'S
GREAT EXPEDITION TO ACCOMAC, AND ITS
MARVELLOUS SUCCESS.

Washington, D.C., December 1st, 1861.

'Twas early morn, my boy. The sun rushed up the eastern sky in a state of patriotic combustion, and as the dew fell upon the grassy hill-sides, the mountains lifted up their heads and wore rather green. Far on the horizon six rainbows appeared, with an American Eagle at roost on the top one, and as the translucent pearl of the dawn shone between them, and a small pattern of blue sky with thirty-four stars broke out at one end, I saw—I beheld—yes, it was I! our Banger in the Skce yil

The reason why the heavens took such an interest in the United States of America was the fact, that Captain William Brown, of Company 3, Regiment 5, Mackerel Brigade, was to make a Great Expedition to Accomac County on that morning. Twelve years was the period originally assigned, my boy, for the preparation of this Expedition; but, when the government heard that the Accomac rebels were making candles of all the fat Boston men they took prisoners, it concluded to do something during the present century. William Brown was assigned to the command of the Expedition, and when I asked the General of the Mackerel Brigade how such selection happened to be made, he said that William was assigned because there were so many signs of an ass about him.

Previous to starting, William Brown called a meeting of his staff, for the purpose of selecting such officers only who had slept with Hardee, and knew beans.

'Gentlemen,' said William, seating himself at a table, on which stood the Oath and a clean tumbler! 'I wish to know which of you is the greatest shakes in a sacred skrimmage.'

A respectable lieutenant stepped forward with his hand upon his boozum.

'Being a native of Philadelphia,' says he, 'I am naturally modest; but only yesterday, when two rebels pitched into me, I knocked them both over, and am here to tell the tale.'

William Brown gave the speaker a piercing look, my boy, and says he:

'Impostor! beware how you insult the United States of America. I forgive your falsehood,' says he, 'by my knowledge of Matthew Maticks. You say that two chivalries pitched into you,

and you knocked them both over. Now Matthew Maticks distinctly says that two into one goes *no times*, and *nothing* over. Speaker of the House, remove this lieutenant to the donjon keep. He's Ananias Number 2.'

The officer from Philadelphia being removed to the guard-house, where there is weeping and wailing; and picking of teeth, another lieutenant stepped forward:

'I do,' in technicalities,' says he, 'and can post you in law.'

'Ha!' says William, softly sipping the Oath, 'then I will try you with an abstract question, my beautiful Belvidere.'

Supposing Mason and Slidell were your friends, how would you work it to get them out of Fort Warren?

'Why,' said the lieutenant, pleasantly, 'I'd sue out a writ of Habeas Jackass, and get the *New York Herald* to advise the Government not to let them out.'

'Yes,' says William, meditatively, 'that would be sure to do it. I'll use you to help me get up my Proclamation.'

'And now,' says William, dropping a lump of sugar into the Oath, and stirring it with a comb, 'who is that air melancholy chap with a tall hat on, who looks like Hamlet with a panic?'

The melancholy chap came to the front, shook his long locks like Banquo, and says he:

'I'm the Press. I'm the Palladium of our Liberties—'

'Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,
Unawed by influence and inspired by gain.'

I'm the best advertising medium in the country, and have reptile contemporaries. I won't be suppressed. No, sir!—no, sir!—I refuse to be suppressed.'

'You're a giant intellect,' says William, looking at him through the bottom of a

tumbler; 'but I can't stand the press. Speaker of the House, remove him to the bath and send for a barber. Now, gentlemen, I will say a few words to the troops, and then we will march according to Hardee.'

The section of the Mackerel Brigade being mustered in line against a rail fence, my boy, Captain William Brown shut one eye, balanced him-self on one foot, and thus addressed them:

'FELLOW-SOLDATS! (which is French.) It was originally intended to present you with a stand of colours; but the fellow-citizen who was to present it has only got as far as the hundred and fifty-second page of the few remarks he intended to make on the occasion, and it is a military necessity not to wait for him. (See Scott's Tactics, Vol. III., p. 21.) I have but few words to say, and these are them: Should any of you happen to be killed in the coming battle, let me implore you to *die without a groan*. It sounds better in history, as well as in the great, heart-stirring romances of the weekly pulchritudes of freedom. How well it reads, that "Private Muggins received a shot in the neck and *died without a groan*." Soldats! bullets have been known to pass clean through the thickest trees, and so I may be shot myself. Should such a calamity befall our distracted country, I shall *die without a groan*, even though I am a grown person. Therefore, fear nothing. The eyes of the whole civilised world are upon you, and History and Domestic romance expect to write that you *died without a groan*.'

At the conclusion of this touching and appropriate speech, my boy, all the men exclaimed, 'We will!' except a young person from New York, who said that he'd rather 'Groan without a die;'

for which he was sentenced to read Seward's next letter.

The Army being formed into a Great Quadrilateral (See Raymond's Tactics), moved forward at a double-quick, and reached Accomac just as the impatient sun was rushing down. With the exception of a mule, the only Virginian to be seen was a solitary Chivalry, who had strained himself trying to raise some interest from a Confederate Treasury Note, and couldn't get away.

Observing that only one man was in sight, Captain William Brown, who had stopped to tie his shoe behind a large tree on the left, made a flank movement on the Chivalry.

'Is these the borders of Accomac?' says he, pleasantly.

'Why!' says the Chivalry, giving a start, 'you must be Lord Lyons.'

'What makes you think that?' asked William.

'Oh, nothing—only your grammar,' says Chivalry.

This made William very mad, my boy, and he ordered the bombardment to be commenced immediately; but as all the powder had been placed on board a vessel which could not arrive under two weeks, it was determined to take possession without combustion. Finding himself master of the situation, Captain William Brown called the solitary Chivalry to him, and issued the following

PROCLAMATION.

CITIZEN OF ACCOMAC! I come among you not as a incendiary and assassin, but to heal your wounds and be your long-lost father. Several of the happiest months in my life were not spent in Accomac, and your affecting hospitality will make me more than jealously,

watchful of your liberties and the pursuit of happiness. (See the Constitution.)

Citizen of Accomac! These brave men, of whom I am a spectator, are not your enemies; they are your brothers, and desire to embrace you in fraternal bonds. They wish to be considered your guests, and respectfully invite you to observe the banner of our common forefathers. In proof whereof I establish the following orders:

I.—If any nigger come within the lines of the United States Army to give information, what on-ever, of the movements of the enemy, the aforesaid shall have his head knocked off, and be returned to his lawful owner, according to the groceries and provisions of the Fugitive Slave Act. (See the Constitution.)

II.—If any chicken or other defenceless object belonging to the South, be brought within the lines of the United States Army, by any nigger, his heirs, administrators, and assigns, the aforesaid shall have his tail cut off, and be sent back to his rightful owner at the expense of the Treasury Department.

III.—Any soldier found guilty of shooting the Southern Confederacy, or bothering him in any manner what-on-ever, the same shall be deemed guilty of disorderly conduct, and be pronounced an accursed abolitionist.

VILLIAM BROWN, E-kevine,
Captain Com's Section Mackerel
Brigade,
Commanding Accomac.

The citizen of Accomac, my boy, re-

ceived this proclamation favourably, and said he wouldn't go hunting Union pickets until the weather was warmer. Whereupon William Brown fell upon his neck and wept copiously.

The Union Army, my boy, now holds undisputed possession of over six inches of the sacred soil of Accomac, and this unnatural rebellion has received a blow which shakes the rotten fabric to its shivering centre.

Yours, with expedition,
ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XX.

TREATING OF WILLIAM'S OCCUPATION OF ACCOMAC, AND HIS WISE DECISION IN A CONTRABAND CASE.

Washington, D.C., Dec. 16th, 1861.

AFTER sleeping with Congress for two days, my boy, and observing four telegraph men and a small page driven to the verge of apoplexy by the exciting tale called the President's Message, I thought it was about time to mingle with the world again, and sent my servant, Percy de Mortimer, to bring me my gothic-styled focussus. After a long search in the field after that chaste architectural animal, my boy, he met a Missouri-picket chap, and says he:

"Dev you seen a horse herenabout, my whisky-doodle?"

"Hoss!" says Missouri, spitting with exquisite precision on one of De Mortimer's new boots. "No, I aint recunno no horse, my Feejee bruiser; but there's an all-fired big 'crow-roost down in that corner, I reckon; and it must be alive, for I heard the bones rattle when the wind blow."

LETTER XX.

My valet, Mr. Mortimer, paid no heed to his satirical lowness, my boy, but proceeded majestically to where my gothic beaver was eating the remains of a straw-mattress. Brushing a few crows from the back-bone of the fond charger, upon which they were innocently roosting, he placed the saddle anidships, and conducted the fiery stallion to my hotel.

Mounting in hot haste, I was about to start for Accomac, when the General of the Mackerel Brigade came down the steps in hot haste, and says he:

'Is the Army of the Potomac about to advance?'

'Why do you ask?' says I.

'Thunder!' say he, 'I've been so long in one spot that I was going to get out my naturalisation-papers as a citizen of Arlington Heights. Ah!' says he, with a groan, 'when the advance takes place I shall be too old to enjoy it.'

I asked him why he didn't make arrangements to have his grandson take his place, if he should become superannuated before the advance took place; and he said that he be dam.

On reaching Accomac, my boy, I found the Conic Section of the Mackerel Brigade reconnoitring in force after a pullet they had seen the night before. Which they couldn't catch it.

Captain William Brown, my boy, has his head-quarters in a house with the attic and cellar on the same floor. I found two fat pickets playing poker on the roof, six first-class pickets doing up Old Sledge on the rail-fence in front of the door, and eight consumptive pickets eating a rooster belonging to the Southern Confederacy on the roof of a pig-pen.

As I entered the airy and commodious apartment of the commander-in-chief, I

beheld a sight to make the muses stare like the behemoth of the Scriptures, and cause genius to take another nip of old rye. There was the cantankerous captain, my boy, seated on a keg of gun-powder, with his head laid sideways on a table; one hand grasping a bottle half-full of the Oath, and the other writing something on a piece of paper laid at right-angles with his nose.

'Hallo, my interesting infant,' says I; 'are you drawing a map of Pensacola for an enlightened press?'

'Ha!' says William, starting up, and eyeing me closely through the bottom of a bottle; 'you behold me in the agonies of composition. Read this poickry,' says he; 'and if it aint double X with the foam off, where's your Milton?'

I took the paper, my boy, which resembled a specimen-card of dead flies, and read this poem:

'The God of Bottles be our aid,

When rebels crack us;

We'll bend the bottle-neck to him,

And he will Bacehus.

By Capt. WILLIAM BROWN, Eskavire.'

I told William that every thing but the word of his poem reminded me of Longfellow, and says he:

'Don't mention my undoubted genius in public; because if Seward knew that I wrote poickry, he'd think I wanted to be President in 1866, and he'd get the Honest Old Abe to remove me.

At this moment a file of the Mackerel Brigade came in, bringing a son of Africa, who looked like a bottle of black ink wrapt up in a dirty towel, and a citizen of Accomac, who claimed him as his slave;

'Captain,' says the citizen of Accomac, 'this nigger belongs to me, and I want him back. Besides, he stole a

looking-glass from me, and has got it hid somewhere."

Villiam smiled like a pleased clam, and says he: 'You say he stole a looking-glass?'

'I reckon,' says Accomac.

'Prisoner!' says Villiam to the Ethiop, 'did you ever see the devil?'

'Nebber, 'sar, since missus died.'

'Citizen of Accomac,' says Villiam, stornly, 'you have told a whopper; and I shall keep this child of oppression to black the boots of the United States of America. You say he stole a looking-glass. He says he has never seen the devil. Observe now,' says Villiam, argumentatively, 'how plain it is, that if he had even looked at your looking-glass, he must have seen the devil about the same time.'

The citizen of Accomac saw that his falsehood was discovered, my boy, and returned to the bosom of his family cursing like a rifled parson. Villiam then adjourned the court for a week, and sent the contraband out to enjoy the blessings of freedom, digging trenches.

It is pleasing, my boy, to see our commanders dispensing justice in this manner: and I don't wonder at the President's wanting to abolish the Supreme Court.

Yours, judicially,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XXI.

CONCERNING BRITISH NEUTRALITY AND ITS COSMOPOLITAN EFFECTS, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HOW CAPTAIN BOB SHORTLY LOST HIS COMPANY.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 20th, 1861.

MYN Britain first, let Napoleon's com-

mand, my boy, arose from out the azure main, this was her charter, her charter of the land, that Britain's never, never, never shall be shaven as long as they have a chance to treat every body else like niggers. Suffer me also to remark, that Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep; her march is o'er the mountain-wave, her home is on the deep—where she keeps up her neutrality by smuggling contraband Southern confederacies, and swearing like a hard-shell chaplain when Uncle Sam's ocean-pickets overhail her.

Albion's neutrality is waking up a savage spirit in the United States of America, as you will understand from the following Irish Idle which was written

PRO PAT-RIA.

Two Irishmen out of employ,

And out of the elbows as aisy,
Adrift in a grocery-store

Were smoking and taking it lazily.

The one was a broth of a boy,

Whose cheek-bones turned out and
turned in again,

His name it was Paddy O'Toolc—

The other was Mither McFinnigan.

'I think of enlistin', says Pat,

'Because do you see what o'clock it is;

There's nothin' adoin' at all'

But drinkin' at Mrs. O'Docharty's.

It's not until after the war—

That business-times will begin again,

And fightin's the duty of all'—

'You're right, sir,' says Mither McFinnigan.

'Bad luck to the rebels, I say,

For kickin' up all of this bobbery,

They call themselves gentlemen, too,

While practising murder and robbery;

Now if it's gintale for to steal,

And take all your creditors in again,

I'm glad I'm no gintleman born, —

'You're right, sir,' says Mistor McFin-
nigan.

'The spalpoens make bould to remark

Their chivalry couldn't be ruled by us;

And by the same token I think

They're never too smart to be fooled by us.

Now if it's the Nagurs they mane

Be chivalry, then it's a sin again

To fight for a cause that is black, —

'You're right, sir,' says Mistor McFin-
nigan.

'A nagur's a man, ye may say,

And aigual to all other Southerners;

But chivalry's made him a brute,

And so he's a monkey to Northerners:

Sure, look at the poor cratur's heels,

And look at his singular shin again;

It's not for such gentlemen fight, —

'You're right, sir,' says Mistor McFin-
nigan.

'The nagur States wanted a row,

And now, by my soul, but they're got
in it!

They've chosen a bed that is hard,

However they strive for to cotton it.

I'm thinking when winter comes on

They'll all be inclined to come in again;

But then we must bate them at first, —

'You're right, sir,' says Mistor McFin-
nigan.

'Och hone! but it's hard that a swate

Good-looking young chap like myself in-
dade,

Should lose his ten shillins a day

Because of the throuble the South has
made:

But that's just the raison, ye see,

Why I should help Union to win again:

It's that will bring wages once more, —

'You're right, sir,' says Mistor McFin-
nigan.

'Joost mind what old England's about,

A sending her throops into Canada;

And all her ould ships on the coast

Are ripe for some treachery any day.

Now if she should mix in the war —

De jabor! it makes my head spin again!
Ould Ireland would have such a chance!

'You're right, sir,' says Mistor McFin-
nigan.

'You talk about Irishmen now,

Enlistin' by thousands from Royalty;

But wait till the Phoenix Brigade

Is called to put down British loyalty!

It's then with the Stars and the Stripes

All Irishmen here would go in again,

To strike for the Shamrock and Harp —

'You're right, sir,' says Mistor McFin-
nigan.

'Och, murther! me blood's in a blaze,

To think of bould Corcoran leading us

Right into the camp of the bastos

Whose loodies so long have been bleed-
ing us!

The Stars and the Stripes here at home

To Canada's walls we would pin again,

And wouldn't we raise them in Cork?

'You're right, sir,' says Mistor McFin-
nigan.

'And down at the South, do ye mind,

There's plenty of Irishmen mustering,

Deluded to fight for the wrong

By rebel mis-statements and blustering;

But once let ould England, their foe,

To fight with the Union begin again,

And sure, they'd desert to a man!

'You're right, sir,' says Mistor McFin-
nigan.

'There's niver an Irishman born,

From Maine to the end of Secessiondom,

But longs for a time and a chance

To fight for this country in Heasian dom;

And so, if ould England should try

With treacherous friendship to sin again,

They'll all be on one side at once,

'You're right, sir,' says Mistor McFin-
nigan.

'We're brothers in Canada, too —

(And didn't the Prince have a taste of
them?)

To say that to Ireland they're true
Is certainly saying the waste of them.
If, bearing our flag at our head,

We rose Ireland's freedom to win again,
They'd murder John Bull in the rear!

'You're right, sir,' says Misther McFinigan.

'Hurroo! for the Union, me boys,
And devil take all who would bother it,
Secession's a nagur so black
The devil himself ought to father it;
Hurroo! for the bould 69th,
That's pristinly bound to go in again;
It's Corcoran's rescue they're at,—

'You're right, sir,' says Misther McFinigan.

'I'm off right away to enlist,
And sure won't the bounty be handy-O!
To kape me respectably dressed
And furnish me duilheens and brandy-O!
I'm thinkin', me excellent friend,
Ye're eyeing that bottle of gin again;
You wouldn't mind thryin' a drop?—

'You're right, sir,' says Misther McFinigan.

British neutrality, my boy, reminds me of a chap I once knew in the Sixth Ward. Two solid men, who didn't get drunk more than once a day, were running for alderman, and they both made a dead set on this chap; but they hadn't any money, and he couldn't see it.

'See here, old tops,' says he, 'I'll be a neutral this time; so go in porgies!'

Well, my boy, the election came off, and neither of the old tops was elected. No, sir! Now, what do you suppose *was* elected?

The *Neutral Chap*, my boy!

Mad as hornets with the hydrophobia, the two old tops went to see him and says they:

'Confound your picture, didn't you promise to be neutral?'

The chap dipped his nose into a cocktail, and then says he:

'I *was* neutral, old Persimmonses. I only went to fifty Democrats, and got 'em to vote for me. Then to be neutral, I had to get fifty of the other feller's Black Republicans to do the same thing. Then I voted twelve times for myself, and went in.'

It was a very beautiful case, my boy, and the old tops were only heard to utter—they were only known to exclaim—they were barely able to articulate—that neutrality didn't pay.

Early yesterday morning, my boy, Company B, Regiment 3, Mackerel Brigade, went down toward Centreville on a reconnoissance in force under Captain Bob Shorty. The Captain is a highly intellectual patriot, and don't get his sword twisted between his legs when he carries it in his hand. He led the company through the mud like a Christmas duck, until they came to a thicket in which something was seen to move.

'Kilt, you terriers!' says Captain Bob Shorty, in a voice trembling with bravery. 'Form yourselves into a square according to Hardee, while I stir up this here bush. There's something in that bush,' says he, 'and it's either the Southern Confederacy, or some other cow.'

The captain then leanned up to a tree to make him steady on his pins, my boy, and rammed his sword into the bushes like a poker into a fire.

Nobody hurt on our side.

What followed, my boy, can be easily told. At an early hour on the evening of the same day, a solitary horseman might have been seen approaching Washington. It was Captain Bob Shorty, with his hat caved in, and a rainbow spouting under his left eye. He went straight to

the head-quarters of the General of the Mackerel Brigade, and says he:

'General, I've reconnoitred in force, and found the enemy both numerous and cantankerous.'

'Beautiful!' says the general; 'but where is your company?'

'Well, now,' says Captain Bob Shorty, 'you'd hardly believe it; but the last I see of that ere company, it was engaged in the pursuit of happiness at the rate of six miles an hour, with the rebels at the wrong end of the truck. Dang my rations!' says Captain Bob Shorty, 'if I don't think that ere bob-tailed company has got to Richmond by this time.'

'Thunder!' says the general; 'didn't they kill any of the rebels?'

'Nary a Confederate,' says Captain Bob Shorty. 'The bullets all rolled out of them ere muskets of theirs before the powder got fairly on fire. Them muskets,' continued Captain Bob Shorty, 'would be good for a bombardment. You might possibly hit a city with them at two yards' range; but in personal encounters they are inferior to the putty-blowers of our innocent childhood.'

As the captain made this observation, my boy, he stepped hurriedly to the table, lifted a tumbler containing the Oath to his pallid lips, took a seat in the coal-scuttle, and burst into a flood of tears.

LETTER XXII.

PRESENTING THE CHAPLAIN'S NEW YEAR POEM.

Washington, D. C., January 2nd, 1862.

ANOTHER year, my boy, has dawned upon a struggle in which the hopes of

freedom and integrity all over the world are breathlessly involved; and if the day-star of Liberty is destined to go down into the ocean wave, what is to become of the unoffending negroes? I extract this beautiful passage, my boy, from the forthcoming speech of a fat Congressman, who is a friend to the human race, and charges the Administration with imbecility and with ill-will. I conversed with him the other evening, and, after discussing various topics, asked him what he thought of the Washington statue as it stood. He winked three times, and then says he:

'The only Washington statue I know any thing about is *statu quo*.'

The chaplain of the Mackerel Brigade joined seriously in our staff festivities on New Year's Eve, my boy; but as midnight approached he grew very silent, and at a quarter of twelve he arose from his seat by the fire and asked permission to read something he had written.

'I would not retard your inevitable inebriation,' says he to us, as he drew a manuscript from one of his pockets, 'but it is only fitting that we should pay some regard to

THE DYING YEAR.

'Dying at last, Old Year!

Another stroke of yonder clock, and thou
Wilt pass the threshold of the world we
see

Into the world where Yesterday and now
Blend with the hours of the No More
To Be.

'I saw the moon last night

Rise like a crown from the dim mountain's
head.

And to the Council of the Stars take way
For thou, the king, though kinsman of the
dead,

Swayed still the sceptre of Another Day.

'I see the moon to-night,
Sightless and misty as a mourner's eye,
Behind a veil; or, like a coin to seal
The lids of Time's last-born to majesty,
Touched with the darkness of a hidden
Leal.

'Mark where yon shadow crawls
By slow degrees beneath the window-sill,
Timed by the death-watch, ticking slow
and dull:
The tide of night is rising, black and still—
Old Year, thou diest when 'tis at its full!

'Ay! moan and moan again,
And shake all Nature in thine agony,
And tear the omme robes that mock
thine now
Like gilded fruit upon a blasted tree:
To-morrow comes! To-morrow, where
art Thou?

'Wouldst thou be shrived, Old Year?
Thou subtle sentence of delusive Time,
Framed but to deepen all the mystery
Of Life's great purpose! Come, confess
the crime,
And man's Divinity shall date from thee!

'Speak to my soul, Old Year:
Let but a star leave its bright emmanes
In thy death-struggle, if this deathless
Soul
Holds its own destiny and recompense
In the grand mastery of a God's control!

'No sound, no sign from thee?
And must I live, not knowing why I live,
Whilst Thou and years to come pass by
me here
With faces hid, refusing still to give
The one poor word that bids me cease to
fear?

'That I charge thee, speak!
Quick! for thy moments tremble on the
very
Of the black chasm where lurk the mid-
night hell,

And solemn win is already chanting thy dirge—
Give Earth its Heaven, or Hell a deeper
Hell!

'Speak! or I curse thee, heret!
I'll call it YEA if but a withered twig,
Tossed by the wind, falls rattling on the
roof;
I'll call it YEA, if e'en a shutter creak;
Breathe but on me, and it shall stand for
proof!

'Too late! The midnight bell—
The crawling shadow at its witching flood,
With the deep gloom of the Beyond is
wed,
And I, unanswered, sit within and brood,
And thou, Old Year, art silent—Thou
art DEAD!

When the chaplain finished his read-
ing, my boy, I told him that he must
excuse the party for going to sleep, as
they were really very tired.

LETTER XXIII.

SCARCE had the glorious sun shot up
the dappled orient on Monday morn,
my boy, when the Commander-in-Chief
of the Mackerel Brigade received a tele-
graphic dispatch which read as follows:
General Frost has appeared near
Centreville, and is now covering the
wood and road in our rear.

It bore no signature, my boy, but the
general believed the danger to be immi-
nent, and ordered Captain Bob Shorty
to take ten thousand men, and make a
reconnoissance towards Centreville.

'Bob, my cherub,' says he, 'if you
can get behind the rebel Frost, and take
the whole Confederacy prisoners, don't
administer the Oath until the Eagle
of America is avenged.'

Bob smiled like a happy boy and says he,

'Dommo'

'Twas nigh upon the hour of noon when Captain Bob Shorty and his veterans approached the beautiful village of Centerville. Cross trees had been placed under the horses of the cavalry to keep them from falling down, and the infantry were arranging themselves so that the bayonets of the front rank shouldn't stick into the rear rank's eyes every time they turned a corner when a solitary contrail and might have been seen eating hot cake by the roadside.

'Confederate,' said Captain Bob Shorty, approaching him with his sword very much between his legs, 'hast thou the rebel Frost and his myrmidon? I come to give him battle, having heard that he was herabouts.'

The Ethiopian took a pentagonal bite of hoe-cake, and says he

'Tall Massa Hancock that the fire was very thick last night, but his horse by this time.'

Captain Bob Shorty took off his cap, my boy, looked carefully into it, put it on again, and frowned awfully.

'Comrades,' says he, addressing the troops, 'you have all heard of a big thing on Snyder. You now behold it before you. This here reconnaissance,' says he, 'is what the French would call a *reconnaissance*. We must turn it into a foraging expedition. Charge on yonder haystacks, and remember me in your prayers.'

'Twas early eve, my boy, when that splendid army returned to Potomac's shore, with two haystacks for the horses, and ten Confederate chickens for supper.

Nobody hurt on our side

I enclose the following brief sketch of

the gallant soldier who commanded in this brilliant affair.

CAPTAIN ROBERT SHORTY.

This brave young officer was born in the Sixth Ward of New York, and was twenty-one years old upon arriving of age. When but a lad, he studied tobacco and the girls, and ran to fires for his health. When eligible to the draft of 1864, he voted seven times in one day, and attracted so much attention from the authorities that his parents were obliged to make a lawyer of him. On the breaking out of the war with Mexico, he offered his services to the Government as a major-general, but, for some reason, was not accepted. His will probably be sent to supersede General Hallck, in Missouri, as soon as any one of St. Louis writes to ask the President for another change.

The general was so pleased when he heard of this spirited action my boy, that he offered to review the Marvels but in the next morning, and privately informed me that he considered the Southern Confederacy doomed to expire in less than three months. He said that it was already tottering to its fall, which must take place in the spring.

Perhaps so, my boy—perhaps so!

Yours for the flag,
ORPHEUS O'HIER

LETTER XXIV.

INTRODUCING A VETERAN 'WILDGILL,' ILLUSTRATING YANKEEBURNING'S FACT, NOTING THE DEFECTION OF A NEWPAINE ORABOGRAPHIST, AND SO ON.

Washington, D.C., Feb. 2d, 1862.
I never really knew what the term 'magnanimous' my boy, until I saw

Captain Bob Shorty on Tuesday. I was out in a field, just this side of Fort Concoran, trimming down the ears of my gothic steed Pogasus, that he might look less like a Titanic rabbit, when I saw approaching me an object resembling a brown-stone monument. As it came nearer, I discovered an eruption of brass-buttons at intervals in front, and presently I observed the linaments of a Federal face.

'Strange being?' says I, taking down a pistol from the natural rack on the side of my steed, and at the same time motioning towards my sword, which I had hung on one of his hip-bones, 'art thou the shade of Metamora, or the disembodied spirit of a sand-bank?'

'My ducky darling,' responded the Eolian voice of Captain Bob Shorty, 'you behold a mudsill just emerged from a liquified portion of the sacred soil. The mud at present enclosing the Mackerel Brigade is unpleasant to the personal feelings of the corps, but the effect at a distance is unique. As you survey that expanse of mud from Arlington Heights,' continued Captain Bob Shorty, 'with the veterans of the Mackerel Brigade wading about in it up to their chins, you are forcibly reminded of a limitless plum-pudding, well stocked with animated raisins.'

'My friend,' says I, 'the comparison is apt, and reminds me of Shakespeare's happier efforts. But tell me, my Py-lades, has the dredging for those missing regiments near Alexandria proved successful?'

Captain Bob Shorty shook the mire from his ears, and then says he:

'Two brigades were excavated this morning, and are at present building a raft to go down to Washington after some soap. Let us not utter complaints

against the mud,' continued Captain Bob Shorty, reflectively, 'for it has served to develop the genius of New England. We dug out a Yankee regiment from Boston first, and the moment those wooden-outwag chaps got their breath, they went to work at the mud that had almost suffocated them, mixed up some spoiled flour with it, and are now making their eternal fortunes by peddling it out for patent cement.'

This remark of the captain's, my boy, shows that the spirit of New England still retains its natural elasticity, and is capable of greater efforts than lignum vitae hams and clocks made of barrel hoops and old coffee-pots. I have heard my ancient grandfather relate an example of this spirit during the war of 1812. He was with a select assortment of Pequog chaps at Bladensburg, just before the attack on Washington, and word came secretly to them that the Britishers down in the Chesapeake were out of flour, and would pay something handsome for a supply. Now, these Pequog chaps had no flour, my boy; but that didn't keep them out of the speculation. They went into the nearest graveyard, dug up all the tombstones, and put them into an old quartz-crushing machine, pounded them to powder, sent the powder to the coast, and sold it to the Britishers for the very best flour, at twelve dollars and a-half a barrel!

And can such a people as this be conquered by a horde of godless rebels? Never! I repeat it, sir—never! Should the Jeff. Davis mob ever get possession of Washington, the Yankees would build a wall around the place, and invite the public to come and see the menagerie at two shillings a-head.

On Wednesday, some of our diest

pickets caught a shabby long-haired chap loafing around the camps with a big block and sheet of paper under his arm, and brought him before the general of the Mackerel Brigade.

'Well, Samyule,' says the general to one of the pickets, 'what is your charge against the prisoner?'

'He is a young man which is a spy,' replied Samyule, holding up the sheet of paper; 'and I take this here picture of his to be the Great Seal of the Southern Confederacy.'

'Why thinkest thou so, my cherub? and what does the work of art represent?' inquired the general.

'The drawing is not of the best,' responded Samyule, closing one eye, and viewing the picture critically; 'but I should say that it represented a ham, with a fiddle laid across it, and beef-steaks in the corners.'

'Miserable vandal!' shouted the long-haired chap, excitedly; 'you know not what you say. I am a Federal artist; and that picture is a map of the coast of North Carolina, for a New-York daily paper.'

'Thunder!' says the general; 'if that's a map, a patent gridiron must be a whole atlas.'

I believe him, my boy!

As a person of erudition, it pleased me greatly, my boy, to observe that our more moral New-York regiments cultivate a taste for reading, and are even so literary that they can't so much as light their pipes without a leaf out of a hymn-book. I was talking to an angular-shaped chap from Montgomery county the other day about this, and says he:

'Talk about reading! Why, there's fifty newspapers sent in a wrapper to our officers alone, every day. There's

ten each of the *Tribune* and *Times*, ten each of the *Boston Post* and *Gazette*, ten of the *Montgomery Democrat*, and one *New York Herald*.'

'Look here! my second Washington,' say I, 'your story don't hang together. You say you have fifty papers daily; but according to my account that copy of the *Herald* makes fifty-one.'

'Did I not tell you that they came in a wrapper?' says the chap, with great dignity.

'You did,' says I.

'Well,' says he, 'the *Herald* is the wrapper.'

This morning, my boy, I went with Colonel Wobert Robinson to look at some new horses he had just imported from the Erie Canal stables for the Western cavalry, and was much pleased with the display of bone-work. One animal in particular interested me greatly; he was born in 1776, had both of his hind-legs broken on the frontier, in one of the battles of 1812, and lost both his eyes and his tail at the taking of Mexico. The colonel stated that he had selected this splendid animal for his own use in the field.

Another fine calico animal of the stud was attached to the suite of Washington at the famous crossing of the Delaware, and is said to have surprised the Hessians at Trenton as much as the army did. Previous to losing his teeth, he was sold to a Western dealer in hides for three dollars; and the dealer being an enthusiastic Union man, has let the Government have the animal for one hundred and ten dollars.

A mousseline-de-laine mare also attracted my notice. She was sired by the favourite racer of the Marquis de Lafayette, and has been damned by every body attempting to drive her. The

pretty beast comes from the celebrated Bone Mills belonging to the Erie Canal, and only cost the Government two hundred dollars.

Believing that the public funds are being judiciously expended, my boy, I remain,

Fondly thine own,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XXV.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GORGEOUS FETE AT THE WHITE HOUSE, INCLUDING THE OBSERVATIONS OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM BROWN: WITH SOME NOTE OF THE TOILETTES, CONFECTIONS, AND PUNCH.

Washington, D.C., Feb. 7th, 1862.

NOTWITHSTANDING your general ignorance of Natural History, my boy, you may be aware that when the eagle is wounded by the huntsman, instead of seeking some thick-set tree or dismal swamp, there to die like a common bird, he soars straight upward in the full eye of the sun, and bathes in all the glories of noonday, while his eyes grow dull with agony, and his talons are stiffening in death; nor does he fall from the dazzling empyrean until the last stroke of fate hurls him downward like a thunderbolt.

Our Union, my boy,—our Land of the Eagle,—is stricken sorely, and perhaps to death; but like the proud bird of Jove, it disdains to grow morbid in its agonies; and the occasional sighs of its patient struggling millions are lost in sounds of death-defying revelry at the dauntless capital.

All the best-looking uniforms in the army were invited to Mrs. Lincoln's ball at the White House on Wednesday, and

of course I was favoured, together with the general of the Mackerel Brigade, and Captain William Brown, of Accomac. My ticket, my boy, was as aristocratic as a rooster's tail at sunrise:

(CITIZENS.) Ephraim Union. (OYSTERS.)

ORPHEUS C. KERR,

Pleasure of your Company at the White House,

(R. S. V. P.) Wednesday, Feb. 5th, 1862.
8 o'clock, P.M.

(HALF MOURNING FOR PRINCE ALBERT.)

(NO SMOKING ALLOWED.)

At an early hour on the evening of the *fete*, the general of the Mackerel Brigade came to my room in a perfect perspiration of brass-buttons and white-kids, and I asked him what 'no smoking aloud' meant.

'Why,' says he, putting his wig straight and licking a stray drop of brandy from one of his gloves, 'it means that if you try to "smoke" any of the generals at the balls as to the plan of the campaign, you mustn't do it "aloud." Thunder!' says the general, in a fine glow of enthusiasm, 'the only plan of the campaign that I know any thing about is the rataplan.'

Satisfied with the general's explanation, I proceeded with my toilet, and presently beamed upon him in such a resplendent conglomeration of ruffles, brass-buttons, epaulettes, and Hungarian pomade, that he said I reminded him of a comet just come out of a feather-bed, with its tail done up in papers.

'My Magnus Apollo,' says he, 'the way you bear that white cravat shows you to be of rich but genteel parentage. Any man,' says he, 'who can wear a white cravat without looking like a coachman, may pass for a gentleman.'

born. Two-thirds of the clergymen who wear it look like footmen in their grave-clothes.'

We then took a hack to the White House, my boy, and on arriving there were delighted to find that the rooms were already filling with statesmen, miss-statesmen, mrs-statesmen, and officers, who had so much face and epaulettes about them that they looked like walking brass-foundries with the front-door open.

The first object that attracted my special attention, however, was a thing that I took for a large and ornamental pair of tongs leaning against a mantel, figured in blue enamel, with a life-like imitation of a window-brush on top. I directed the general's attention to it, and asked him if that was one of the unique gifts presented to the Government by the late Japanese embassy?

'Thunder!' says the general, 'that's no tongs. It's the young man which is Captain William Brown, of Accomac. Now that I look at him,' says the general, thoughtfully, 'he reminds me of an old-fashioned straddle-bug.'

Stepping from one lady's dress to another, until I reached the side of the Commander of the Accomac, I slapped him on the back, and says I:

'How are you, my blue-bird; and what do you think of this brilliant assemblage?'

'Ha P,' says William, starting out of a brown study, and putting some cloves in his mouth, to disguise the water he'd drank on his way from Accomac—'I was just thinking what my poor old mother would say if she could see me and the other gobs here to-night. When I look on the women of America around me to-night,' says William, feelingly, 'and see how much they've cut

off from the tops of their dresses to make bandages for our wounded soldiers, I can't help feeling that their "neck-or-nothing" appearance, so far from being indelicate, is a very delicate proof of their devoted love of Union.'

'I agree with you, my naive humanitarian,' says I. 'There's precious little waist about such dresses.'

William closed one eye, turned his head one side like a facetious canary, and says he:

'Now lovely woman scants her dress, with bandages the sick to bless; and stoops so far to war's alarms, her very frock is under arms!'

I believe him, my boy!

Returning to the General, we took a turn in the East Room, and enjoyed the panorama of youth, beauty, and whiskers, that wound its variegated length before us.

There was a tall Western Senator present, who smiled so much above his stomach, that I was reminded of the beautiful lines:

'As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves
the storm;
Though round its base a country's ruin
spread,
Eternal moonshine settles on its head.'

Upon going into the supper-room, my boy, I beheld a paradise of eatables that made me wish myself a knife and pork, with nothing but a bottle of mustard to keep me company. There were oysters *à la fundam*; turkeys *à la ruffles*; chickens *à la Methusalem*; beef *à la Bull Run*; fruit *à la staminate*; jelly *à la Gallatin*; and ices *à la aquella*.

The ornamental confectionary was beautifully symbolical of the times. At one end of the table there was a

large lump of white candy, with six carpet-tacks lying upon it. This represented the 'Tax, on Sugar.' At the other end was a large platter, containing imitation mud, in which two candy brigadiers were swimming towards each other, with their swords between their teeth. This symbolised 'War.'

These being very hard times, my boy, and the Executive not being inclined to be too expensive in its marketing, a most ingenious expedient was adopted to make it appear that there was just twice as much of certain costly delicacies on the table as there really was. About the centre of the table lay a large mirror, and on this were placed a few expensive dishes. Of course, the looking-glass gave them a double effect. For instance, if there was a pound of beefsteak on the plate, it produced another pound in the glass, and the effect was two pounds.

When economy can be thus artistically blended with plentitude, my boy, money ceases to be king, and butcher-bills dwindle. Hereafter, when I receive for my rations a pint of transparent coffee and two granite biscuit, I shall use a looking-glass for a plate.

It was the very which-ing hour of the night when the general and myself left the glittering scene, and we had to ask several patrols 'which' way to go.

On parting with my comrade-in-arms, says I:

'General, the ball is a success.'

He looked at me in three winks, and says he:

'It was a success—particularly the bowl of punch!'

Yours, for soda-water,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XXVI.

TREATING OF THE GREAT MILITARY ANACONDA, AND THE MODERN XANTIPPE.

Washington, D.C., February 16th, 1862.

It pleases me greatly to announce, my boy, that the General of the Mackerel Brigade believes in McClellan, and gorgeously defends him against the attacks of that portion of the depraved press which has friends dying of old age in the Army of the Potomac.

'Thunder!' says he to Captain Bob Shorty, stirring the Oath in his tumbler with a tooth-brush—'the way Little Mac is devoting himself to the military squelching of this here unnatural rebellion, is actually outraging his physical nature. He reviews his staff twice a day, goes over the river every five minutes, studies international law six hours before dinner, takes soundings of the mud every time the dew falls, and takes so little sleep, that there's two inches of dust on one of his eyeballs. Would you believe it,' says the General, placing the tumbler over his nose to keep off a fly, 'his devotion is such that his hair is turning gray, and will probably dye!'

Captain Bob Shorty whistled. I do not mean to say that he intended to be musically satirical, my boy; but if I should hear such a canary-bird remark after I'd told a story, somebody would go home with his eyes done up in rhabdows.

'Permit me,' says Captain Bob Shorty, hurling what remained of the Oath into the aperture under his moustache. 'You convince me that Little Mac's devotion is extraordinary,' continued Captain Bob Shorty, dreamily; 'but he don't come up to a chap I once knew, which was a

editor. 'Talk about devotion! and outrageous nature!' says Captain Bob Shorty, spitting with exquisite accuracy into the eyes of the regimental cat. 'why, that ere editor threw body, soul, and breeches into his work; and so completely identified himself with a free and enlightened press, that his first child was a *news-boy*.'

The General of the Mackerel Brigade arose from his seat, my boy, wound up his watch, brushed off his boots, threw the cat out of the window, and then says he:

'Robert, name of Shorty, did you ever read in the Bible about Ananias, who was struck dead for telling a telegraph?'

'I heard about him,' says Captain Bob Shorty, 'when I was but a innocent lamb, and wore my mother's slipper on my back about as often as she wore it on her foot.'

'Well,' says the General, with the air of a thoughtful parent, 'its my opinion that if you'd been Ananias, the same streak of lightning would have buried you and paid the sexton.'

From this logical and vivid conversation, my boy, you will understand that our leading military men have perfect faith in the genius of McClellan, and believe that he is equal to fifty yards of the Star-Spangled Banner. His great anaconda has gathered itself in a circle around the doomed rabbit of rebellion, and if the rabbit swells, he's a goner.

This great anaconda, my boy, may remind hellish readers of the anaconda once seen by a chap of my acquaintance living in the Sixth Ward. This chap, my boy, came tearing into a place where they kept the Oath on tap, and says he:

'I've just seen an anaconda down Broadway.'

'Anna who?' says a red-nosed Alderman, dipping his finger into the water on the stove to see if it was warm enough to melt some brandy-refined sugar.

'I said Anaconda, you ignorant cuss,' says the chap.

'Was it the real insect?' says the Alderman.

'It was a real, original, genuine Anaconda,' says the chap.

'Ah!' says the Alderman, 'somebody's been stuffin' you.'

'No, sir!' says the chap, 'but somebody's been stuffin' the Anaconda, though.'

He'd been to the Museum.

If there should be among your unfortunate readers, my boy, any persons of such depraved minds as to perceive a likeness between this Anaconda and that Anaconda, may they be sent to Fort Lafayette, and compelled to read Tupper's poems until the rabbit of rebellion is reduced to his last quarter!

Early this morning a couple of snuff-coloured pickets brought a female Southern Confederacy into camp, stating that she had called them nasty things, and spit all over their guns. She said that she wanted to see the loathsome creature that commanded them, and her eyes flashed so when they took her by the arm, that her veil took fire twice, and her eyebrows smoked repeatedly.

The General of the Mackerel Brigade received her courteously, only poking her in the ribs to see if she had any Armstrong guns concealed about her. Says he:

'Have I the honour of addressing the wife of the Southern Confederacy?'

The female confederacy drew herself up as proudly as the First Family of Virginia when the butcher's bill comes to be paid, and replied, in soprano of great compass,

'I am that injured woman, you ugly swine.'

The General bowed until his lips touched a pewter mug on the table, and then says he,

'My dear madam, your words touch a tender chord in my heart, and it will give me pleasure to serve you. Your words, madam,' continued the General, with visible emotion, 'are precisely those which my beloved wife not unfrequently addresses to me. Ah! my wife! my wifey!' says the General, hysterically, 'how often have you patted me on my head, and told me that my face looked like a chunk of beeswax with three cracks in it!'

The wife of the Southern Confederacy sneered audibly, and called for a fan. There being no fan nearer than the office of Secretary Welles, she used a small whisk-broom. Says she,

'Miserable hireling of a diabolical Lincoln, your wife is nothing to me. She is a creature! I do not come here to hear her wrongs, but to express the undying wish that you and all your horde may be welcomed with muddy hands to hospitable graves. All I want is to be let alone.'

'My dear Mrs. S. C.' says the General, with a touch of brass and irony, 'it is a matter of the utmost indifference to me whether you are "to be let alone" or with the next Minute and lot.'

'I insist upon being let alone,' screamed the female Confederacy, spitting angrily.

'I am not touching you,' says the General.

'All I want is to be let alone,' shrieked

the exasperated lady; 'and I will be let alone!'

The General of the Mackerel Brigade hastily wiped his mouth with a bottle, and then says he,

'Madam, if sandwiches are not plenty where you come from, it ain't for the want of tongue.'

On hearing this gastronomic remark, my boy, the wife of the injured Southern Confederacy swept from the room like an insulted Minerva, and departed for Secession. It was observed that she frowned like a thunder-cloud at every Federal she passed excepting one picket: him she smiled on. She had detected him in the act of admiring her ankles as she picked her way through the mud.

Woman, my boy, has really many sweet qualities; and if her head is sometimes in the wrong, she has always a reserve of genuine goodness of heart in the neighbourhood of her gaiters.

Yours, for the Sex,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XXVII.

COMMENCING WITH A BURST OF EXULTATION OVER NATIONAL VICTORIES; REFERRING TO A SENATORIAL MISTAKE, DEPICTING A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER, AND REPORTING THE RECONNOISSANCE OF THE WESTERN CENTAURS.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 21st, 1862.

Now swells Columbia's bosom with a puff that sets her eyes ablaze with living fire; and with her arms upreaching to the skies, she draws in air new crowns with stars adorned, to ring the temples of her conquering chiefs. Far in the West she sees the livid sparks struck by Achilles from the hostile sword, and in the South beholds how Ajax bold defies

the lightning of the bel-lows. Then clasp-
ing to her breast the flag we love,
and donning swift Minerva's gleaming
helmet, she stands where Morn's first glori-
ous kiss the hills, and breathes the pain
of a fame redeemed!

Three cheers for the chaps who pol-
ished Fort Donelson & Co., my boy, and
may the rebels never have an easier boat
to row than Romeoke. The other day
I was talking with a New-England Sen-
ator about the taking of the fort, and
says I,

'It was a gay victory, my learned
Theban, but it makes me mad when I
think how that slippery racial Floyd
found an egress down the river.'

The Senator pulled up his collar, my
boy, observed to the tumbler-sergeant
that he would take the same with a
little more sugar in it, and then says he,

'In that observation you sum up the
whole cause of this unnatural strife. It
is indeed the negro whose wrongs are
now being revenged upon us by an in-
scrutable Whig Providence, and if the
Government does not speedily strike the
blow from the slave, that slave may
yet be used to fight horribly against us.

I shall cite the significant fact you men-
tion in my next exordium speech.'

I opened my eyes at this outburst
until they looked like the bottoms of
two quart bottles peering in the sun-
shine, and then says he,

'You talk as fluently as a Patent-office
report, my worthy Nestor; but I don't
exactly perceive what my remark has to
do with the coloured negro.'

'Why,' says he, 'didn't you say that
the traitor Floyd found a *negress* down
the river?'

For an instant, my boy, I felt very
dizzy, and was obliged to lean my head
against a tumbler for a moment.

'Your ease, my friend,' says I, 'are
certainly long enough to hear correctly
what is said to you, but this time you've
made a slight mistake. I said that Floyd
had found an *egress* down the river.'

The Senator looked at me for a mo-
ment, and says he,

'Sold by a soldier! Good morning'

I wonder how those nice, pleasant,
gentle men down in South Caro-
lina enjoy Uncle Samuel's latest hit?
I can fancy their damaging effects, my
boy, upon the constitution of

THE SOUTH CAROLINA GENTLEMAN.

Down in the small Palmetto State, the curious one may find

A ripping, tearing gentleman, of an uncommon kind—

A staggering, swaggering sort of chap, who takes his whisky straight,

And frequently condemns his eyes to that ultimate vengeance which a clergy-

man of high standing has assured us must be the sinner's fate,

A South Carolina gentleman,

One of the present time.

You trace his genealogy, and not far back you'll see

A most undoubted octoroon, or mayhap a mulatto;

And if you note the shaggy locks that cluster on his brow,

You'll find that every other hair is varied with a kink, that seldom denotes pure Caucasian blood; but on the contrary betrays an admixture with a race not particularly popular now—

This South Carolina gentleman,
One of the present time;

He always wears a full-dress coat—pre-Adamite in cut—

With waistcoat of the loudest style, through which his ruffles jut;
Six breastpins deck his horrid front; and on his fingers shine

Whole invoices of diamond rings, which would hardly pass muster with the
Original Jacobs in Chatham Street for jewels gen-u-ine—

This South Carolina gentleman,
One of the present time.

He chews tobacco by the pound, and spits upon the floor,

If there is not a box of sand behind the nearest door;

And when he takes his weekly spree, he clears a mighty track.

Of every thing that bears the shape of whisky-skin, gin-and-sugar, brandy-sour,
peach-and-honey, irrepressible cocktail, rum-and-gum, and luscious
apple-jack—

This South Carolina gentleman,
One of the present time.

He looks on grammar as a thing beneath the notice quite

Of any Southern gentleman whose grandfather was white;

And as for education—why, he'll plainly set it forth,

That such d—d nonsense never troubles the heads of the Chivalry; though it
may be sufficiently degrading to merit the personal attention of the
poor wretches unfortunate enough to make their living at the North—

This South Carolina gentleman,
One of the present time.

He licks his niggers daily, like a true American,

And "takes the devil out of them" by this sagacious plan.

He tries his bowie-knives upon the fattest he can find;

And if the darkey winces, why—he is immediately arrested at the instance
of the first families in the neighbourhood, on a charge of conversing
with a fiendish abolitionist, and conspiring to poison all the wells in
the State with strychnine, and arm the slaves of the adjoining planta-
tions with knives and pistols; for all of which he is very properly
sentenced to five hundred lashes—after which to prison he's con-
signed (by)

This South Carolina gentleman,
One of the present time.

For amusement he's inclined, he coolly looks about
 For a parson of the Methodists, or some poor pedlar lout ;
 And having found him, has him hung from some majestic tree—
 Then calls his numerous family to enjoy with him the instructive and enter-
 taining spectacle of a "suspected abolitionist" receiving his just reward
 at the hands of an incensed com-mu-ni-ty—

This South Carolina gentleman,
 One of the present time,

He takes to euchre kindly too, and plays an awful hand,
 Especially when those he tricks his style don't understand ;
 And if he wins, why then he stoops to pocket all the stakes ;
 But if he loses, then he says unto the unfortunate stranger who has chanced to
 win, 'It's my opinion that you are a cursed abolitionist ; and if you
 don't leave South Carolina in one hour you will be hung like a dog.'
 But no offer to pay his loss he makes—

This South Carolina gentleman,
 One of the present time,

Of course he's all the time in debt to those who credit give,
 Yet manages upon the best the market yields to live ;
 But if a Northern creditor asks him his bill to heed,
 This honourable gentleman instantly draws two bowie-knives and a pistol,
 dons a blue cockade, and declares that in consequence of the repeated
 aggressions of the North, and its gross violations of the Constitution,
 he feels that it would utterly degrade him to pay any debt whatever ;
 and that, in fact, he has at last determined to SECEDE !—

This South Carolina gentleman,
 One of the present time.

And when at length to Charleston or the other world he goes,
 He leaves his children mortgages, with all their other woes.
 As slowly fades the vital spark he doubles up his fists,
 And softly murmurs through his teeth, 'I die under a full conviction of my
 errors in life, and freely forgive all men ; but still I only hope that
 somewhere on the other side of Jordan I may just come across some
 ab-o-li-tion-ists !'—

This South Carolina gentleman,
 One of the present time.

Yesterday afternoon, my boy, Colonel having learned that several bushels of
 Wobert Robinson, of the Western Cen- oats were stored there.
 taura, ordered Captain Samyule Sa-mith Samyule drew up his company in line
 to make a reconnoissance toward Flint against a fence, and then says he,
 Hill with a company of skeleton cavalry, 'Comrades, we go upon a mission that

is highly dangurious, and America expects every boss to do his duty. If we meet the rebels,' continued Samyule, impressively, 'they will try hard to capture some of our bosses; for they're badly off for gridirons down there, and three or four of our spirited animals would supply them for the season. If any of you see them coming after the hardware, just put your gridirons on a gallop and fall back.'

At the conclusion of this speech Private Peter Jenkins observed that he'd been falling back ever since he got his horse; for which he was sentenced to laugh at all the colonel's jokes for a week.

Would that I possessed the fiery pen of bully Homer, to describe the gallant advance of that splendid *corps*, as it trotted fiercely on to victory or death. At its head was Captain Samyule Samith, mounted on a horse of some degree of merit, his coat-tails flapping behind him like banners at half-mast, and his form bouncing about in the saddle like an inspired jumping-jack. There was Lieutenant Tunmis Kageht, recently of the German navy, riding an animal with prongs as sharp as a yacht, and that was broadside to the road at least half the time. There was Private Peter Jenkins, seated directly over the tail of a yellow-enamelled charger, that walked at right angles with the fences, and never stopped to take breath until it had gone three yards.

There was Sergeant O'Pake, late of Italy, who bestrode a sorrel, whose side was full of symmetrical gutters to carry the rain off, and who kept his octagon head directly under the right arm, of the horseman ahead of him. There was private Nick O'Demus, with his sabre tucked neatly into the eyes of his neigh-

bour, nudging an anatomical curiosity that walked half of the time on his hind-legs, and creaked when it came to ruts in the road.

Onward, right onward, went this glittering cavalcade, my boy, until they came to an outskirt of Flint Hill, where a solitary remnant of a First Family might have been seen sitting on a fence, eating a sandwich.

'Tr-r-aitor! shouted Captain Samyule Samith, in tones of milk-souring thunder, 'where is the rest of the Confederacy, and what do you think of the news from Fort Donelson?'

The Confederacy hiccupped gloomily, my boy, as he took an impression of its front-teeth on the sandwich, and says he:

'The melancholy days are come—the saddest of the year.'

'That's very true,' said Samyule, pleasantly, 'and proves you to be a person of some eddication: But tell me, sweet hermit of the dale,' pursued Samyule, 'where are the oats we have heard about?'

The solitary Confederacy checked a rising cough with another bite at his ration, and says he:

'You have the oats already; for they were eaten last night by six Confederate chickens; and my slave, Mr. Johnson, sold them chickens to a prospecting detachment of the Mackerel Brigade this morning. Don't talk to me any more,' continued the Confederacy, sadly, 'for I am very miserable, and haven't seen a quarter in six months.'

Samyule seemed touched, and put his hand half-way into his pocket, but remembered his probable children, and refrained from romantic generosity.

'Let me see Mr. Johnson,' says he, reflectively, 'and I will question him concerning the South.'

The Confederacy indulged in a plaintive cat-call, whereupon there emerged from an adjacent clump of bushes a beautiful black being, richly attired in a heavy seal-ring and a red neck-tie. It was Mr. Johnson.

'You have sent for me,' says Mr. Johnson, with much dignity, 'and I have come. If you do not want me, I will return.'

'You have seen the tragic Forrest?' said Samyule.

'The forest is my home,' replied Mr. Johnson, 'and in its equal shade my humble hut stands sacredly embowered. As the gifted Whittier might say:

'There lofty trees uprear in pillared state,
And crystal streams the thirsty deer
elate;

While through the halls that base the
dome of leaves

Full sunshine-harvests spread in golden
sheaves.

There toy the birds in sweet seclusion
blest,

To leap the branches or to build the nest,
While from their throats the grateful
song outpoured

Wakes woodland orchestras to praise the
Lord.

There walks the wolf, no longer driven
wild

By panting hounds and huntsman blood-
defiled;

But tamed to kindness, seeketh peacefully
The soothing shelter of a hollow tree.

Who would be free, and tow'r above his
race,

In the full freedom spurning man and
place,

Deep in the forest let him rear his clan:
Where God himself stands face to face
with man."

Just as the oppressed African finished

this rhythmical statement of his platform, my boy, a huge horse-fly, alighting on the nose of Captain Samyule Samyule, awoke that hero from the refreshing slumber into which he had fallen.

'Tell me, Johnson,' says he, 'how you got your education, for I thought that persons from Africa's sunny mountain went to school about as often as a cat goes to sea.'

Mr. Johnson placed his hand upon his breast with much stateliness, and says he: 'I entered Yale College as a Spurnard, and having graduated with all honours, returned to my master, and was at once employed in cotton culture. I am contented and happy, and have never seen an uncomfortable day, since my wife was sold. Go, stranger, and tell your cople that the South may be overwhelmed, but she can never be conquered while Johnson has a seal-ring to his back.'

On hearing this speech, my boy, Samyule said:

'About face! skeletons,' and the grid-iron cavalry returned to camp in a brown study.

The intelligence of the Southern slaves is really wonderful, my boy; and if it should ever come to a head, look out for a rise in wool.

Yours, contemplatively,
ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XXVIII.

GIVING PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION OF MODERN PATRIOTISM, AND CELEBRATING THE ADVANCE OF THE NACKEREL BRIGADE TO MANASSAS, ETC.

Washington, D.C., March 14th, 1862.
PATRIOTISM, my boy, is a very beau-

tiful thing. The surgeon of a Western regiment, has analysed a very nice case of it, and says that it is peculiar to this hemisphere. He says that it first breaks out in the mouth, and from thence extends to the heart, causing the lifter to swell. He says that it goes on raging until it reaches the pocket, when it suddenly disappears, leaving the patient very Constitutional and conservative. 'Bless me!' says the surgeon, intently regarding a spoon with a tumbler round it, 'if a genuine American ever dies of patriotism it will be because the Tax Bill hasn't been applied soon enough.'

I believe him, my boy!

On Monday morning, just as the sun was rising, like a big gold watch 'put-up' at some celestial Simpson's, the sentinels of Fort Corcoran were seized with horrible tremblings at a sight calculated to make perpendicular hair fashionable. As far as the eye could reach on every side of the Capital, the ground was black with an approaching multitude, each man of which wore large spectacles, and carried a serious carpet-bag and a bottle-green umbrella.

'Be jabers!' says one of the sentinels, whose imperfect English frequently causes him to be taken for the Duc de Chartres. 'It's the whole Southern Confederacy coming to boord with us.'

'Aisey, me boy,' says the other sentinel, straightening the barrel of his musket and holding it very straight to keep the fatal ball from rolling out, 'it's the sperits of all our praviens descendants coming to ax us, was our grandmother the Sayeretary of the Navy.'

Right onward came the multitude, their spectacles glistening in the sun like so many exasperated young planets, and their umbrellas and carpet-bags

swinging like the pendulums of so many infuriated clocks.

Pretty soon the advance-guard, who was a chap in a white neck-tie and a hat resembling a stove-pipe in reduced circumstances, poked a sentinel in the ribs with his umbrella, and says he:

'Where's Congress?'

'Is it Congress ye want?' says the sentinel!

'Yessir!' says the chap. 'Yessir. These are friends of mine—ten thousand six hundred and forty-two free American citizens. We must see Congress. Yessir!—dammit. How about that tax-bill? We come to protest against certain features in that bill.'

'Murther an turf!' says the sentinel, 'is it the taxes all of them ould chaps is ather blaming?'

'Yessir!' says the chap, hysterically jamming his hat down over his forehead and stabbing himself madly under the arm with his umbrella. 'Taxes is a outrage. Not *all* taxes,' says the chap with sudden benignity, 'but the taxes which fall upon us. Why don't they tax them as is able to pay, without oppressing us ministers, editors, merchants, lawyers, grocers, pedlars, and professors of religion?' Here the chap turned very purple in the face, his eyes bulged greenly out, and says he: 'Congress is a ass.'

'That's thrue for you,' says the sentinel: 'they ought to eximpt the whole paytion and tax the rest of it.'

The multitude then swarmed into Washington, my boy, and if they don't smother the Tax Bill, it will be because Congress is case-hardened.

The remainder of the Mackerel Brigade being ordered to join the Conic Section at Accomac for an irresistible advance on Manassas, I mounted my

gothic steed Pegasus on Tuesday morning.

Pegasus, my boy, has greatly improved since I rubbed him down with Snobb's Patent Hair Invigorator, and his tail looks much less like a whisk-broom than it did at first. It is now fully able to maintain itself against all flies whatsoever. The general of the Mackerel Brigade rode beside me on a spirited black frame, and says he :

'That funeral beast of yours is a monument of the home affections. Thunder!' says the general, shedding a small tear of the colour of Scheidam Schnapps, 'I never look at that air horse without thinking of the time I buried my first baby; its head is shaped so much like a small coffin.'

On reaching Accomac, my boy, we found Captain Villiam Brown at the head of the Conic Section of the Mackerel Brigade, dressed principally in a large sword and brass buttons, and taking the altitude of the sun with a glass instrument operated by means of a bottle.

'Ah!' says Villiam, 'you are just in time to hear my speech to the sons of Mars, previous to the capture of Manassas by the United States of America.'

Hereupon Villiam mounted a demijohn laid lengthwise, and says he :

'FELLOW-ANACONDAS: Having been informed by a gentleman who has spent two weeks at Manassas that the Southern Confederacy has gone South for its health, I have concluded that it is time to be offensive. The great Anaconda, having eluded Barnum, is about to move on the enemy's rear.'

'Rear aloft your peaks, ye mountings,
Rear aloft your waves, O sea!

Rear your sparkling crests, ye fountings,
For my love's come back to me.'

The day of inaction is past, and now the United States of America is about to swoop down like a exasperated Eagle on the chickens left by the hawk. Are you ready, my sagacious reptiles, to spill a drop or so for your soaking country? Are you ready to rose up as one man—

'The rose is red,
The willets blue,
Sugar is sweet, and
Bully for you.'

'Ages to come will look down on this day and say: "They died young." The Present will reply: "I don't see it;" but the present is just the last thing for us to think about. Richmond is before us, and there let it remain. We shall take it in a few years:

'It may be for years and it may be for ever,
Then why art thou silent, O pride of
me heart.'

which is polekry. I hereby divide this here splendid army into one *corps damnee*, and take command of it.'

At the conclusion of this thrilling oration, my boy, the *corps damnee* formed itself into a hollow square, in the centre of which appeared a mail-clad ambulance.

I looked at this carefully, and then says I to Villiam:

'Tell me, my gay Achilles, what you carry in that?'

'Ha!' says Villiam, balancing himself on one leg, 'them's my Repeaters. This morn'ing,' says Villiams, sagaciously, 'I discovered six Repeaters among my men. Each of them voted six times last election day, and I've put them where they—

can't be killed. 'Ah!' says William, softly, 'the Democratic party can't afford to lose them Repeaters.'

Here a rather rusty-looking chap stepped out of the ranks, and says he:

'Captain, I'm a Repeater too. I voted four times last election.'

'It takes six to make a reliable Repeater,' says William.

'Yes,' says the chap, 'but I voted for different coves—twice for the Republican candidate and twice for the Democrat.'

'Ha!' says William, 'you're a man of intellect. Here, sargent,' says William, imperiously, 'put this cherubim into the ambulance.'

'And, sargent,' says William thoughtfully, 'give him the front seat.'

And now, my boy; the march for Manassas commenced, being timed by the soft music of the band. This band, my boy, is *not genesis*. Its chief artist is an ardent admirer of Rossini, who performs with great accuracy upon a night-key pressed closely against the lower lip, the strains being much like those emitted by a cart-wheel in want of grease. Then comes a gifted musician from Germany, whose instrument is a fine-tooth comb wrapped in paper, and blown upon through its vibratory covering. The remainder of the band is composed chiefly of drums, though the second-base achieves some fine effects with a superannuated accordion.

Onward moved the magnificent pageant toward the plains of Manassas, the Anatomical Cavalry being in advance, and the Mackerel Brigade following closely after.

Arriving on the noted battle-field, we found nothing but a scene of desolation; the rebels gone; the masked batteries gone; and nothing left but a solitary

laughter of the sunny South, who cursed us for invading the peaceful homes of Virginia, and then tried to sell us stale milk at six shillings a quart.

When Captain William Brown surveyed this spectacle, my boy, his brows knit with portentous anger, and says he:

'So much for wasting so much time. Ah!' says William, clutching convulsively at his canteen, 'we have met the enemy, and they are hours—ahead of us.'

Yours, Manassastonished,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XXIX.

DESCRIBING THE REMARKABLE STRATEGICAL MOVEMENT OF THE CONIC SECTION, UNDER CAPTAIN BOB SHORTY.

Washington, D.C., March, 28th, 1862.

THE most interesting natural curiosity here, next to Secretary Welles' beard, is the office of the Secretary of the Interior. Covered with spider-webs, and clothed in the dust of ages, my boy, sit the Secretary and his clerks, like so many respectable mummies in a neglected pyramid. The Department of the Interior, my boy, is in a humorous condition; the sales of public lands for the past year amount to about ten shillings, the only buyer being a conservative Dutchman from New Jersey, who hasn't heard about the war yet.

These things weigh upon my spirit, and I was glad to order up my Gothic stallion Pegasus, the other day, and rattle down to Manassas once more.

Upon reaching that celebrated field of Mars, my boy, I found the General of the Mackerel Brigade in his tent, surrounded by telegraphic instruments and railroad maps, while the Conic Section was drawn up in line outside.

'You appear to be much absorbed, my venerable Spartan,' says I to the General, as I handled the diaphanous vessel he was using as an act-drop in the theatre of war.

The General frowned like an obdurate parent refusing to let his only daughter marry a coal-heaver, and says he:

'I'm absorbed in strategy. Eighteen months ago I was informed by a contraband that sixty thousand unnatural rebels were intrenched somewhere near here, and having returned the contraband to his master, to be immediately shot, I resolved to overwhelm the rebels by strategy. Thunder?' says the General, perspiring like a pitcher of ice-water in June, 'if there's any thing equal to diplomacy it's strategy.' And now, 'says the General, sternly, 'it's my duty to order you to write nothing about this to the papers. You write about my movements; the papers publish it, and are sent here; my adjutant takes the papers to the rebels; and so, you see, my plans are all known. I have no choice but to suppress you.'

'But,' says I, 'you might more surely keep the news from the rebels by arresting the adjutant.'

'Thunder!' says the General, 'I never thought of that before.'

Great men, my boy, are never so great but that they can profit occasionally by a suggestion from the humblest of the species. I once knew a very great man who went home one night in a shower, and was horrified at discovering that he could not get his umbrella through the front-door. He was a very great man, understood Sanscrit, made speeches that no body could comprehend, and had relatives in Beacon Street, Boston. There he stood in the rain, my boy, pushing his umbrella this way and that way,

turning it endways and sideways, holding it at acute angles and obtuse angles; but still it wouldn't go through the door, nor any thing like it. By and by there came along a chap of humble attainments, who sung out:

'What's the matter, old three-and-six-pence?'

The great man turned pantingly round, and says he:

'Ah, my friend, I cannot get my umbrella into the house. I've been trying for half-an-hour to wedge it through the door, but I can't get it through and know not how to act.'

The humble chap stood under a gas-light, my boy, and by the gleams thereof his mouth was observed to pucker loathersily.

'Hav you tried the experiment of *shut-ting up* that air umbrella?' says he.

The great man gave a start, and says ho:

'Per Jovem! I din't think to do that.'

And he shut his umbrella and went in peacefully.

The Conic Section was to make its great strategic movement, my boy, under Captain Bob Shorty; and, led by that fearless warrior, it set out at twilight. Onward tramped the heroes according to Hardee, for about an hour, and then they reached a queer-looking little house with a great deal of piazza and a very little ground-floor. With his cap cocked very much over one eye, Captain Bob Shorty knocked at the door, and was answered by a young maiden of about forty-two.

'Hast seen my troops pass here of late?' asked Captain Bob Shorty, with much dignity.

The Southern maiden, who was a First Family, sniffed indignantly, and says she:

'I reckon not, poor hireling Hessian.'

'Forward—double-quick—march!' says Captain Bob Shorty, with much vehemence; 'that ere young woman has been eating onions.'

Onward, right onward through the darkness, went the Conic Section of the Mackerel Brigade, eager to engage the rebel foe and work out the genius of strategy. Half-an-hour, and another house was reached. In response to the captain's knook a son of chivalry stuck his head out of a window, and says he:

'There's nobody at home.'

'Peace, ignoramus!' says Captain Bob Shorty, majestically; 'the United States of America wishes to know if you have seen any troops go by to-night.'

'Yes,' says the chivalry, 'my sister saw a company go by just now, I reckon.'

'Forward—double-quick—march!' says Captain Bob Shorty, 'we can catch the Confederacy alive if we're quick enough.'

And now, my boy, the march was resumed with new vigour, for it was certain that the enemy was right in front, and might be strategically annihilated. A long time passed, however, without the discovery of a soul, and it was after midnight when the next house was gained.

A small black contraband came to the door, and says he:

'By gorry, mars'r sogerum, what you hab?'

'Tell me, young Christy's minstrel,' says Captain Bob Shorty, 'have any troops passed here to-night?'

The contraband turned a summerset, and says he:

'Mars' and misses hab seen two companies dis berry night, so helpum God.'

'Forward—double-quick—march!' says Captain Bob Shorty. 'Two com-

panies is rather heavy for this here band of Spartans, but it is sweet to die for one's country.'

The march went on, my boy, until we got to the next house, where the inmates refused to appear, but shouted that they had seen *three* companies go past. At this Captain Bob Shorty was heard to scratch his head in the darkness, and says he:

'This here strategy is a good thing at decent odds: but when it's three to one, it's more respectable to have all quiet on the Potomac. Halt, fellow wictims, and let us wait here until the daily sun is issued by the divine editor.'

The orb of light was calmly stealing up the east, my boy, when Captain Bob Shorty sprang from his blanket and observed the house, before which the Conic Section was encamped, with protruding eyes.

'By all that's blue!' says Captain Bob Shorty, 'if that ain't the werry identicel house where we saw the vinegar maiden last night?'

And so it was, my boy! The Conic Section of the Mackerel Brigade had been going round and round on a private race-course all night, stopping four times at the same judge's stand, and going after their own tails, like so many humorous cats.

Strategy, my boy, is a profound science, and don't cost more than two millions a day, while the money lasts.

Yours, in deep cogitation,
ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XXX.

INTRODUCING THE VERITABLE 'HYMN OF THE CONTRABANDS,' WITH EMANCIPATION MUSIC, AND DESCRIBING THE TERRIFIC COMBAT A LA MAIN BETWEEN CAPTAIN WILLIAM BROWN, OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND CAPTAIN MUNCHHAUSEN, OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

Washington, D.C., April 4th, 1862.

KNOWING you to be a connoisseur in horse-flesh, my boy, it is but proper I should tell you that I have leased my steed, the gothic Pegasus, for a few days to an army carpenter, that gentleman having expressed a wish to use my architectural animal as a model for some new barracks. Pegasus, my boy, when viewed lengthwise, presents a perspective not unlike a Hoboken cottage, and eminent builders tell me that his buck is the very beau-ideal of a combination roof. I sent a side-view photograph of the fiery stallion to a venerable grandmother not long since, and she wrote back that she was glad to see I had my quarters elevated on piles to avoid dampness, but should think the hut would smoke with such a crooked chimney! The old lady is rather hard of hearing, my boy, and makes trifling mistakes without her spectacles.

In the absence of my war-horse I hired a respectable hack to take me to Manassas, the driver saying that he would not charge me more than ten dollars an hour, as he had seen better days himself. What his seeing better days had to do with me I didn't exactly see, my boy; but I hired the chariot, and we went down the river at a pace sometimes achieved by that carriage in a funeral which contains the parents of the deceased.

Wet towels, soda-water, and a few

wholesome kicks in the rear having rendered Company 8, Regiment 5, Mackerel Brigade, sufficiently certain of their legs to march a polka in the space of an ordinary corn field, Captain William Brown placed himself at their head, and, flanked by a canteen and an adjutant, the combined pageant was just about to move on a reconnoitring expedition as I came up.

'Ha!' said William, hastily placing his shirt-frill over the neck of a bottle that accidentally peeped from his bosom—'I am about to lead these noble beings on the path of glory, and you shall participate in the beams.'

Without a word, I turned his left wing; and as the band, which consisted of a fat Dutchman and a night-key bugle, struck up 'Drops of Brandy,' we moved onward, like the celestial vision of childhood's dream.

Like the radiance of a higher heaven streaming through the golden-tinted windows of some grand old cathedral, fell the softened light of that April afternoon, on budding Nature, as we halted before a piece of woods just this side of Strasburg. On the new leaves of the trees in front of us the sunshine coined a thousand phantom cataracts of specie, and in the vale below us a delicate purple shadow wrestled with the hill-reflected fire of the sun. Deep silence fell on Company 3, Regiment 5, Mackerel Brigade; the band put his instrument on the ring with the key of his trunk, and William softly reconvoitred through a spy-glass furnished with a cork. Suddenly the tones of a rich manly voice swelled up from the bosom of the valley.

'Hush!' says William, sternly eyeing the band, who had just hiccapped—'He the song of the Contrabands.'

'We all listened, and could distinctly hear the following words of the singer :

'They're holding camp-meeting in Hickory

Swamp,

O, let my people go ;

De preacher's so dark dat he carry um
lamp,

O, let my people go.

De brudders 'em singing dis jubilee tune,

O, let my people go ;

Two dollars a-year for de *Weekly Tribune*,

O, let my people go !

As the strain died away in the distance, the adjutant slapped his left leg.

'Why,' said he, dreamily, 'that must be Greely down there.'

'No !' says Villiam, solemnly, 'it is one of the wronged children of tyranny warbling the suppressed hymn of his injured people. It is a sign,' says Villiam, trembling with bravery, 'that the Southern Confederacy is somewhere around ; for when you hear the squeak of the agonised rat,' said Villiam, philosophically, 'you may be sure that the sanguinary terrier is on the war-path.'

Scarcely had he spoken, my boy, when there emerged from the edge of the wood before us a rebel company, headed by an officer of hairy countenance and much shirt collar. This officer's face was a whisker plantation, through which his eyes peeped forth like two snakes coiled up in a window-brush. His dress was shoddy, his air was toddy, and a yard of valuable stair-carpet enveloped his manly shoulders.

'Halt !' said he to his file of reptiles, whose general effect was that of a congress of rag-merchants just come in from a happy speculation in George-Law muskets.

'Sir,' said the officer, bowing in a graceful semicircle, 'I am somewhat

in the First Family way, own a plantation, drink but little water at home, and have the honour to be Captain Munchausen, of the Southern Confederacy.'

'Dost fence?' says Villiam, grimly drawing his sword.

'Fence !' says Captain Munchausen, also drawing his disguised crowbar. 'Didst ever hear, boy, or read, of that great fencer of the olden time, the Chevalier St. George?'

'Often,' says Villiam, in a tone that was as plainly the echo of a lie as is that of the delicate female eater of slate-pencils, when she says that she never could bear pork and beans.

'Well,' says Captain Munchausen, haughtily, 'the chevalier was so extremely jealous of my superior skill, that he actually went and died nearly a hundred years before I was born.'

'Soap,' says Villiam, like one talking in his sleep, 'is sometimes made with powerful lie.'

'By Chivalry !' says Captain Munchausen, cholericly ; 'I swear, I never told a single lie in all my life.'

'A single lie !' says Villiam, abstractedly ; 'ah, no ! for the lies of the Southern Confederacy are all married, and have large families.'

This domestic speech, my boy, was too much for Munchausen. Asking one of the rag merchants to hold his three-ply overcoat, and carefully removing his fragmentary cap, that none of the cold potatoes should spill out of it, he planted the remains of his right boot slightly in advance of the skeleton of his left, and thundered :

'Blood !'

Quick as the lightning leaps along the cloud did Captain Villiam Brown send the great toe of his dexter foot to meet that of his foe ; his Damascus

blade lay across the opposing brand, and he whispered :

"Scath !"

It was a beautiful sight—by Minerva it was !

"Stop !" says Villiam, suddenly hauling in his weapon again ; "it shall never be said that I took advantage of a foe-man."

As he uttered these memorable words, my boy, this ornament of the service plucked an infant demijohn from his fearless bosom and magnanimously passed it to his antagonist.

A soft commotion was visible in the whiskers of Captain Munchausen—the suburb of a smile as it were ; a cavern opened in their midst, the vessel ascended curvilinearly thereto, and the sound was as the trickling of water down a mountain gulch.

The adjutant took his seat on the sleeping body of the band, and with pencil and paper prepared to record the combat. The opposing champions faced each other, and as Villiam once more raised his blade he smiled horribly.

Then, my boy, was witnessed a scene to make old Charlemagne's paladins dance High-jinks in their graves, and call all the Arturian knights to life again. *Certe et tierce !* but it was a spectacle for Hector and Achilles. With swords pointed straight at each other's noses did the valorous heroes skip wildly back, and then as wildly forward. Slam ! bang ! crack ! smack ! right and left ! over and under ! parry, feint, and *première force !* Now did they hop fiercely along on opposite sides of the road, eyeing each other like demoniac Thomas Cats upon the moonlit fence. Ever and anon did they dart furiously to the centre, cutting the

blessed atmosphere to invisible splinters, and slaying imaginary legions.

But a crisis was at hand ! In one of his terrible chops, the cool and collected Villiam brought his deadly weapon down full upon the knuckles of the enemy. But for the fact that Villiam's sword was not quite as sharp as the side of an ordinary three-story house, Munchausen's hand would never more have wielded trenchant blade. As it was, he hastily dashed his brand to the ground, crammed his knuckles into his mouth, struck up an impassioned dance, and mumbled, in extreme agitation :

"Golfire your cursed abolition soul !"

It was beautiful, my boy, to see how the calm Villiam leaned upon his sword and smiled.

"Ah !" says Villiam, "so periah the foes of the Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws, I have bruised the Confederacy." "Adjutant !" says Villiam, in a sudden burst of pardonable exultation, "score one for the United States of America !"

Now it happened, my boy, that, as Villiam said this, he turned to where the adjutant was sitting, and bent down to give particular directions. His body was thus made to assume somewhat of the shape of the letter U, the curve being sharply toward the enemy. In an instant Captain Munchausen regained his sword, grasped it after the manner of a flail, and, with a prodigious spank, applied it to the unguarded portion of my hero's anatomy.

High sprang the almost assassinated Villiam into the air, with sparks pouring from his eyes, and Union oaths hissing from his working jaws.

"Adjutant !" roared Captain Munchausen, "score one for the Southern Confederacy !"

No sooner had Villiam reached the ground and picked up the cork that had fallen from his bosom as he ascended, than he plunged rampagiously at his adversary, and aimed a blow at his head that must have taken it off had Captain Munchausen been about a yard taller. As it was, the stroke mercilessly split the air, and caused my hero to spin like a mighty top.

In vain did the shameless Confederate swordsman endeavour to get in a hit as Villiam went round; the sword of the Union met him at every turn, and right quickly was the avenging blade humming around his head again. Inspired with the strength of Hercules, the endurance of Prometheus, and the fire of Pluto, the gorgeous Villiam Brown went at his work once more, like a feller of great trees, and in another moment his awful blade twanged upon the foe's head.

Down went Captain Munchausen singing inverted psalms, with a whole nest of rocks exploding in his brain. Pale turned his rag-merchants at the sight, and one of them immediately deserted to our side and swore that he had always been a Union man.

Villiam leaned upon his blade, and kindly remarked:

'His head is broken; I heard it crack.'

'Tis false!' says Captain Munchausen, gloomily; 'that is an old crack—I've had it ever since I was a boy.'

'Ah!' says Villiam, airily, 'I'm afraid my blow has caused more than one funeral in the insect kingdom, for the cut went right through the hair. Have a comb?' said Villiam, pleasantly.

Captain Munchausen made no reply, my boy, but motioned for his men to bear him from the field. It was noticed,

however, that, as he was being carried into the wood, he asked a gentleman in remarkable tatters to take him to the last ditch.

As the Southern Confederacy disappeared, Captain Villiam Brown hammered his sword straight with a bit of stone, forced it into its scabbard, and turned majestically to Company 3, Regiment 5, Mackerel Brigade, several members of which were engaged in the athletic game of pitch-penny.

'Let the band be awakened,' says Villiam.

A Mackerel at once proceeded to break the slumbers of the orchestra, by shaking a bottle near his ear—that experiment having never been known to fail in the case of a pronounced musical character.

'Ha!' says Villiam, with much spirit, 'we will march to the national airs of our distracted country!'

After sounding several cat-calls on his night-key bugle, in the manner of all great instrumentalists who wish to know about their instruments being in tune, the band struck up 'Ale to the Chief,' and we marched to quarters like so many heroes of ancient Rum.

Shall treason triumph in our land, my boy, while there's a sword to wave? I think not, my boy,—I think not. Though Columbia did not rule the wave, her champions would see to it that she never waived the rule.

Yours, for the Star-Spangled,
ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XXXI.

REVEALING A NEW BLOCKADING IDEA, INTRODUCING A GEOMETRICAL STEED, AND NARRATING THE WONDERFUL EXPLOITS OF THE MACKEREL SHARPSHOOTER AT YORKTOWN.

Washington, D.C., May 2d, 1862.

SPEAKING of the patriarch of the Navy Department, my boy, they say that the respected Ancient has under consideration a new and admirable plan for making the blockade efficient. The idea is, to furnish all the naval captains with spectacles made of looking-glass, so that when they are asleep on the quarter-deck their glasses will reflect the figure of any rebel craft that may be trying to slip by. These spectacles could all be ready in twenty years; and when the Secretary told a Congressman of the plan, the latter thought carefully over the suggestion, 'as dripping with coolness it rose from the Welles,' and says he:

'My dear madam, the idea lacks but one thing—the looking-glass spectacles ought to be supplied with a comb and brush, so that the captain could fix himself up after capturing the pirate. Ah, madam,' says the Congressman, hastily picking up the Jack of Clubs, which he had accidentally pulled out with his pocket-handkerchief, 'you will rank next to Mary, the mother of Washington, in the affections of future generations.'

The mother of Washington, my boy! —the MOTHER of Washington!—why, the Secretary is already celebrated as the grandmother of Washington—city.

On the occasion of my last visit to Yorktown, my boy, I found the Mackerel Brigade so well up in animal spirits that each chap was equal to a pony of

brandy, and capable of capturing any amount of glass artillery. At the present time, my boy, the brigade is formed in the shape of a clam-shell, with the right resting on a beer-wagon, and the left on a travelling free-lunch saloon. I was examining the new battery of the Orange-County Howitzers—whose guns have such large touch-holes that the chaps keep their crackers and cheese in them when not in action—and was also overhearing the remarks of a inebriated Mackerel concerning what he wished to be done with his effects in case he should perish with old age before the battle commenced—when I beheld Captain William Brown approaching me on the most geometrical beast I ever saw—an animal even richer in sharp corners, my boy, than my own gothic steed Pegasus.

'Hal!' says William, hastily swallowing something that brought tears to his eyes, and taking a bit of lemon-peel to clear his voice, 'you are admiring my Arabian courser, and wondering whether it is one of the three presented to Secretary Seward by the Emperor of Egypt.'

'You speak truly, my Bayard,' says I; 'that superb piece of horseflesh looks like the original plan of the city of Boston—there's so many bisecting angles about him.'

'Ah!' says William, with an agreeable smile, in the words of the anthem childhood—

'The angles told me so.'

William's idea of angels, my boy, constitutes a theory of theology in itself.

'What do you call the charger?' says I.

'Euclid,' says William, pausing for a moment, to catch the gurgle of a can-teen just reversed. 'Ah!' says William,

recovering his presence of mind, 'this here marvel of natural history is a guaranteed 2.40.'

'No!' says I.

'Yes,' says Villiam, calculatingly; 'this superb animal is a sure 2.40—he cost me just Two dollars and Forty cents. But come with me,' said Villiam, proudly, 'and see the sharp-shooter contingent I have just organised to aid in the suppression of this here unnatural rebellion.'

I followed the splendidly-mounted warrior, my boy, to a spot not far from the nearest point of the enemy's lines, where I found a lengthy Western chap polishing a rifle with a powerful telescope on the end of it. He had just been organised, and was preparing to make some carnage.

'Now then, Ajack,' said Villiam, classically, 'let us see you pick off that Confederacy over there, which looks like a mere fly at this distance.'

The sinewy sharpshooter sprang to his feet, called a drummer-boy to hold his chew of tobacco, looked at the rebel gunner through his telescope, shut up the telescope, took aim with both eyes shut, turned away his head, and *fired!*

I must say, my boy, that I at first thought the Confederacy was not hit at all, inasmuch as he only scratched one of his legs and squinted along his gun; but Villiam soon showed me how exquisitely accurate the sharpshooter's aim had been.

'The bullet struck him,' says Villiam, confidently, 'and would have reached his heart, but for the Bible given him by his mother when he left home, which arrested its fatal progress. Let us hope,' says Villiam, seriously, 'that he will henceforth search the Scriptures, and be a dutiful son.'

I felt the tears spring to my eyes, for I once had a mother myself, I couldn't help it, my boy—I couldn't help it.

The second shot of the unerring rifleman was aimed at a hapless contraband, who had been sent out to the end of a gun by the enemy, to see that the ball did not roll out before the gunner had time to pull the trigger. Crack! went the deadly weapon of the sharpshooter, and down went the unhappy African—to his dinner.

'Ah!' says Villiam, skeptically, 'do you think you hit him, Ajack?'

'True lie,' stranger,' responded the unmoved marksman, sententiously. 'He will die at twenty minutes past three this afternoon.'

Sick of this dreadful slaughter, my boy, I turned from the spot with Villiam, and presently overtook the general of the Mackerel Brigade, who was seated on a fence by the roadside, trying to knock the cork out of a bottle with a piece of rock. We saluted, and went on to the camp.

Sharpshooters, my boy, are a source of much pain to hostile gunners, and if one of them should happen to put a bullet through the head of navigation, it would certainly cause the tide to fall.

Yours, take-aimably,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XXXII.

CONCERNING MARTIAL LITERATURE: INTRODUCING A DIDACTIC POEM BY THE 'ARKANSAS TRACT SOCIETY,' AND A BIOGRAPHY OF GARIBALDI FOR THE SOLDIER.

Washington, D.C., May 7th, 1862.

SOUTHERN religious literature, my boy, is admirably calculated to improve the

morals of race-courses, and render dog-fights the instruments of wholesome spiritual culture.

On the person of a high-minded Southern Confederacy captured the other day by the Mackrel pickets I found a moral work which had been issued by the Arkansaw Tract Society for the diffusion of religious thoughts in the camp, and was much improved by reading it. The pure-minded Arkansaw chap who got it up, my boy, remarked in pallid print, that every man 'should extract a wholesome moral from every thing whatsomever,' and then went on to say, that there was an excellent moral in the beautiful Arkansaw nursery tale of

THE BEWITCHED TERRIER.

Sam Johnson was a cullud man,
Who lived down in Judee;
He owned a rat tan tarrier
That stood 'bout one foot three;
And the way that critter chawed up rats
Was gorjus for to see.

One day this dorg was slumberin'
Behind the kitchen stove,
When suddenly a wicked flea—
An ugly little cove—
Commenced upon his faithful back
With many jumps to rove.

Then up arose that tarrier,
With frenzy in his eye,
And waitin' only long enough
To make a touchin' cry,
Commenced to twist his head around
Most wonderfully sry.

But all in vain; his shape was sich,
So awful short and fat—
And though he doubled up hisself,
And strained hisself at that,
His mouth was half an inch away
From where the varmint sat.

The dorg sat up an awful yowl
And twisted like an eel,
Emitting cries of misery
At ev'ry nip he'd feel,
And tumblin' down and jumpin' up,
And turnin' like a wheel.

But still that most owdacious flea
Kept up a constant chaw
Just where he couldn't be scratched out
By any reach of paw,
But always half an inch beyond
His victim's snappin' jaw.

Sam Johnson heard the noise, and came
To save his animile;
But when he see the crittur spin—
A barkin' all the while—
He dreaded hiderfobia,
And then began to rilo.

'The pup is mad enough,' says he,
And luggin' in his axe,
He gov the wretched tarrier
A pair of awful cracks,
That stretch'd him out upon the floor,
As dead as carpet-tacks.

MORAL.

Take warnin' by this tarrier,
Now turned to sassidgo-meat;
And when misfortin's flea shall come
Upon your back to eat,
Bewaro, or you may die because
You can't make both ends meet.

The Arkansaw Tract Society put a note at the bottom of this moral lyric, my boy, stating that the 'wicked flea here mentioned is the same varmint which is mentioned in Scripture as being so bold: "the wicked flea, when no man pursueth but the righteous, is as bold as a lion."'

LETTER XXIII.

SHOWING HOW THE GREAT BATTLE OF PARIS WAS FOUGHT AND WON BY THE MACKEREL BRIGADE, AIDED AND ABETTED BY THE IRON-PLATED FLEET OF COMMODORE HEAD.

Washington, D.C., May 10th, 1862.

I HAVE just returned, my boy, from witnessing one of the most tremendous battles of modern times, and shall see star-spangled banners in every sunset for six months to come.

Hearing that the Southern Confederacy had evacuated Yorktown, for the reason that the Last Ditch had moved on the first of May to a place where there would be less rent from our cannon, I started early in the week for the quarters of the valorous and sanguinary Mackerel Brigade, expecting that it had gone toward Richmond for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

On reaching the Peninsula, however, I learned that the Mackerel 'corpsed dammee' had been left behind to capture the city of Paris in coöperation with a squadron.

Reaching the stamping-ground, my boy, I beheld a scene at once unique and impressive. Each individual Mackerel was seated on the ground, with a sheet of paper across his knees and an ink-bottle beside him, writing like an inspired poet.

I approached Captain Villiam Brown, who was covering some bare spots on his geometrical steed Euclid, with pieces scissored out of an old hair-trunk, and says I:

'Tell me, my noble Hector, what means this literary scene which mine eyes behold?'

'Ah!' says Villiam, setting down his glue-pot, 'we are about to engage in a

skrimmidge from which not one may come out alive. These heroic beings,' says Villiam, 'are ready to die for their country at sight, and you now behold them making their wills. We shall march upon Paris,' says Villiam, 'as soon as I hear from Sergeant O'Puke, who has been sent to destroy a mill-dam belonging to the Southern Confederacy. Come with me, my nice little boy, and look at the squadron to take part in the attack.'

This squadron, my boy, consisted of one twenty-eight-inch row-boat, mounting a twelve-inch swivel, and commanded by Commodore Head, late of the Canal-boat Service. It is iron-plated after a peculiar manner. When the ingenious chap who was to iron-plate it commenced his work, Commodore Head ordered him to put the plates on the *inside* of the boat, instead of outside, as in the case of the Monitor and Galena.

'What do you mean?' says the contractor.

'Why,' says the commodore, 'ain't them iron plates intended to protect the crew?'

'Yes,' says the contractor.

'Well, then, you poor ignorant cuss,' says the commodore, in a great passion, 'what do you want to put the plates on the *outsides* for? The crew won't be on the outside—will it? The crew will be on the inside—won't it? And how are you going to protect the crew on the inside by putting iron plates on the outside?'

Such reasoning, my boy, was convincing, and the Mackerel Squadron is plated inside.

While I was contemplating this new triumph of American naval architecture, and wondering what they would say about it in Europe, an orderly rode up

and handed a scrap of paper to William.

'Ha!' says William, perusing the message, and then passing it to me, 'the veteran O'Pake has not deceived the United States of America.'

The message was directed to the General of the Mackerel Brigade, my boy, and read as follows:

'GENERAL.—In accordance with your orders, I have destroyed the mill d—n.

'O'PAKE.'

'And now,' says William, returning his canteen to his bosom and pulling out his ruffles, 'the United States of America will proceed to capture Paris with great slaughter. Let the Brigade form in marching order, while the fleet proceeds around by water, after the manner of Lord Nelson.'

The Mackerel Brigade was quickly on the march, headed by the band, who played an entirely new version of 'Hail, Columbia,' on his key bugle. Tramp, tramp, tramp! and we found ourselves in position before Paris.

Paris, my boy, was a city of two houses previous to the recent great fire, which destroyed half of it, and we found it fortified with a strong picket-fence and counterscarp earthworks, from the top of which frowned numerous guns of great compass.

The Mackerel Brigade was at once formed in line-of-battle-order—the line being not quite as straight as an ordinary Pennsylvania railroad—while the fleet menaced the water-front of the city from Duck Lake.

You may not be able to find Duck Lake on the maps, my boy, as it is only visible after a heavy rain.

Previous to the attack, a balloon, containing a Mackerel chap, and a telescope

shaped like a bottle, was sent up to reconnoitre.

'Well,' says William to the chap when he came down, 'what is the force of the Confederacy?'

The chap coughed respectfully, and says he:

'I could only see one Confederacy, which is an old woman!'

'Scorpion!' says William, his eyes flashing like the bottoms of two reversed tumblers, 'I believe you to be an accursed abolitionist. Go instantly to the rear,' says William, fiercely, 'and read the report of the Van Wyck Investigating Committee.'

It was a terrible punishment, my boy; but the example was needed for the good of the service.

The Orange County Howitzers now advanced to the front, and poured a terrible fire in the direction of a point about half way between the nearest steeple and the meridian, working horrible carnage in a flock of pigeons that happened to be passing at the time.

'Splendid, my glorious Prooshians!' says William, just escaping a fall from his saddle by the convulsive start of Euclid, that noble war-horse having been suddenly roused from a pleasant doze by the firing—'Splendid, my artillery darlings. Only,' says William, thoughtfully, 'as the sun is a friendly power, don't aim at him so accurately next time.'

Meantime, Company 3, Regiment 5, had advanced from the right, and were just about to make a splendid bayonet-charge by the oblique, over the picket-fence and earthwork, when the concealed Confederacy suddenly opened a deadly fire of old shoes, throwing the Mackerels into great confusion.

Almost simultaneously, a large potato

struck the fleet on Duck Lake on the nose, so intensely exciting him that he incontinently touched off his swivel, to the great detriment of the surrounding country.

This was a critical moment, my boy; the least trifle on either side would have turned the scale, and given the victory to either party. Villiam Brown had just assumed the attitude in which he desired Frank Leslie's Illustrated Artist to draw him, when a familiar domestic utensil came hissing through the land air from the rebel works, and exploded in two pieces at his feet.

'Ha!' says Villiam, eyeing the fragments with great pallor, "they have commenced to throw shell."

In another moment that incomparable officer was at the head of a storming party; and as the fleet opened fire on the cabbage-patch in the rear of the enemy's position, an impetuous charge was precipitated in front.

Though met by a perfect hail of turnips, stove-covers, and kindling-wood, the Mackerels went over the fence like a fourth-proof avalanche, and hemmed in the rebel garrison with walls of bayonets.

'Surrender to the Union Anzconda and the United States of America," thundered Villiam.

'You're a nasty, dirty creetur,' responded the garrison, who was an old lady of venerable aspect.

'Surrender, or you're a dead man, my F. F. Venus,' says Villiam, majestically.

The old lady replied with a look of scorn, my boy, walked deliberately toward the road, and when last seen was proceeding in the direction of Richmond under a green silk umbrella and a heavy press of snuff.

Now it happened, just after we had

formally taken possession of the city, while the band was playing martial airs, and the fleet winding up his chronometer, that the General of the Mackerel Brigade made his appearance on the field, and was received with loud cheers by those who believed that he brought their pay back with him.

'My children,' says the general, with a paternal smile, 'don't praise me for an achievement in which all have won such imperishable laurels. I have only done my jooty.'

This speech, my boy, made a great impression upon me on account of its touching modesty. War, my boy, is calculated to promote an amount of bashful modesty never equalled except in Congress; and I have known bigadiers so self-deprecatory that they lived in a state of perpetual blush—especially at the ends of their noses.

Since the occupation of Paris by the Mackerel Brigade, affairs there have been administered with great intellectual ability by Captain William Brown, who has been appointed Provisional Governor, to govern the sale of provisions.

The city of Paris, my boy, as I told you lately, is laid out in one house at present; and since the discovery, that what were at first supposed to be Dahlgren guns by our forces were really a number of old hats with their rims cut off, laid in a row on top of the earth-works, the democracy have stopped talking about the General of the Mackerel Brigade for next President.

The one house, however, was a boarding-house; and though all the boarders left at the approach of our troops, it was subsequently discovered that all of them save one were good Union men, and were brutally forced to fly by that one Confederate miscreant. When Vil-

ham heard of the fate of these noble and oppressed patriots, my boy, he suffered a tear to drop into the tumbler he had just found, and says he:

'Just saying! can this be so? Ah!' says Villiam, sitting a bottle near by to see that the deed was concealed under it. 'I will issue a proclamation calculated to conciliate the noble Union men of the sunny South, and bring them back to those protecting folds in which our idolized forefathers folded themselves.

Nobody believed it could be done my boy—nobody believed it could be done but Villiam understood his species, and issued the following

*PROCLAMATION.

The Union men of the South are hereby informed that the United States of America has re-asserted herself and will shortly open a bar-room in Union. Also cigars and other necessities of life. By order of

'CAPT VILLIAM BROWN, Executive

'There,' says Villiam, 'the human intellect may do what violence might fail to accomplish. Ah! says Villiam most attention is more majestic than an army with banners.'

In just half an hour after the above Proclamation was issued my boy, the hum of countless approaching voices called us to the ramparts. A vast multitude was approaching. It was the Union men of the South, my boy, who had read the manifesto of a beneficent Government, and were coming back to take the Oath—with a trifle of sugar in it.

How necessary it is, my boy, that men intrusted with important commands—generals and governors responsible for

the purification and welfare of misguided provinces—should understand just how and when to touch that sensitive chord in our common nature which vibrates responsively when man is invited to take something by his fellow-man.

Scarcely had Villiam assumed his office and supplied two reporters when there was brought before him a fugitive contraband of the colour of old malischaum, and a planter from the innocent county, who claimed the slave.

'It's me—that's Mither Murphy—would be affixing axing your river nce to return the black crayture at once,' says the planter, 'for it's meself that owns him, and he run'd away right under me nose and cyrs as soon as me back was turned.'

Ah! says Villiam, balancing a tumbler in his right hand. 'Are you a sputherner, Mr Murphy?'

'Yassu,' says Mr. Murphy, 'it's that I am, intirly. Be the same token, I was raised and born in the sweet South—the South of Ireland.'

'Are you Chivalry?' says Villiam, thoughtfully.

'Is it Chivalry!—ah, but it's that I am, and me father before me, and me children that's after me. It Chivalry was pratics I could furnish a dinner to all the war-ruid, and have enough left to fude the rest.'

'Murphy is a French name,' says Villiam, drawing a copy of Vattel on International Law from his pocket and glancing at it; 'but I will not dispute what you say. You must do without your contraband, however; for slavery and martial law don't agree together in the United States of America.'

'Mr. Black,' says Villiam, gravely, turning to the emancipated African 'you have come to the right shop for

freedom. You are from henceforth a freeman and a brother-in-law. You are now your own master,' says Villiam, encouragingly, 'and no man has a right to order you about. You are in the full enjoyment of Heving's best gift—Freedom! Go and black my boots.'

The moral grandeur of this speech, my boy, so affected the Southern planter that he at once became a Union man, took the Oath with the least bit of water in it, and asked permission to have his own boots blacked.

I have been deeply touched of late, my boy, by the reception of a present from the ladies of Alexandria. It is a beautiful little dog, named Bologna (the women of America think that Bologna is the goddess of war, my boy), shaped like a doormat rolled up, and elegantly frescoed down the sides in white and yellow. The note accompanying the gift was all womanly:

'Accept,' it said, 'this slight tribute as an index of the feelings with which the American women regards the noble volunteer. Wear this gift next your heart when the fierce battle rages; but, in the meantime, give him a bone.'

Bologna is a pointer, my boy—a five-Pointer.

As a dead poet expresses it, Woman is 'Heaven's noblest, best, and last good gift to man;' and I assure you, my boy, that she is just the last gift he cares about.

Yours, in bachelorliness,
ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XXXIV.

WHEREIN IS SHOWN HOW THE GENERAL OF THE MACKEREL BRIGADE FOLLOWED AN ELECTRIFIC EXAMPLE, AND VETOED A PROCLAMATION, ALSO RECORDING A MILITARY EXPERIMENT WITH RELIABLE CONTRABANDS.

Washington, D.C., May 20th, 1862.

REJOICE with me, my boy, that I have got back my gothic steer Pegasus from the Government chap who borrowed him for a desk. The splendid architectural animal has just enough slant from his backbone to his hips to make a capital desk, my boy; and then his tail is so handy to wipe pens on. In a moment of thirst he swallowed a bottle of ink, and some fears were entertained for his life; but a gross of steel pens and a ream of blotting-paper, immediately administered, caused him to come out all write. In a gothic sense, my boy, the charger continues to produce architectural illusions. He was standing on a hill-side the other day, with his rear-elevation toward the spectators, his head up and ears touching at the top, when a chap, who has been made pious by frequent conversation with the contrabands, noticed him afar off, and says he to a soldier, 'What church is that I behold in the distance, my fellow-worm of the dust?'

The military veteran looked, and says he, 'It does look like a church; but it's only a animated hay-rack belonging to the cavalry.'

'I see,' says the pious chap, moving on; 'the beast looks like a church, because he's been accustomed to steeples.'

I have also much satisfaction in the society of my dog Bologna, my boy, who has already become so attached to me

that I believe he would defend me against any amount of meat. Like the Old Guard of France, he's always around the bony parts thrown; and, like a *bon vivant*, is much given to whining after his dinner.

The last time I was at Paris, my boy, this interesting animal made a good breakfast off the calves of the General of the Mackerel Brigade's legs, causing that great strategical commander to issue enough oaths for the whole Southern Confederacy.

'Thunder!' says the general, at the conclusion of his cursory remarks, 'I shall have the hydrophobia and bite somebody. It's my opinion,' says the general, hastily licking a few grains of sugar from the spoon he was holding at the time, 'It's my opinion that I shall go rabid as soon as I see water.'

'Then you're perfectly safe, my conquering hero,' says I; 'for when you see water, the Atlantic Ocean will be principally composed of brandy pale.'

Speaking of Paris, it pains me, my boy, to say that Captain William Brown's Proclamation for the conciliation of Southern Union men has been repudiated by the General of the Mackerel Brigade.

'Thunder!' says the general, taking a cork from his pocket in mistake for a watch-key. 'It's against the Constitution to open a bar so far away from where Congress sits.'

And he at once issued the following

PROCLAMATION.

'Whereas, There appears in the public prints what presumptuously pretends to be a proclamation of Captain William Brown, Eskevire, in the words following, to wit:

PROCLAMATION.

'The Union men of the South are hereby informed that the United States of America has converted himself, and will shortly open a bar-room in Paris. Also, cigars and other necessities of life.

By order of

'CAPT. WILLIAM BROWN, Eskevire.'

'And whereas, the same is producing much excitement among those members from the Border States who would prefer that said bar-room should be nearer Washington, in case of sickness. Therefore, I, General of the Mackerel Brigade, do proclaim and declare that the Mackerel Brigade cannot stand this sort of thing, and that neither Captain William Brown nor any other commander has been authorised to declare free lunch, either by implication or otherwise, in any State much less in a state of intoxication, of which there are several.

'To persons in this State, now, I earnestly appeal. I do not argue; I beseech you to mix your own liquors. You cannot, if you would, be blind to the signs of the times, when such opportunity is offered to see double. I beg of you a calm and immense consideration of them (signs), ranging, it may be, above personal liquor establishments. The change you will receive after purchasing your materials will come gently as the dews from heaven—not rending nor wrecking any thing. Will you not embrace me? May the extensive future not have to lament that you have neglected to do so.

Yours, respectfully, the

'GENERAL OF THE
'MACKEREL BRIGADE.'

[Green seal.]

When William read this conservative proclamation, my boy, he looked thoughtfully into a recently-occupied tumbler for a few moments, and then says he:

'There's some intelleck in that.' The general covers the whole ground. Ah! says William, preparing in a dreamy manner to wash out the tumbler with something from a decanter, 'the general so completely covers the whole ground sometimes, that the police department is required to clear it.'

I believe him, my boy.

The intelligent and reliable contrabands, my boy, who have come into Paris from time to time, with valuable news concerning all recent movements not taking place in the Confederacy, were formed lately by William, into a military company, called the Samburg Guard, Captain Bob Shorty being deputed to drill them in the coloured manual of arms. They were dressed in flaming red breeches and black coats, my boy, and each chaotic chap looked like a section of stove-pipe walking about on two radishes.

I attended the first drill, my boy, and found the oppressed Africans standing in a line about as regular as so many trees in a maple swamp.

Captain Bob Shorty whipped out his sleepless sword, straightened it on a log, stepped to the front, and was just about to give the first order, when suddenly he started, threw up his nose, and stood paralysed.

'What's the matter, my blue-and-gilt?' says I.

He stood like one in a dream, and says he:

'Pears to me I smell something.'

'Yes,' says I, 'tis the scent of the roses that hangs round it still.'

'True,' says Captain Bob Shorty, re-

covering, 'it does smell like a cent; and I haven't seen a cent of my pay for such a long time, that the novelty of the odour knocked me. Attention, company!'

Only five of the troops were enough startled by this sudden order, my boy, to drop their guns, and only four stooped down to tie their shoes. One very reliable contraband left the ranks, and says he:

'Mars'r, hie! t Brudder Rhett better gub out the hymn before the service commences?'

'Order in the ranks!,' says Captain Bob Shorty, with some asperity, 'Attention, Company!—Order Arms!'

The troops did this very well, my boy, the muskets coming down at intervals of three minutes, bringing each man's cap with them, and pointing so regularly toward all points of the compass, that no foe could possibly approach from any direction without running on a bayonet.

'Excellent!' says Captain Bob Shorty, with enthusiasm. 'Only, Mr. Rhett, you needn't hold your gun quite so much like a hot. Carry arms!'

Here Mr. Dana stepped out from the ranks, and says he:

'Carrie who, mars'r!'

'Go to the rear,' says Captain Bob Shorty, indignantly. 'Present Arms!'

If Present Arms means to stick your bayonet into the next man's side, my boy, the troops did it very well.

'Splendid!' says Captain Bob Shorty. 'Shoulder Arms—Eyes Right—Double-quick; March! On to Richmond!'

The troops obeyed the order, my boy, and haven't been seen since. Perhaps they're going yet, my boy.

Company 3, Regiment 3, Mackora! Brigade, started for an advance on Richmond yesterday, and by a forced march got within three miles of it.

Another march brought them within five miles of the place; and the last despatch stated that they had but ten miles to go before reaching the rebel capital.

Military travel, my boy, is like the railroad at the West, where they had to make chalk marks on the track to see which way the train was going.

Yours, on time,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XXXV.

TREATING CHIEFLY OF A TERRIBLE PANIC WHICH BROKE OUT IN PARIS, BUT SUBSEQUENTLY PROVED TO BE ONLY A NATURAL EFFECT OF STRATEGY.

Washington, D.C., June 1st, 1862.

It is my belief—my solemn and affecting belief, my boy, that our once-disfranchised country is destined to be such a great military power hereafter that an American citizen will be distinguishable in any part of the world by his commission as a brigadier. Even Congressmen will answer to the command of 'Charge—milesage!' and it is stated that sons of guns in every variety are already being born at the West—sons of 'Pop' guns, my boy.

The last time the General of the Mackerel Brigade was here, he was so much pleased with the high state of strategy developed at the War Office, that he visited all the bar-rooms in Washington, and ordered the tumblers to be at once illuminated.

'Thunder!' says the general to Colonel Robert Wobinson, of the Western Cavalry, as they were taking measures to prevent any possible mistake by seeing the enemy double, 'this war is making

great tacticians of the whole nation; and if I wanted my sons to become Napoleons, I'd put them into the War Office for a week. My sons! my sons!' says the general hysterically, motioning for a little more hot water, 'why are you not here with me in glory, instead of remaining home there, like ripe plums on the parent tree?'

'Plums! Plums!' says Colonel Wobinson, thoughtfully. 'Ah! I see,' says the colonel, pleasantly, 'your sons are damsons.'

The general eyed the speaker with much severity of countenance, my boy, and says he:

'If you have any sons, my friend, they are probably fast young men, and take after their father—at the approach of the enemy.'

The general is rather proud of his sons, my boy; one of whom wrote the following, which he keeps pinned against the wall of his room:

POOR PUSSY.

We count mankind and keep our census
still,

We count the stars that populate the
night;

But who, with all his computation, can
Con catty nations fight?

In all the lands, in zones of all degrees,
No spot im passable is known to be,
And sure, the ocean can't ignore the Cat,
Whose capital is G.

Despise her not; for Nature, in the work
Of making her, remembered human laws,
And gave to Puss strange gifts of human
art;

Before she made her paws;

First, Puss is like a soldier, if you please,
Or, like a soldier's officer, in truth;

For every night brings ample proof she is
A fence from her youth.

A model cosmopolitan is she,
Indifferent to change of place or time;
And, like the hasty sailor of the seas,
Inured to every climb.

Then, like a poet of the noble sort,
Who spurns the way of ordinary crews,
She courts the upper-storied attic eave,
And hath her private news.

In mathematics she eclipses quite
Our best professors of the science hard,
When, by her quadrupedal mode, she shows
Her four feet in a yard.

To try the martial simile once more:
She apes the military drummer-man,
When, at appropriate hours of day and
night,
She makes her ratty plan.

She is a lawyer to the hapless rat,
Who strives in vain to fly her fee-line
paws,
Evdng once, but to be caught again
In her redeeming claws.

Then turn not from poor Pussy in disdain,
Whose pride of ancestry may equal thine;
For is she not a blood-descendant of
The ancient Catty line?

'Speaking of strategy, my boy, you
will remember that Company 8, Regi-
ment 5, Mackerel Brigade, started for
an advance on Richmond last week, and
were within ten miles of that city. Sub-
sequently they made another forced
march of five miles, leaving only fif-
teen miles to go; and on Tuesday a
messenger came in from them to Cap-
tain William Brown, with the intelli-
gence that the advance was already
within twenty-five miles of the rebel
head-quarters.

'Ha!' says William, 'the Confederacy

is doomed; but I must curb the ad-
vancing impetuosity of these devoted
beings, or they'll be in Canada in a
week. I think,' says William, calculat-
ingly, 'that a retreat would bring us to
the summer residence of the Southern
Confederacy in less time.'

Here another messenger came in from
the Richmond storming party, and says
he:

'The advance on Richmond has failed
in consequence of the shoes furnished by
the United States of America.'

'Ah!' says William, hastily setting
down a goblet.

'Yes,' says the chap, mournfully,
'them air shoes has demoralised Com-
pany 3, which is advancing back to Paris
at double-quick. Them shoes,' says the
chap, 'which was furnished by the sons
of Revolutionary forefathers by a con-
tractor, at only twenty-five dollars a
pair for the sake of the Union, has
caused a fatal mistake. They got so
ragged with being exposed to the wind,
that when Company 3 hastily put them
on for an advance on Richmond, they
got the heels in front, and have been
going in the wrong direction ever since.'

'Where did you leave your comrades?'
says William.

'At Joneses Court House,' says the
chap.

'Ah!' says William, 'is that a healthy
place?'

'No,' says the chap, 'it's very un-
healthy—I was drunk all the time I
was there.'

'I see,' says William, with great agita-
tion, 'my brave comrades are in a tight
place. Let all the newspaper correspon-
dents be ordered to leave Paris at once,'
says William to his adjutants, 'and we'll
take measures for a second uprising of
the North.'

When it became generally known, my boy, that Company 3, Regiment 5, Mackerel Brigade, were falling back across Duck Lake, there was great agitation in Government circles, and the general of the Mackerel Brigade prepared to call out all persons capable of bearing arms.

'The Constitution is again in danger,' says the general impulsively, 'and we must appeal to the populace.'

'Ah!' says Villiam, 'it would also aid our holy cause to call out the women of America.' For the women of America, says Villiam, advisedly, 'are capable of bearing arms to any extent.'

'No!' says the general. 'Woman's place in this war is beside the couch of the sick soldier. Thunder!' says the general, genially, 'it's enough to make us fonder of our common nature to see the devotion of women to the invalid volunteer. As I was passing through the hospital just now,' says the general feelingly, 'I saw a tender, delicate woman acting the part of a ministering angel to a hero in a hard ague. She was fanning him, my friend—she was fanning him.'

'Heaven bless her!' says Villiam, with streaming eyes; 'and may she never be without a stove when she has a fever. I really believe,' says Villiam, glowingly, 'that if a woman found her worst enemy, even, burning to death, she would heap coals of fire upon his head.'

Villiam's idea of heaping coals of fire, my boy, is as literal as was the translation of Enoch.

On learning of the repulse from Richmond, all the Southern Union men of Paris commenced to remember that the rebels are our brethren; and that this war was wholly brought about by the fiendish abolitionists.

'Yes!' says a patriotic chap from Ac-

comac, zipping the oath loyally, 'the Abolitionists brought this here war about, and I have determined not to support it. Our slaves read the *Tribune*, and have learned so much from military articles in that paper that the very life of the South depended upon separation.'

In fact, my boy, notwithstanding the efforts of Captain William Brown to tranquillise public feeling by seizing the telegraph office and railroad depot, telegraphing to every body he knew for reinforcements, the excitement was steadily increasing, until word came from Company 3, Regiment 5, Mackerel Brigade, that no enemy had been in sight at all.

When the intelligence was brought to the General of the Mackerel Brigade, and as soon as the band had finished serenading him, he called for a fresh tumbler, and says he:

'I may as well tell you at once, my children, that this whole matter is simply a part of my plan for bringing this unnatural war to a speedy termination. Company 3 retired by my design, and—and—in fact, my children,' says the general, confidently, 'it's something you can't understand—it's strategy.'

Perhaps it was, my boy—perhaps it was; for there is more than one reason to believe that strategy means military shoes with the heels in front.

Yours, cautiously,
ORPHEUS C. KEAR.

LETTER XXXVI.

NOTING THE ARCHITECTURAL EFFECTS OF THE GOTHIC SIZED PLAGUES, AND DESCRIBING THE MACKEREL BRIGADE'S SANGUINARY ENGAGEMENT WITH THE RICHMOND REBELS.

Washington, D.C., June 8th, 1862.

ONCE more, my boy, the summer sun has evoked long fields of bristling bayonets from the seed town in spring tents, and the thunder of the shower is echoed by the roar of the scowling cannon. Onward, right onward, sweeps the Sunset Standard of the Republic, to plant its Roses and its Lilies on the soil where Treason has so long been the masked reaper; to epitaph with its eternal Violet the honoured battlegraves of the heroic fallen, and to set its sleepless Stars above the Southern Cross in a new Heaven of Peace.

In my voyage down the river, to witness the great battle for Richmond, I took my frescoed dog, Bologna, and my gothic steed, Pegasus. The latter architectural animal, my boy, has again occasioned an optical mistake. Being of a melancholy turn, and partaking somewhat of the tastes of the horrible and sepulchral German Mind, the gothic charger has peregrinated much in a church-yard near Washington, frequently standing for hours in that last resting-place, lost in profound mortuary contemplation, to the great admiration of certain vagrant crows in the atmosphere. On such occasions, my boy, his casual pace is, if possible, rather more *regulier* in 'pace' than on ordinary marches. I was going after him in company with a religious chap from Boston, who is going down South to see about the contrabands being born again, when we got sight of Pegasus

in the distance. The sagacious architectural fashion had just ascended the steps leading into the graveyard, my boy, and presented a gothic and pious appearance. The religious chap clasped my arm, and says he:

'How beautiful it is, my fellow-sinner, to see that simple village church, resting like the spirit of Peace in the midst of this scene of war's desolation!'

'Why, my dear Saint Paul,' says I, 'that's my gothic steed, Pegasus.'

'Ahem!' says he. 'You must be mistaken, my poor worin; for I can see half way down the aisle.'

'The perspective,' says I, 'is simply the perspective between the hind legs of the noble creature, and his rear elevation deceives you.'

'Well,' says the religious chap, gravely, 'if you ever want to do anything for the missionary cause, my poor lost lamb, just skin that horse and let me have his frame for a numble chapel, wherein to convert contrabands.'

On my way down the Potomac to Paris, my boy, with Pegasus and the intelligent dog Bologna, I met Commodore Head, of the new iron-plated Mackerel fleet, who was taking his swivel Columbiad to a blacksmith, to have the touch-hole repaired. The Commodore met with a great disappointment at Washington, my boy. He ordered the great military painter, Patrick de la Roche, to paint him a portrait of Secretary Welles, Cabinet size. When the picture came home, my boy, it was no larger than a twenty-five-cent piece, frame and all, and the portrait was hardly perceptible to the naked eye.

'Wedge my turret!' says the Commodore, in his iron-plated manner, 'I wouldn't give a Galena for such a pic-

ture? that What did you mind
small for, you daubing over?

Didn't you want it Cabinet size?
says the artist.

'Better my plates' of course, I did,'
says the Commodore.

Well, says the artist earnestly, 'if
you ever attended a Cabinet meeting,
you'd know that that is exactly the
Cabinet size of the Secretary of the
Navy.'

The Commodore related this to me,
my boy in the interval of naval gifts
comes on the gothic Paragon whom he
pronounced as incapable of being hit at
all by a shell as the Monitor
Exploded my hundred pounder says
the Commodore, admiringly, I don't
see any flint surface about that out-cush-
ing machine. Perforate my armour, if
I do!

A great battle was going on upon the
borders of Duck Lake when we reached
I was, my boy and on ambling to the
battle-field with my steed and my dog.
I found the Mackerel Big Killazin
away at the foot in a thunder storm and
vivid-lightning manner

Captain William Brown, mounted on
the geometrical stud Kunkid to whom
I had administered a pinch of Maca-
boy to make him fishy, was just re-
ceiving the message of an order, whom
he had sent to demand the surrender of
a rebel mad-work in front.

'Did you order the rebel to surren-
der his incendiary establishment to the
United States of America?' says William,
majestically returning his cane to his
bosom.

'I did, sire,' says the Orderly gloomily.

'What said the unnatural scorpion?'
says William.

'Well, says the Orderly, 'his reply was
almost sarcastic.'

Ha! says William, 'what was it?'

'Why,' says the Orderly sadly, 'he
said that if I didn't want to see a dam
fool, I'd better not go into a store where
they sold looking-glasses.'

'Ah!' says William, nervously holding
a coil, 'that was sarcasm. Let the
Orange County Howitzers push to the
front,' says William excitedly, 'and
we'll shatter the Southern Confederacy.
Hello!' says William indignantly, 'Who
owns that owldacious dog there?'

I looked, my boy, and behold it was
my friend cannon, Bologna, who was
innocently discharging a bone right in
the track of the advancing artillery. I
whistled to him, my boy, and he loaded
downily toward me.

The Orange County Howitzers thun-
dered forward, and then hurled an in-
fernal tempest of shell and caustic in-
to the horizon, taking the roofs off of
two towns, and making twenty six Con-
federate old maids deaf for life. At
the same instant, Ajax, the Mackerel
sharp-shooter, put a ball from his uncer-
tain, rifle through a chicken-house about
half a mile distant, causing a variety of
evils proceeding.

'Ah!' says William, critically, 'the
artillery will have to get a new key, if the
artillery practice of the United States of
America keeps on much longer.'

Meantime Company 2, Regiment 5,
Mackerel Brigade, was engraving the
cannon some distance to the right, under
Captain Bob Shorty; and now there
came a despatch from that gallant offi-
cer to William thus:

'The Enemy's Multiplication is too
much for my Division. Send me some
more Democrats.'

'CAPTAIN BOB SHORTY.'

'Ah!' says William, 'the Anatomical

Cavalry and the Western Centaurs are already going to the rescue. Blue blazes!" says William, cholericly, "Why don't that blessed dog get out of the way?"

I looked, my boy, and, behold! it was my freecod canine, Bobogaa, calmly reasoning with a piece of army beef, in the very middle of the field. I whistled, my boy, and the intelligent animal floated toward me with subdued tail.

The obstruction being removed, the Luntomfeats and the Centaurs charged gloriously under Colonel Wobert Wobinson, and would have swept the Southern Confederney from the face of the earth, had not the fiendish rebels put a load of hay right in the middle of the road. To get the horses past this object was impossible, for they hadn't seen so much forage before in a year.

"Ah!" says William, contemplatively, "I'm afraid cavalry's a failure in this here unnatural contest." "Ha!" says William, replacing the stopper of his canteen, and quickly looking behind him, "What means this spectacle which mine eyes observe?"

A cloud of dust opened near us, and we saw Captain Samyule Samith rushing right into headquarters, followed by Company G, having an aged and very reliable contraband in charge.

"Samyule, Samyule," says William, fiercely, "expound why you leave the field with your force, at this critical period in the history of the United States of America?"

"I'm supporting the Constitution," says Samyule, breathlessly, "I'm a conservative, and— Here Samyule tumbled over something and fell flat on his stomach.

"By all that's blue!" says William, frantically, "why the thunder don't somebody shoot that unnatural dog!"

I looked, my boy, and beheld it was my freecod canine, Bobogaa, who had run between the legs of the fallen warrior, with the remains of a captured Confederate chicken. I whistled, my boy, and the faithful creature angled towards me with mitigated ears.

"I'm supporting the Constitution," repeated Samyule, rising to his feet and examining a small, black bottle to see if any thing had spilt. "I'm a conservative, and have left the field to restore this heremi-guided contraband to his owner, which is a inoffensive rebel. 'War,' says Samyule, convincingly, 'does not affect the Constitution.'

"Ah!" says William, "that's very true. Take the African chasseur to his proper master, and tell him that the United States does not war against the rights of man."

Now it happened, my boy, that the withdrawal of this force to carry out the Constitution, so weakened the Advance Guard, that the Southern Confederacy commenced to gain ground, and William was obliged to form Company 8, Regiment 5, in line immediately for a charge to the rescue. He got the splendid corps to leave the distillery where they were quartered, for a few minutes, and says he:

"There's beings for you, my nce little boy! Here's veteran centurions for you."

"Yes," says I, admiringly, "I never saw so many red noses together before, in all my life."

"Ah," says William dreamily, "there's nary red about them, except their noses. And now," says William, "you will see me lead a charge destined to cover six pages in the future history of our distracted country."

"Soldiers of the Potomac!" says Vil-

liam, drawing his sword, and hastily sharpening it on the left profile of his geometrical steed; 'your comrades are engaging nine hundred and fifty thousand demoralised and routed rebels, and you are called upon to charge bayonets. Follow me.'

Not a man moved, my boy. Many of them had families, and more were engaged to be married to the women of America. They were brave, but not rash.

Villiam drew his breath, and says he, 'The United States of America, born on the Fourth of July 1776, calls upon you to charge bayonets! Come on, my brave flowers of manhood!'

Here a fearless chap stepped out of the ranks, and says he, 'In consequence of the heavy dew which fell this morning, the roads is impassable.'

Villiam remained silent, my boy, and dropped his proud head. Could nothing induce those devoted patriots to strike for the forlorn hope? Suddenly a glow of inspiration came over his face; he rose in his saddle like a flash, waved his sword towards the foe, and shouted:

'I know you now, my veterans! The day is hot, yonder lies our road, and—my peerless Napoleons,' said Villiam, frenziedly:

'COME AND TAKE A DRINK!'

In an instant I was blinded with a cloud of dust, through which came the wild tramp and fierce hurrahs of Company 3, Regiment 5, Mackerel Brigade. The appeal to their finer feelings had carried them by storm, and they charged like the double-extract of a compound avalanche. I was listening to their cheers as they drove the demoralised foe before them, when a political chap came riding post-haste from Paris, and says he:

'How many veterans have fallen?'

Before I could answer him, my boy, the triumphant Mackerels came pouring in, just in time to meet the General of the Mackerel Brigade, who had just rode up from a village in the rear, with an umbrella over his head to keep off the sun.

'My children,' says the general kindly, as their shouts fell upon his ears; 'you have sustained me nobly this day, and we will enjoy the thanks of our grateful country together. I thank you, my children.'

Here the political chap threw up his hat, and says he, 'Hurrahs for the Union! My fellow-beings,' says the political chap, glowingly, 'I announce the idolised General of the Mackerel Brigade for President of the United States in 1865.'

'Ah!' says Villiam—he would have said more, but at that moment his horse's legs became entangled in something, and both horse and rider went to grass. I looked, my boy, and behold it was my frescoed dog Bologna, who had run against the geometrical steed of the warrior in pursuit of an army biscuit. I whistled, my boy, and the docile quadruped shrunk towards me with criminal aspect.

And so the unblest cause of treason has received a decisive blow. The end approaches; but I can't say which end, my boy—I can't say which end.

Yours, martially,

ORPHEUS C. KERS.

LETTER XXXVII.

REMARKING UPON A PECULIARITY OF VIRGINIA, AND DESCRIBING COMMODORE HEAD'S GREAT NAVAL EXPLOIT ON DUCK LAKE, ETC.

Washington, D.C., June 15th, 1862.

EARLY in the week I trotted to the other side of the river on my gothic steed Pegasus, and having lent that architectural pride of the stud to a thoughtful individual, who wished to make a sketch of his facade, I took a branch railroad for a circuitous passage to Paris, intending to make one stoppage on the way. The locomotive was about two-saucerpan power, my boy, and wheezed like a New York Alderman at a free lunch. First we stopped at a town composed of one house, and that was a depot.

'What place is this?' says I to my fellow-passenger, who was the conductor, and was reading the *Tribune*, and was swearing to himself. 'It's Mulligan's Court-house, the capital of Sally Ann County,' says he, and again took out the bill I had paid my fare with to see if it was good.

I took another branch road here, and we snuffed along to another town, composed of a wood-pile. 'What place is this?' says I to my fellow-traveller, the brakeman. 'It's Abdonago Junction, the capital of Laine Matilda county,' says he, sounding my quarter on his seal ring to make sure that it was genuine. Now, as London, the city I was going to, happened to be the capital of Anna Maria County, my boy, I made up my mind that the sacred soil had as many metropolises as railways.

'Virginia,' says a modern Southern

giant of intellect, 'is one grand embodied poem.'

I believe him, my boy; for, like a poem, Virginia appears to have a capital at the commencement of every line.

Reaching London, and brushing past a crowd of our true friends the contrabands, whose cries of anguish upon hearing that I had brought them no plum-pudding, were truly harrowing I pushed forward to the new Union paper, the London Times, with whose editor I had business.

Having transacted my business with the editor, and read a despatch just received from a Gentleman of Eminence, stating that Beauregard, who was at Okolona, had a force of 120,000 men; but that Halleck would probably succeed in putting the entire 80,000 to flight before Beauregard could return from Richmond; though it was currently reported that the rebels were sixty thousand strong, and General Pope must be expeditious if he wanted to capture the whole 10,000 before General Beauregard got back from the Shenandoah Valley; I turned to the editor and says I.

'How does newspaper business pay now, my gifted Censor?'

He sighed, as he shoved a demi-john further under his desk, and says he.

'There's only one newspaper in the world that pays now, sonny:

'What's that?' says I.

'The Paris Pays,' says he.

I left him immediately, my boy. Ordinary depravity don't affect me, for I have known several Congressmen in my time; but I can't stand abnormal iniquity.

Arriving at Paris, I found that the recent shower had made Duck Lake navigable, and Commodore Head was preparing his fleet to attack a secession

squadron, which some covert rebel had built during the night for the purpose of annoying the Mackerels in Paris.

'Batter my plates!' says the commodore, cholericly; 'I could capture that poor cuss easily, if I only had a proper pilot.'

As Duck Lake is only about four yards wide at a freshet, my boy, your ignorance may suggest no sufficient reason for a pilot in such a case; but you are no martial mariner, my boy.

Luckily the man for the place was at hand. On Wednesday, a glossy contraband, in a three-story shirt-collar, and looking like a fountain of black ink with a strong wind blowing against it, came into Paris, and surrendered to Captain William Brown.

'Ha!' says William, replacing the newspaper that had just blown off from two lemons and a wicker flask on the table; 'what says our cousin Africa?'

'Mars'r Vandal,' says the faithful black, earnestly, 'I hab important news to comboblicate. I knows all de secrets of de rebel Scratchetary of the Navy. True as you lib, Mars'r Vandal, so help me gad, I see de coachman of de pirate Sumter.'

'Ah!' says William cautiously; 'tell me, blessed shade, what has a coachman got to drive on board a vessel?'

The true-hearted contraband modestly eyed a wonder of the insect kingdom which he had just removed from his hair, and says he:

'I drove de engine, mars'r.'

That was enough, my boy. Having learned from this intelligent creature what the rebel Secretary was going to have for dinner next Sunday, and what the Secretary's wife said in her letter to her mother, William ordered him to act as pilot on the Mackerel Fleet.

And now let me draw a long breath before I attempt to describe that terrific and sanguinary naval engagement, which proved conclusively what Europe may expect, if Europe bother us with any more bigodd nonsense.

Having ballasted with mortar, my boy, to seem more naval, the bubbling commodore mounted his swivel-gun at the bow of the Mackerel Fleet, and selected for his gunner and crew a middle-aged Mackerel chap, whose great fondness for fresh fish made him invaluable for ocean service.

'Crack my turret!' says the commodore as the Fleet pushed off, amid the cheers of Company 4, Regiment 1, Mackerel Brigade; 'I'll take that craft by compound fracture. Delay the star-board ram there, you salamander, and take a reef in the grating. Up with the signal—two strips of pig iron rampant, with a sheet of tin in the middle.'

All this was splendidly performed by the crew, my boy, who trimmed the rudder, did the rowing, and tended the gun—all at once. The craft fairly flew through the water in the direction of the rebel craft, who a horse-pistol amidship still remained silent.

It was an awfully terrific and sublime sight, my boy. I shall never forget it, my boy, if I live till I perish.

The faithful coloured pilot sat in the stern of the Fleet, examining some silver spoons which he had found somewhere in the Southern Confederacy; and we could see the noble old commodore musing something that steamed in the fore-chaits.

Two seconds had now passed since our flotilla had started, and the hostile squadrons were rubbing against each other. We were expecting to see our navy go through some intricate man-

cuvre before boarding, when the Mackerel crew accidentally dropped a spark from his pipe on the touch-hole of the swivel, and bang! went that horrid engine of destruction, sending some pounds of old nails right square into the city of Paris.

Simultaneously four-and-twenty foreign Consuls residing near Paris got up a memorial to Commodore Head, protesting against any more firing while any foreigners remained in the country, and declaring that the use of gunpowder was an outrage on civilised warfare and the rights of man. They tied a stone to this significant document, and threw it to Commodore Head, who instantly put the Mackerel crew on half rations, and forbade smoking abaft the big gun. Meanwhile the enemy had wounded our brave pilot on the shins with his oar, and exploded his horse-pistol in an undecided direction, with such dreadful concussion that every glass in Commodore Head's spectacles was broken.

It was at this dreadful crisis of the fight that the gay Mackerel crew leaned over the side of our fleet, placed one hand on the inside of the enemy's squadron, and with the other, regardless of the shower of old bottles and fish-bones flying about him, deliberately bored a small hole with a gimlet through the bottom of the adversary. At about the same moment the commodore touched off the swivel-gun at the enemy's rudder, and threw one of his boots against the rear stomach of the rebel captain.

This sickening carnage might have lasted five minutes longer, had not the Confederate squadron sunk, in consequence of the gimlet-hole. Down went the doomed craft of unblest treason, and in another moment the officers and crew of her were in the water, which

reached nearly to their knees, imploring our fleet not to let them drown.

Oh, that sight! the thrilling, yet terrifying and agonising grandeur of that dreadful moment! shall I ever forget it—ever cease to hear those cries ringing in mine ears? I'm afraid not, my boy—I'm afraid not.

The commodore rescued the sufferers from a watery grave; and, having been privately informed by them that the South might be conquered, but never overcome, brought them ashore by the collars.

Need I describe how our noble old nautical sea-dog was received by the Mackerel Brigade? Need I tell how the band whipped out his key-bugle and played all the triumphant airs of our distracted country, and several original cavatinas?

Yours navally,
ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XXXVIII.

DESCRIBING, AMONG OTHER THINGS, A SPECIALITY OF CONGRESS, A VENERABLE POPULAR IDOL, AND THE DIFFICULTIES EXPERIENCED BY CAPTAIN SAMTULE SA-MITH IN DYING.

Washington, D.C., June 25th, 1862.

How beautiful is Old Age, my boy, when it neither drinks nor swears! There is an oily and beneficent dignity about fat Old Age which overwhelms us with a sense of our crime in being guilty of youth. I have at last been introduced to the Venerable Gammon, who is all the time saying things: and he is a ludicrous example of overpowering Old Age. He is fat and gliding, my boy, with a face that looks like a full moon coming out of a sheepskin, and a dress indicating that he may be any thing from a

Revolutionary Forefather to the patriarch of all the Grace Church sextons. I can't find out that he ever did any thing, my boy, and no one can tell why it is that he should treat every body in office and out of it in such a fatherly and fatly condescending manner; but the people fairly idolize him, my boy, and he is all the time saying things.

When I was introduced to the Venerable Gammon he was beaming benignantly on a throng of adoring statesmen in the lobby of Congress, and I soon discovered that he was saying things.

'Men tell us that this war has only just commenced,' says the Venerable Gammon, with fat profundity, 'but they are wrong. War is like a stick, which has two ends—the end nearest you being the BEGINNING.'

Then each statesman wanted the Venerable Gammon to use his pocket-handkerchief; and five-and-twenty desperate reporters tore passionately away to the telegraph-office to flash far and wide the comforting remarks of the Venerable Gammon.

Are we a race of unsuspecting innocents, my boy, and are we easily imposed upon by shirt-ruffles and oily magnitude of manner? I believe so, my boy—I believe so.

Speaking of Congress, I attended one of its sittings the other day, my boy, and was deeply chilled to observe its manner of legislating for our happy but distracted country.

The 'Honourable Speaker' (Mr. Grow) occupied the Chair.

Mr. PODGERS (Republican, Mass.) desired to know if the tax upon Young Hyson is not to be moderated? Speaking for his constituents he would say that the present rate was entirely too high to suit any grocer—

Mr. STAGGERS (conservative, Border State) wished to know whether this body intended to legislate for white men or niggers? His friend, the pusillanimous scoundrel from Massachusetts, chose to oppose the tax on Young Hyson because—to use his own words—it would not suit a negro, sir—

Mr. PODGERS thought his friend from the Border State was too hasty. The phrase he used was 'any grocer.'

Mr. STAGGERS withdrew his previous remark. We were fighting this war to secure the Constitution and the pursuit of happiness to the misguided South, and he accepted his friend's apology.

Mr. FIGGINS (democrat, New Jersey) said that he could not but notice that every thing all the Honourable gentlemen had said during this session was a fatal heresy, destructive of all Government, degrading to the species, and an insult to the common-sense of his (Figgins's) constituents. His constituents demanded that Congress should set the country at rights before Europe. It would appear that at the least imperious sign from Europe, the American knee grows—

Mr. JUUGLIS (con., Border State) desired to inquire of the House whether the great struggle in which we are now engaged is for the benefit of the Caucasian race or the debased African? His friend, the puling idiot from New Jersey, had seen fit to remark that the American negroes—

Mr. FIGGINS denied that he had spoken at all of negroes. He was about to say that at the slightest behest of Europe, the American knee grows flexible to bend.

Mr. JUUGLIS wished it to be understood that he was satisfied with his Honourable friend's explanation. He would take something with the Honourable

Gentleman immediately after adjournment.

Mr. CHUNCKY (rep., New Hampshire) was anxious to inquire whether it was true, as stated in the daily papers, that General McDowell had been ordered to imprison all the Union men within his lines on suspicion of their being Secessionists, and place a guard over the property of the Secessionists, on suspicion of their being Union men? If so, he would warn the Administration that it was cherishing a viper which would sting it:

'The rose you daffily culled, man,
May wound you with its thorn,
And—'

Mr. WADDLES (Union, Border State) protested against the decency of a Constitutional body like Congress being insulted with the infamous and seditious abolition doggerel just quoted by his friend, the despicable incendiary from New Hampshire. We were waging this war solely to put down treason, and not to hear a rose, the fairest of flowers, mentioned in the same breath with the filthy coloured man—

Mr. CHUNCKY was sorry to observe that his Honourable friend had misunderstood his language. The line he had used was simply this:

'The rose you daffily cull-ed, man'

Mr. WADDLES was glad that his valued friend from New Hampshire had apologised. He had only taken exception to what he considered a fatal heresy.

That was enough for me, my boy, and I left the hall of legislation; for I sometimes become a little wearied when I hear too much of one thing, my boy.

'Congress is the soul of the nation, Congress,' says the Venerable Gammon, with fat benignity, '*is on thing like a wheel, whose spokes tend to tire.*'

He said this remarkable thing in an overtowering way, my boy, and I felt myself to be a crushed infant before him.

Early in the week, I took my usual trip to Paris, and found Company 3, Regiment 5, Mackerel Brigade, making an advance from the further shore of Duck Lake, for sanitary reasons. It was believed to be detrimental to the health of the gay Mackerels to be so near a body of pure water, my boy, for they were not accustomed to the element.

'Thunder!' says the general, brushing off a small bit of ice that had adhered to his nose, 'they'll be drinking it next.'

Captain Samyule Sammith was ordered to command the advance; but when he heard that the Southern Confederacy had two swivels over there, he was suddenly taken very sick, and cultivated his bed-~~clothes~~.

When the news of the serious illness of this valiant officer got abroad, my boy, there was an immediate rush of free and enterprising civilian chaps to his bed-side.

One chap, who was an uncombed reporter for a discriminating and affectionate daily press, took me aside, and says he:

'Our paper has the largest circulation, and is the best advertising medium in the United States. As soon as our brother-in-arms expires,' says the useful chap, feelingly, 'just fill up this printed form and send it to me, and I will mention you in our paper as a promising young man.'

I took the printed form, my boy, which

I was to fill up, and found it to read thus:

**'BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE
LATE —'**

'This noble and famous officer, recently slain at the head of his—(I put the word 'led' in this blank, my boy), was born at—on the—day of—, 1776, and entered West Point in his—year. He won immortal fame by his conduct in the Mexican Campaign, and was created brigadier-general on the—of—, 1862.'

These printed forms suit the case of my soldier, my boy; but I didn't entirely fill this one up.

Samyule was conversing with the chaplain about his Federal soul, when a tall, shabby chap made a dash for the bedside, and says he to Samyule:

'I'm agent, for the great American publishing house of Rushem & Jinks, and desire to know if you have any thing that could be issued in book-form after your lamented departure. We could make a handsome 12mo book,' says the shabby chap persuadingly, 'of your literary remains. Works of a Union Martyr—Eloquent Writings of a Hero—Should be in every American Library—Take it home to your wife—Twenty editions ordered in advance of publication—Half-calf, &c.—Send in your orders.'

Samyule looked thoughtfully at the publishing chap, and says he:

'I never wrote any thing in my life.'

'Oh!' says the shabby chap, pleasantly, 'any thing will do—your early poems in the weekly journals—any thing.'

'But,' says Samyule, regretfully, 'I never wrote a line to a newspaper in all my life.'

'What!' says the publishing chap, almost in a shriek—'never wrote a line to a newspaper!' 'Gentleman,' says the chap, looking towards us suspiciously, 'this man can't be an American.' And he departed hastily.

Believing, my boy, that there would be no more interruptions, Samyule went on dying; but I was called from his bedside by a long-haired chap, from New York. Says the chap to me:

'My name is Brown—Brown's Patent Hair-Dye, 25 cents a bottle. Of course,' says the hirsute chap affably, 'a monument will be erected to the memory of our departed hero. An Italian marble shaft, standing on a pedestal of four panels. Now,' says the hairy chap, insinuatingly, 'I will give ten thousand dollars to have my advertisement put on the panel next to the name of the lamented deceased. We can get up something neat and appropriate, thus:

WE MUST ALL DIE;

BUT

BROWN'S DYE IS THE BEST.

'There,' says the enterprising chap, smilingly, 'that would be very neat and moral, besides doing much good to an American fellow-being.'

I made no reply, my boy; but I told Samyule about it, and it excited him so that he regained his health.

'If I can't die,' says the lamented Samyule, 'without some advertising campaign making money by it, I'll defer my visit to glory until next season.'

And he got well, my boy—he got well.

I was talking to the chaplain about Samyule's illness; and says the chaplain:

'I am happy to say, my fellow-sinner, that when our beloved Samyulo was at the most dangerous crisis, he gave the most convincing proof of realising his critical condition.'

'How?' says I, skeptically.

'Why,' says the chaplain, with a Christian look, 'when I told our beloved Samyulo that there could be little hope of his recovery, and asked him if his spiritual adviser could do any thing to make his passage easier, he pressed my hand fervently, and besought me to see that he was buried *with a fan in his hand*.'

Can it be, my boy, that the soul of a Mackerel will need a fan in another world? Let us meditate upon this, my boy—let us meditate upon this!

Yours, seriously,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XXXIX.

SETTING FORTH A NEW VILLANY OF THE INSIDIOUS BLACK REPUBLICANS, AND DESCRIBING THE THRILLING CONSTITUTIONAL BATTLE OF DUCK LAKE.

Washington, D.C., July 12th, 1862.

OWING to the persistent stupidity of Congress and the hideously-treasonable machinations of the unscrupulous black republicans, my boy, the weather still continues to be very hot; and unless the thermometer falls very soon, an exhausted populace will demand an immediate change in the Capital—and very warm, my boy—I am very warm; and when I reflect upon the agency of the abolitionists, who have brought this sort of thing about for the express purpose of injuring my Constitution, I am impelled to ask myself: Did our revolutionary forefathers indeed expire in vain? O my country! my country! it is very warm.

Such weather, my boy, is particularly trying to Sergeant O'Puke's friend,

THE IRISH PICKET.

I'm shstanding in the mud, Biddy,
With not a spalpeen near,
And silence, spachless as the grave,
Is all the sound I hear.
Me-gun is at a showlder arms,
I'm wetted to the bone,
And whin I'm afther shpakin' out,
I find meself alone.

This Southern climate's quare, Biddy,
A quare and bastely thing,
Wid Winter absint all the year,
And Summer in the Spring.
Ye mind the hot place down below?
And may ye niver fear
I'd draw comparisons—but then
It's awful warrum here.

The only moon I see, Biddy,
Is one shmall star; ashore,
And that's the forint the v'ry cloud
It was behind before;
The watchfires glann along the hill
That's swellin' to the south,
And whin the sentry passes them
I see his oogly mouth.

It's dead for shlapo I am, Biddy,
And dramein shwate I'd be,
If them ould rebels over there
Would only lave me free;
But when I lams against a shump,
And shtrive to get repose,
A musket-ball be's comin' shtraight
To hit me spachless nose.

It's ye I'd like to see, Biddy,
A shparick here wid me,
And then, avoutnoon, hear ye say,
'Aoughla—Pat—mighree!'
'Ock, Biddy darlint,' then says I;
Says you, 'get out of that,'
Says I, 'me arrum makes your wais
Says you, 'be daycent, Pat.'

And how's the pigs and ducks, Biddy?

It's them I think of, shure, •
That looked so innocent and shwate
Upon the parlour flure;
I'm shure ye're aisy with the pig
That's fat as he can be,
And fade him wid the best, because
I'm towld he looks like me.

Whin I come home again, Biddy,
A sargent tried and thrue,
It's jooost a daygent house I'll build,
And rint it chape to you.
We'll have a parlour, bedroom, hall,
A duck-pond nately done,
With kitchen, pig-pen, praty-patch,
And garret—all in one.

Aut, murther! there's a baste, Biddy,
That's crapin' round a tree;
And well I know the creature's there
To have a shot at me.
Now, Misther Rebel, say yore prayers,
And howld yer dirty paw;
Here goes!—he jabbers, Biddy dear,
I've broke his cogly jaw!

I was talking some moments ago with a Regimental Surgeon who has more patients on a monument than Shakespeare ever dreamed about, and says he, 'In consequence of the great number of troops now about this city, all the oxygen in the atmosphere is exhausted, and we are very warm. Had all these troops been sent to McClellan two weeks ago,' says he, using his lancet to pick a dead fly out of his tumbler, 'we might be able to keep cool now. There is a terrible responsibility on somebody's shoulders.'

That's very true, my boy, and it's very warm.

There was a panic this morning in financial circles, owing to the frantic conduct of a gambling chap from the Senate, who has been saving up money

to bet on the fall of Richmond, and was trying to put it out at interest. 'I'll take seven per cent for it the first year,' says he, anxiously, 'and leave it standing until national strategy comes to a head.'

A broker took it for five years, my boy, with the privilege of extending the time after each victory.

Speaking of victories, my boy, I was present at the recent series of triumphs by the Mackerel Brigade on the left shore of Duck Lake, and witnessed a succession of feats calculated to culminate either in the fall of Richmond or the fall of the year.

From the head-quarters in the city of Paris to the brink of Duck Lake the Mackerels were drawn up in gorgeous line of battle, their bayonets resembling somewhat an uncombed head of steel hair, and their noses looking like a wavy strip of summer sunset. By their last great strategical manoeuvre they had lured the Southern Confederacy to court its own destruction by flanking them at both ends of the line, and they were only waiting for the master-mind to give them the signal.

Samyule Sa-mith advanced from this place in the stuff as I rode up, and says he,

'Comrades, the General depends on you to precede him to glory. We had hoped,' says Samyule, feelingly, 'to have the company of two French counts in this day's slaughter; but those two noble Gauls had not time to wait, as they desired to visit the Great Exhibition in London.'

These remarks were well received, my boy; and when the order was given for Company 3, Regiment 5, to defour to the left, it would have been promptly obeyed but for an unforeseen incident. Just as

Captain William Brown was about to break line for the purpose, an aged chap came dashing down from a First Family country-seat near by, and says he to the General of the Mackerel Brigade,

'I demand a guard for my premises immediately.' My wife, says he, with dignity, 'has just been making a custard-pie for the sick Confederates in the hospital, and as she has just sent it out to cool near where my little boy shot one of your Vandals this morning, she is afraid it might be taken by your thieving mudsills when they came after the body. I therefore demand a guard for my premises, in the name of the Constitution of our forefathers.'

Here Captain Bob Shorty stepped forward, and says he,

'What does the Constitution say about custard-pie, Mr. Davis?'

The aged chap pat at him, and says he,

'I claim protection under that clause which refers to the pursuit of happiness. Custard-pies,' says he, reasoningly, 'are included in the pursuit of happiness.'

'That's very true,' says the General, looking kindly over his fan at the venerable petitioner. 'Let a guard be detailed to protect this good old man's premises. We are fighting for the Constitution, not against it.'

A guard was detailed, my boy, with orders to make no resistance if they were fired upon occasionally, from the windows of the house; and then Captain William Brown pushed forward with what was left of Company 3 to engage the Confederacy on the edge of Duck Lake, supported by the Orange County Howitzers. Headed by the band, who played patriotic airs as soon as he could shake the crumbs out of his key-bugle, the cavalcade advanced to the edge of

the lake and opened a heavy salute of round shot and musketry on the atmosphere, whilst Commodore Head kept up a hot fire at the horizon with his iron-plated fleet and swivel-gun.

Only waiting to finish a game of baseball in which they had been engaged, four regiments of Confederates, at whom this deadly assault was directed, threw aside their hats and ball-dresses, put on their uniforms, loaded their muskets and batteries, and sent an iron shower in all directions. Greatly demoralised by this unseemly occurrence, a file of Mackerels under Sergeant O'Pake immediately threw down their muskets and knapsacks, emptied their pockets upon the ground, plied their neck-ties in a heap, and were making a rapid retrograde movement, when William suddenly threw himself in their path, and says he,

'Where are you going to, my fearless eaglets?'

'Hem!' says the sergeant, with much French in his manner, 'we thought of visiting the Great Exhibition in London.'

'Ah,' says William, understandingly, 'you have acquired French in one easy lesson, and—'

Here an orderly rode up with an order for the Mackerels to fall back from the edge of the lake immediately, leaving their artillery, bayonets, haversacks, and baggage behind them; and William was obliged to conduct the movement, which was a part of the strategical scheme of the General of the Mackerel Brigade. As we retreated back into Paris, my boy, we were joined by the Comic Section, and shortly after by the Anatomical Cavalry, both of which had succeeded in leaving all their accoutrements on the field.

As we all rushed together before head quarters in perfect order, and while the Confederacy was eating some provisions which we had refrained from bringing off the late scene of conflict, the General of the Mackerel Brigade came from under a tree where he had been fanning himself, and says he:

'My children, we have whipped them at all points, and the day is ours.'

'Ah,' says William, abstractedly, 'day is hours.'

'My children,' says the General in continuation, 'we have pushed them to the wall without fracturing the Constitution, and have only put them back six months. We can say with my children, that we belong to the of Duck Lane, and shall have no Bull Run. My children, I love Accept my blessing.'

We were reflecting upon this soul ring speech, my boy, and silently acting the strategy which had brought together again so soon, when the boom of drum and fife called our attention to a club of political chaps who had just arrived by steamer from the Sixth V and were filing past us to a platform recently erected in the very centre of Paris.

'I do believe,' says Captain Bob Shurtly, whisperingly, 'I do believe we're going to have a mass-meeting.'

Onward went the political chaps to the platform.

A delegation mounted the steps, advanced to the front rails, and commenced unfurling a vast linen banner. The sun was just setting, my boy, and as his parting beams fell upon the uplifted faces of the political chaps, a soft breeze unfurled the standard, and the Mackerels read upon its folds:

REGULAR CONSERVATIVE NOMINATION
FOR
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
IN 1862
THE GENERAL OF THE MACKEREL BRIGADE.

Shall it be said, after this, that republicans are ungrateful? I think not,

we won a
and the
answered
my boy!

it,
KERS.

FEMINIST
THE EX-
RA VISIT
ALLEY.

th, 1862.
through
feather
dress by
America,
and from

and is decorated with a French plate mirror in the centre, and other French plates around the edges. The kind-hearted woman of America (who writes from Boston) says in her presentation note: 'I admire to see a fan in the hands of the sterner sex; for it shows that the same heroism that grasps the sword has enough inherent gentleness to wave the cooling bauble. Such is life. The hand which falls like a hundred pounds of granite on the flinty eye of his ke-yun-tery's foes has the softness of a blessing

when it caresses the golden head of plastic childhood.—Yours gushingly,
‘Zephyrina Percy.’

I find the ‘cooling bauble’ very useful to brush the flies from my gothic steel Pegasus, my boy, and am a fanatic to this extent—no more.

And here is what another young woman of America says to me in a note:

My ma requests me to tell you that you ought to be ashamed of yourself, you hateful thing, for encouraging the vulgar people to be in favour of this nasty war, that is causing their superiors so much trouble, and has driven away the opera, and made enemies of those nice Southerners, with their beautiful big eyes and elegant swearing. Why don’t you advocate a compromise, or a Habeas Corpus, or some other paper with names to it; and get Mr. Lincoln to stop the Constitution, and order the war to be ended before there’s any more assassinations and things? My pa was once a leather-banker, and sold shoes for plantation servants, and made a great deal of money by it; but now he’s a captain, or a surveyor, or some ridiculous thing, of the Home Guard, may be massacred in cold blood the first time there’s a battle in our neighbourhood. My pa has to go to drill every night, and when he comes home in the morning he’s so worn out with exhaustion that I’ve known him to lay right down in the hall and shed tears. My ma often says that if Beauregard, or Palmerston, or any other foes should attack our house while pa is in that state, it would kill her dead. And I know it would make me so nervous that it would be a perfect fright for a week. My brother Adolphus has likewise joined the Home Guard and has already had

a bloody engagement with a Southerner named Tailor, who used to sell him clothes when the two sections were at peace. Adolphus says if it hadn’t been for his double-quick, or some ridiculous military thing or other, he would have been made a prisoner. It makes me sick to see how much lowness there is about Adolphus since he joined the ridiculous army; he calls his dinner “rations,” and addresses me as “Corporal Lollypop” (the absurd thing), and calls ma’s crinoline a “counter-scarp.”

My pa says that he shall have to sell the carriage and the beautiful dog-cart, if this hateful war don’t end by the first of next month; and when I asked him yesterday if we couldn’t have the gothic villa next to the Jones’s at Newport this summer, he actually swore! The Joneses, you know, are very pleasant, sociable, vulgar sort of people, with a little money; and it would kill me to see them putting on airs over us because we didn’t happen to take a cottage with bow-windows like them. My pa says that old Jones has got a contract to make clothes for the soldiers, and has made a great deal of money by manufacturing coats and other ridiculous things out of blue paper instead of cloth. Augustus Jones says if he don’t meet me at Newport this summer he will culist as soon as he comes back; and it would be just like the absurd creature to do it. I don’t see why pa can’t get out an indictment or something against the blockade, and call on the postmaster or some other ridiculous thing to send his new stock of plantation shoes to Alabama under a guard, and bring back the money. I don’t see the use of living in a republic if one can’t do that much. My ma says that you newspaper people could stop the dreadful war if you would only advo-

cute compromises and things, and not -- -- jealous. Why can't you leave out some of those absurd advertisements, and publish an article telling Mr. Lincoln that the war is ruining society? If it continues much longer, I shall have to wear my last year's bonnet a whole month, and I'd rather die. Do say something absurd, you ridiculous thing."

Have the war stopped right away, my boy,—have the war stopped right away.

Matters and things here are still in a strategic condition, and naught has disturbed our monotony, for a week, save a story they tell about the Honest Old Abe. It seems that two of the conservative Border State chaps, who are here for the express purpose of protesting against every thing whatever, had a discussion about the Honest Abe, and one chap bet the other chap five dollars that he couldn't, by any possible means, speak to the President without hearing a small anecdote.

"Done!" says the other chap, gleefully, "I'll take the bet."

That very same night, at about twelve o'clock, he tore frantically up to the White House, and commenced thundering at the door like King Richard at the gates of Ascalon. The Honest Abe stuck his night-capped head out of the window, and says he:

"Is that you, Mr. Seward?"

"No, sir," says the Border State chap, glaring up through the darkness. "I'm a messenger from the army. Another great strategic movement has taken place, and our whole army have been taken prisoners by the Southern Confederacy. In fact," says the conservative chap, frantically, "the backbone of the rebellion is broken AGAIN."

"Hem!" says the Honest Abe, shaking a mosquito from his nightcap, "this

strategy reminds me of a little story. There was a man, out in Iowa, sat down to play a game of checkers with another man, inducing his friends around him to lend him the change necessary for stakes. He played and he played, and he lost the first game. Then he played much more cautiously, and lost the next game. His friends commenced to grumble: but, says he: "Don't you worry yourselves, boys, and I'll show you a cute move pretty soon." So he played, and he played, and he lost the third game. "Don't be impatient, boys," says he; "you'll see that great move pretty soon, I tell you." Then he played with great care, taking a long time to consider every move, and, by way of change, lost the fourth game. Close attention to what he was about, and much minute calculation, also enabled him to lose the fifth game. By this time his friends had lent him all their change, and began to think it was time for that great move of his to come off. "Have you any more change?" says he. "Why, no," says they. "Then," says he, with great spirit, "the time for that move I was telling you about has come at last." As he commenced to rise from his chair, instead of continuing to play, his cleaned-out friends bethought themselves to ask him what that famous move was? "Why," says he, "it's to move off for a little more change."

At the conclusion of this quaint tale, my boy, the Border State chap fled groaning to his quarters at Willard's, stuck a five-dollar Treasury Note under the pillow of the other Border State chap, and immediately took the evening train for the West.

Such is the story they tell, my boy; but I'm inclined to accept it merely as a work of fiction, with a truthful moral.

Certain it is, that as strategy increases, small change grows scarcer, and it is the general opinion that no small change is needed in military matters.

In company with a patriotic democratic chap who had come up from New York, for the express purpose of seeing that the negroes of the Southern Confederacy were not permitted to inform our forces of the movements of the enemy in contravention of the Constitution, I made a reconnaissance in force, on Monday, to the festive Shenandoah Valley. On our way thither, the democratic chap was greatly bitten by mosquitoes, for which he justly blamed the black republicans, who are trying to break up this Government, and on our arrival near Winchester, we stumbled upon a phlegmatic fellow-man in a swallow-tailed coat and green spectacles, who was seated on a stone by the roadside, reading the 'Impending Crisis.' The democratic chap passed on, swearing, to the nearest camp; but I paused before this interesting student.

'Well, old swallow-tails,' says I, affably, 'what are you doing in this section?'

He looked up at me with great severity of countenance, and says he: 'I have come here, young man, to agitate the Negro Question; to open African schools; and, peradventure, to start a water-cure establishment.'

'What for?' says I.

'For the love of my species,' says he eagerly, 'and for any little contract in the way of red breeches and spelling-books that may be required for the reclaimed contrabands.'

Was this a case of purely disinterested philanthropy? Perhaps so, my boy—perhaps so; but the old swallow-tails reminded of a chap I once knew in the Sixth Ward. He was a high-toned

moral chap of much shirt-collar, with a voice that sounded like a mosquito in the bottom of a fish-bone, and a chin like a creased apple-dumpling. Years before he had married a Southern crinoline and talked about the glories of slavery in a polished and high-moral way; but as there happened just then to be a chance for him to run for alderman on the abolition ticket, he experienced a change of heart, and addressed a meeting on the evils of human bondage: 'My friends,' says he, patting his stomach in a heartfelt manner, 'I once lived at the South and owned slaves; but never could I feel that it was right. My pastor would say to me: "These men-slaves are black, you say; but have they not the same feelings with you, the same features—only handsomer?" I felt this to be so, my friends; I commenced to appreciate the enormity of holding human souls in bondage.'

Here a susceptible venerable maiden in the audience became so overpowered by her emotions, that she placed her head in the lap of a respectable single gentleman, and fainted away.

'My friends,' continued the high-toned moral chap, 'I could not bear the stings of conscience; my nights were sleepless, but I slept during the day. There was I, pretending to be a Christian, yet holding men and women as chattels! Heavens himself was outraged by it, and I resolved to make a sacrifice for the sake of principle—to cease to be a slaveholder! I called my slaves together: I addressed them paternally and plonally, and then I—(here the great scalding tears rolled down the cheeks of the orator, and the audience sobbed horribly)—I bade them be good boys and girls, and then I—SOLD EVERY ONE OF THEM!'

There was a movement of the audi-

ence toward the door. Men and women went out silently from the place, exchanging covert glances of smothered agitation with each other. Only one person remained with the orator. It was an old file with a blue umbrella, who had occupied a back seat and paid breathless attention to all the performances. After the others had left the hall, he walked deliberately from his seat to where the high-toned moral chap was still standing, and gazed into the face of the latter with an expression of unmitigated wonder. He then walked twice around him; having done which he confronted him again, thumped the ferule of his umbrella on the floor, and says he: 'Well!' The old file paused an instant, and then says he: 'well, I'll be dam,' and waddled precipitately from the place.

I've often thought of it since then, my boy; and I've always wondered why it was that the solitary old file with the blue umbrella should say that he be dam.

To return to Western Virginia; I found, upon my arrival in one of the camps near Winchester, that the patriotic democratic chap was making arrangements to divide the army there into Wards, instead of regiments, in order, as he said, that the returns might come in systematically.

'For instance,' says he, 'suppose that in the skirmish with the Confederacy which is going on just ahead of us we should lose—say seventy-five votes; how much easier it would be to say, the 'Fourth Ward shows a decrease since last year of seventy-five Republicans,' than to say that such a regiment, of such a brigade, of such a division, had lost so and so?'

I was reflecting upon this novel and admirable way of putting it, my boy,

when an orderly came tearing in, with a report of the skirmishing going on.

'Ha!' says the patriotic chap to him; 'how does the canvas proceed?'

'Well,' says the orderly, breathlessly, 'Banks' outposts has lost twenty votes in the Tenth Ward by desertions, and has thirty double-votes wounded; but I think Banks can still keep neck-and-neck with McDowell.'

'You do, hey?' says the patriotic chap, in great excitement. 'Then McDowell must not lend Banks a single vote. Tell him to keep his Ward Committees under cover until Banks gets through with his canvas; for if he takes part in that, and the election results in a victory over the Confederacy, Banks will get all the credit of it, and win the card in the next Nominating Convention.'

So McDowell's votes didn't reinforce Banks in the skirmish, my boy, and Banks lost much popularity by being worsted by the Confederacy.

As soon as the firing had ceased, I went out to meet some of the returning Wards, and came plump upon the swallow-tail chap, who was agitating the negro question in a corner of the late battle-field, surrounded by fugitive contrabands.

'Friend of the human race,' says I, 'how now?'

'Young man,' says he, hastily tying a red silk pocket-handkerchief about his head, 'I am teaching these oppressed beings to spell, having extemporised a college on the very scene of their recent emancipation.'

'How far have the collegians progressed?' says I.

'They have got,' says he, 'to their a-b, abs. Thus: a-b, ab; o-abo; l-i li, abolit; t-i-o-n shun—abolition.'

Shameful to relate, my boy, the swal-

low-tailed chap had no sooner said this, than a cavalry ward came charging helter-skelter, right through the college, tumbling the faculty into the mud, and bruising several sophomore graduates. Simultaneously, the patriotic democratic chap appeared on the scene, and insisted upon it that the contrabands should be immediately returned to the Southern Confederacy, as this is a white man's war. 'Otherwise,' says he, cholericly, 'future reconciliation and reconstruction will be impossible.'

Fearful that I should become confused a little if I remained there any longer, my boy, I at once retired from the place, in company with two sick votes, who were going home on furlough, and reached this city again in good order.

Almost the first fellow-being I met on my return was a seedy and earnest chap from New York, who was worth about a quarter in ready money, and had come to Washington post-haste to pledge the Empire State's last dollar, and last drop of blood for the vigorous prosecution of the war.

'See here, my self-denying Brutus,' says I, as we took Richmond together at the bar, 'who commissioned you to pledge so much as all that?'

'To tell the truth,' says the seedy chap, confidentially, 'it's all I've got to pledge. I pledged my pinchbeck chronometer for three dollars,' says he, sadly, 'just before I left New York; and I'm trying this pledge on speculation.'

I have sometimes feared, my boy, that our Uncle Samuel's concern is turning into a pawnbroking establishment on a large scale, where they advance on every thing tangible and intangible, except Richmond, my boy—except Richmond.

Yours, with a presentiment,

ORPHEUS G. KERR.

LETTER XLI.

ILLUSTRATING THE DISASTROUS EFFECTS OF STRATEGY UPON NATIONAL LITERATURE, AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE ORIGINAL TALE READ BY OUR CORRESPONDENT BEFORE THE COSMOPOLITAN CLUB.

Washington, D.C., July 9th, 1862.

A FEW weeks ago, my boy, when national strategy seemed rapidly coming to a distinct understanding with the American Eagle, and the fall of Richmond had resolved itself into a mere question of time—as slightly distinguished from Eternity,—I became a member of the Cosmopolitan Club.

This club, my boy, is a select draft from the host of clumsy but respectable foreigners now assembled here to criticise the military performances of our distracted country, and I have the honour to represent my native land, *solus*, in it. Its members are, a civilised Russian chap named Vitchisvitch, a Turk named N. E. Ottoman, an Englishman named Smith-Brown, a Frenchman named Tonbon, a German named Tufeldock, a Spaniard and myself.

The object of this small international organisation, which meets once every three weeks, is to advance the cause of free and easy literature in the lulls of national strife, and preserve coherent ideality and tolerable grammar from falling into disuse. The foreign chaps, my boy, all speak much better English than a majority of our brigadiers; and in order to give a system to our proceedings, it has been resolved, that each of us, in turn, shall relate an old-fashioned story relating to his own particular country; and that all shall take pains to contribute miscellaneous items for the general delectation of the club.

The privilege of producing the first

story was voted to me, my boy, and at the meeting of the Cosmopolitan last evening, I produced from my pocket a manuscript already secured from me by a wealthy journal for a fabulous sum, and proceeded to regale assembled Europe with

A QUARTER OF TWELVE.

CHAPTER I.—F. F. VICISSITUDES.

The forces of the Southern Confederacy—so called because a majority of them were forced into the service—had just won another glorious victory over their disinclination to retreat, and were rapidly following it up, propelled by the National Army. The richest and best blood of the South was profusely running for the cause to which it was devoted, accompanied by those notable possessors in whose cases it poured in vein.

Seated at his breakfast-table in the city of Richmond, with his wife for a *vis-à-vis* at a board that might well have groaned for more things than one, and his daughter at his right hand, was Mr. ORDETH, a scion of one of those Virginia Families very properly designated as "First" for the reason that no other Families on earth have ever felt inclined to second them in any thing.

Mr. ORDETH was a personage of fiery and chivalrous visage, from the lower circumference of which depended iron-gray whiskers, so similar in shape to the caudal appendage of a mule, that one might suppose nature to have intended the construction of an *asinus domesticus* when first she commenced to mould the mortal material; but, having inadvertently planted the tail at the wrong end, was satisfied to finish him off as a man. His hair was too much of a brush in its own character to agree well with an artificial brush in the objective case; he

wore a *robe de chambre* richly illustrated with impossible flowers growing on improbable soil—let us say on holey ground; his pether continuations were spotted here and there with diminutive banners of broadcloth secession, and it was noticeable as he stretched his feet under the table that his slippers had once done duty as crochet scratch-cases.

The table spread for the morning meal was peculiarly Virginian, being very rich in plate and poor in provender; for hoe-cake and fried Carolina potatoes were the only eatables visible, whilst the usual places of coffee-pot, bread-plate and salt-cellar were supplied with cards inscribed: 'Coffee \$20 per lb., in consequence of Blockade.'—'Flour \$24 per bbl.'—'Salt \$25 per lb.' If any member of the Family felt inclined to wish for any of these last articles, he, or she, had but to glance at the card substitutes to lose instantaneously all appetite for said articles. There was philosophy in this idea, *mon ami*.

'LIBBY,' said Mr. ORDETH, addressing his daughter, whose auburn curls and pretty face were none the less attractive because they crowned what seemed to be a troubled fountain of extremely loud calico with a dash of moonlight on top—'LIBBY,' said he, 'pass me the morning journal.'

The morning journal, which had recently augmented its value as a family and commercial sheet by coming out on superior wrapping paper, was passed to her father by LIBBY, she having first satisfied herself, with a sigh of disappointment, that the list of deaths did not contain the name of a single one of her friends.

Woman, *mon ami*, does not regard death as you and I do. To her it is a sleep in which the numberer himself be-

comes a dream for the rest of the world; and its announcement is to her the mere evening breeze that softly lifts another leaf in the sacred Volume of Memory, and lets the starlight, falling through a shower of tears, rest on a name hitherforth to live immortal in the heart. I was told this by a young lady who wears spectacles and writes for the Boston press.

As Mr. ORDETH perused the latest news from the seat of war, his bosom heaved to such an extent that one or two of the pins confining the front of his dressing-gown to his throat gave out. 'HONORIA,' said he, addressing his quiet little wife, who was spasmodically eating and repairing a rent in her dress simultaneously,—'we have again defeated the hordes of LINCOLN, and I think, my dear, we had better get ready to leave Richmond. The *Enquirer* says: "Yesterday a half a hundred of our troops were attacked near Fredericksburg by nearly forty thousand Yankees, whom they compelled to retreat after them toward this city. We took four hundred prisoners who will be demanded of the enemy immediately, and all of our men, save the messenger bringing the news, are now briskly pushing forward in the direction of Fort Lafayette." You see, my dear, we always whip them inland. The Yankees gain all their victories on water.'

Which is very true; for it is as much a fact that the national troops win their triumphs on water, as it is that the rebels do their best on whisky.

Mrs. ORDETH made no verbal reply to her husband's exultations, but assumed that simpering expression of countenance by which ladies are accustomed to denote their amiable willingness to swallow without question whatever the speaker may say.

'Providence is evidently favourable to the South,' continued the head of the Family, impressively, 'and has thus far treated us in a gentlemanly manner; but should it happen, HONORIA, that the Hessian vandals of LINCOLN should reach this city, I myself will be the first to fire all I hold dear, rather than let it fall into the hands of the invader. Yes!' exclaimed Mr. ORDETH with enthusiasm, rising from his chair and moving excitedly toward the door of the apartment,—'with my own hands would I apply the torch to you and to my child.'

'O VICTOR,' said Mrs. ORDETH, with tears springing to her eyes, 'I reckon you would.'

'Aside from the wrongs of the South,' continued the inspired ORDETH, pushing his bowie-knife a little further round behind his back, that it might not hurt his hip,—'we have Family losses to avenge. Only yesterday, my uncle was struck at Yorktown with a shell that completely tore his head from his body.'

'How perfectly absurd!' ejaculated the hitherto silent LIBBY.

'Why it's actually ridiculous,' said Mrs. ORDETH.

And so it was. The sex have a keen perception of the ludicrous.

'How I wish that our vigilants had caught that low-minded Abolition whelp, PETERS,' continued the Virginian, grinding his teeth; 'but he disappeared so suddenly that day, that I was entirely bewildered. To think that the hound—my cousin's son as his—should dare to demand payment of a bill from a Southern gentleman! He will find congenial souls among LINCOLN's hordes, I reckon.'

The speaker evidently recognised the fact that a man with a bill to collect would derive very little benefit from Southern boards, at any rate.

A close observer might have noticed that Miss LIDBY's cheeks betrayed the faintest tint of virgin wine at this last speech of her father's; but as it is not my business to inquire the wine wherefore of every thing, I shall say no more about that at present.

While speaking, the paternal ORDETH had placed his hand unconsciously as it were on the knob of the door; and now, with a sudden movement, he opened the door. Or rather, he simply turned the knob: for the door fairly forced itself open against him, and there unexpectedly tumbled half-way into the room a somewhat venerable person from Africa's sunny fountains. From the manner in which this coloured person fell across the sill, it was evident that he had been upon his knees the instant before.

The ladies uttered little shrieks and then went on with their hee-haw; but Mr. ORDETH viewed the intruder with a glance of suspicion.

'JOCKO, you black reskel!' said he, in a suppressed manner, 'what are you doing here?'

The oppressed African, who, like most slaves, was pious, rose to his feet with touching humility, and said he:

'Ise watchin', Mars'r, for de Angel of de Lor.'

'Oh,' returned the haughty Virginian, scorning to show how deeply he was affected, 'you're watchin' for that, are you?'

'Yes, Mars'r,' said the attached slave; 'and I hab pray dat my good Mars'r may gib up drinkin' and be one of the good angels too. Oh, Mars'r ORDETH, I hab wrestle much for you in prayer.'

I know not how that slaveholder's heart was affected by this beautiful instance of his humble bondman's devotion; but I do know, *non ami*, that he

reached forth his right hand, seized the chattel by the collar, and was heard to carry on a blasphemous conversation with him for the space of fifteen minutes thereafter, in the hall.

CHAPTER II.—ROBERT, ROBERT TOI QUE J'ADME.

In a room directly over the one last mentioned—a room whose only furniture was a rude bedstead, a looking-glass with a writing-table under it and a gas-bracket extending half way across it, and a lounge extemporised from three tea-boxes and a quilt—stood Mr. BOB PETERS, aged twenty-three, a bachelor and a fellow-man. The time was just twenty-four hours after the scene depicted in my first chapter, and as the rays of the sunny Southern sun poured through a window upon the figure of Mr. BOB PETERS, they revealed an individual who was evidently unable, just then, to make a raise himself.

ROBERT was a tall, smooth-faced good-natured-looking youth, wearing a coat that buttoned up to his very chin and was painfully shiny at its various angles, corners, and button-holes; a pair of inexpressibles very roomy and equally glossy about the knees; a brace of carpet-slippers, and (although indoors) a hat in a 'Marie Stuart' condition. That is to say, the style of hat worn thus inappropriately by Mr. BOB PETERS corresponded to a fashion in vogue with the ladies not long ago, when the latter imagined that a bonnet very much mashed down in front caused each and all of them to present a touching and life-like resemblance to the unfortunate Queen of Scots. In fact, this bonnet did really give them just about such a

frightened look as they might be supposed to wear should some modern ELIZABETH TUDOR order them all to instant execution.

Adding to the consideration of Mr. BOB PETERS' severely straitened costume the fact that he was smoking an incredibly cheap segar, it is reasonable to infer that he was rather hard-up when awake and not much troubled with soft down when asleep.

Viewing Mr. BOB PETERS financially and judging him by a golden rule, one could see about him considerable that was due unto others, as each of the others was likely to be dun unto him.

'Bless my soul!' soliloquised Mr. BOB PETERS, hastily turning from a long and profound contemplation of himself in the mirror, and commencing to pace noiselessly up and down the room,— 'here's misery! Shut up in the garret of one of the First Families, with a chap thirsting for my blood at the head of the domestic circle downstairs, and the whole Confederacy ready to bolt me without salt—which is very dear here just now. Here's a situation for an unmarried man!' exclaimed Mr. BOB PETERS, insanely tearing his 'Mary Stuart' from his head and bitterly crunching it in his hand—'confined here as a prisoner by the young woman of my affections to save my life from her own father's sanguinary designs. Upon my soul!' growled Mr. BOB PETERS, dreadingly slapping his left leg, 'it's enough to make me take to drinking, and I—'

'Dear BOB!'

Were you ever awakened from a horrid nightmare dream of capital punishment and sudden death, *mon ami*, by the soft, persuasive voice of woman

calling you to a breakfast of ethereal rolls and new-born eggs? If so, you can understand the feelings of Mr. PETERS when these fond words roused him from his terrible reverie.

He spun blithely round on his dexter heel, absorbed the faithful LIBBY to his manly breast, and incontinently kissed for his lips a coating of lustrous bandoline from the head of the fashionable maiden.

'Oh bliss!' ejaculated Mr. BOB PETERS, standing on one foot by way of intensifying the sensation, 'my angel visits me in my dungeon, as angels visited other good men in the Scriptures.'

'Oh BOB, how you do smell of smoke,' said the devoted LIBBY.

'And thanks to your thoughtfulness for the regalias which have so lightened my lonely hours, since the day when you brought me up to this room and then told a virtuous and unsuspecting police that I had fled in the direction of the *aurora borealis*. By the way, LIBBY,' said Mr. BOB PETERS, thoughtfully, 'my segar-fighters are all out, and if you could make me a few more out of the rest of those Confederate Treasury Notes—'

'I will, I will,' responded Miss ORDETH, lifting first one white shoulder and then the other, as though she would thereby work down her waist more firmly into the belt formed by Mr. BOB PETERS' right arm; 'but now, dear BOB, we must think of how you are to be got safely away from this house and out of the city. If my pa should find out that you have been here all this time, when he thought you were running for dear life, he would—I really believe—' said Miss LIBBY ORDETH, with increasing eyes, 'that he would actually apply the

torch to me without waiting for the Yankees!

Mr. BOB PETERS shuddered and turned pale, barely saving himself from fainting by clasping his companion more tightly and leaning heavily against her lips.

The infatuated girl did not see the face peering in through the half open door behind her, as she continued:

'Quarter-past twelve is the hour, BOB, though I can't say on what night it shall be, yet. You must be already to start on any night, and in the meantime our meetings are, if possible, to be continued.'

'You say that quarter-past twelve is the hour?' observed Mr. PETERS, reflectively, patting the head against his shoulder in a somewhat paternal manner.

'Yes, dear BOB; and I wish I could be sure of pa's going to bed earlier than that; for I know it will be hard for you to go out into the street at that time of night. You are not accustomed to such late hours at home.'

And, indeed, he was not; for Mr. BOB PETERS' 'hours' at home were apt to be considerably later, especially when he went into morning for some dear friend.

'Sweet innocence!' exclaimed the young man, much affected by this evidence of thoughtfulness in his behalf, 'your kindness almost makes me forget the treatment I have experienced at the hands of your being's author.'

'I think you can get off next Sunday night,' continued LIBBY, 'if Brother is sergeant of the guard; for he promised to see that you got across the bridge and past the patrol. JOCKO will open the street door for you when you start; and I want you to send me word, if you can, after you get to New York, what

kind of bonnets they're going to wear this summer.'

'Dear girl!' murmured BOB, fondly, 'I'll find out the style and mention it to one of our Generals, who will let you know by note, as soon as he arrives here.'

'Dear BOB!—but I must go now. Is there anything I can send you to make you more comfortable?'

As they stood there facing each other, Mr. BOB PETERS closed his right eye for an instant, and suffered the muscles of his mouth to relax, thereby expressing some want too deep for words.

'You shall have it,' said the young girl, turning to leave the room. At the door she was met by JOCKO, who entered as she passed out, for the ostensible purpose of removing the remains of the captive's recent surreptitious breakfast.

The sound of the maiden's light footsteps soon died away in the passage, like the vibrations of a high-strung instrument in a passage of music, and the two men stood alone together.

There they were—the White and the Black; the one a freeman in all save being deprived of his liberty; the other a slave in all save being unrestricted of his freedom. Who could tell what was working in the mind of each? Who should draw the line between those men, when all was dark for the white and a luckless wight was the black? Who should say that the white man was any thing better than the black man, that the latter should bear the bonds of slavery—bonds as hard to bear even as Confederate bonds? Look at inanimate nature. Is it not the *White* of an egg that bears the yolk? Then why should the white man turn the yoke altogether over to the black man? But I must refuse to follow out this great metaphysical question any further. The

weather is too warm. I will leave it to the Awful and Unfathomable German Mind, which delights to toy heavily with the elephants of Thought.

'Mars'r,' said Jocko, handing a folded paper to the fugitive prisoner, 'dis was gub to me for you by my chile EFRUM, dat b'longs to Missus ADAMS; and I hope, Mars'r, dat yin will read um with fear an' trem'llin', for the Lor' is very good to let you lib in your great sins, Mars'r.'

How beautiful, *mon ami*, is that strong spirit of piety we often find developed in the uncultivated, like the rich oyster found on the barren sea-shore! Taken in connection with the children of HAM, it is as mustard to a sandwich, for moving us to occasional tears.

Mr. BOB PETERS waved the faithful black from his presence, and read the note, which ran thus:

'MR. PETERS,—SIR:—Though, as a daughter of the Sonny South, I cannot but regard you as a traitor to our country, the memory of past hours in my soul-life induces me to act towards you as a heart-friend. I have heard, through those faithful beings of which your friends would rob and murder us, that you are a prisoner, and will save you. Contrive to get out of the house in some way on Sunday (to-morrow) evening, at a *quarter of twelve*, and you will find those waiting for you who will deliver you for a time from our vengeance. It is the impulsive heart-throb of a weak woman that bids me do this—not the spirit-aspiration of the Southern daughter.

'EVE ADAMS.'

Mr. BOB PETERS lowered the hand holding the note until it rested heavily on his right knee, and gazed before him, as he sat on his couch, with a puzzled

expression of countenance. He had been sitting in this way, perfectly motionless, for five minutes perhaps, when the door was gently pushed open a few inches, a dainty white hand came through the aperture, deposited a mysterious black bottle on the floor very softly, and disappeared as it came. In an instant Mr. PETERS sprang to his feet, dashed the note to the ground, seized the bottle, and immediately applied it to his lips with great enthusiasm.

His Mistress had understood that last subtle glance he gave her. With the wonderful insight of man's deeper nature peculiar to girls about eighteen years old, she had divined the one thing required to make the captive comfortable.

Oh, woman, woman! In the language of a revised poet—

"Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Ah, what were man!—a world without a son!"

CHAPTER III.—THE WIDOW'S MITE.

THE ADAMSSES resided in one of the aristocratic by ways crossing Main Street, and were directly descended from those distinguished and chivalric *anciens parvres* of the Old Dominion, who boasted the blood of the English cavaliers, and were a terror to their foes and creditors. ADAMS, the husband and father, was a fine specimen of the Southern gentleman in his day, possessing an estate in Louisa County, so completely covered with mortgages that no heir could get to it, and having won great fame by inventing an entirely new and singularly humorous oath for the benefit of a Yankee governess, when that despised hireling presumed to ask for a portion of her last

year's salary. He might have lived to a green old age, but for the extraordinary joy he experienced at having negotiated a second mortgage on some property not worth quite half the first, which filled this worthy man with such exceeding great joy, that he drank rather more at a sitting than would start an ordinary hotel-bar, and died soon after of *delirium tremens*, as such noble and chivalric souls are very apt to do. The family left by the lamented ADAMS, consisting of a wife and one child—a daughter—at once assumed the most becoming style of mourning, moved in a funeral procession through society for six months, and then resigned themselves to the will of Providence with that beautiful cheerfulness which may either denote a high order of Christianity, or a low order of memory, as the case may be.

At the period of which the present veracious history treats, the bereaved mother and daughter were living in subdued style in the locality designated above. Among their most intimate associates were the ORDETHS, between whose family and theirs there existed that pleasing and kindly familiarity which permits the most open recognition of mutual virtues in society and the most searching criticism of individual weaknesses at home. The ADAMSSES and ORDETHS met at each other's houses with gushes of endearment that edified all beholders; and if Miss EVE said to her mother on their way home from church that LIZZY ORDETH looked like a perfect fright in that ridiculous new bonnet of hers, it was only because her affectionate heart felt a pang at seeing her bosom friend appear to less advantage than her own self, sacrificing self.

It is a touching peculiarity of this

modern friendship, *man amik*, that a majority of the errors its fairest votaries detect in each other are those of the head—not of the heart. EVE ADAMS, whose diminutive size had given occasion to the *mot* by which she was denominated the 'Widow's Mite,' was calling at the ORDETHS when Mr. BOB PETERS first came in under a flag of truce from Fortress Monroe, and was witness to the chivalric reception accorded to that gentleman by his relatives, before his pecuniary mission was known. In the exuberance of his nature, Mr. PETERS had kissed her with the rest of the family, and from the moment of receiving that chaste salutation, EVE had selected the Northern stranger as her hero in that ideal novel of spiritual yellow-covers in which all maidens live and move and have their beings until stern reality bursts upon them in the shape of a husband or a snub.

From thenceforth she was a frequent visitor at the ORDETHS, and laid close siege to the gay ROBERT'S heart with all the languishment deemed necessary in such cases, and a tremendous flirtation was going on before the maiden discovered that the affections of the youth were already given to another. Then came a revulsion of feeling, opening the eyes of the Widow's Mite to the fact that Mr. BOB PETERS was a thieving abolitionist, unworthy the toleration of any true daughter of the South. After this overpowering revelation, it was the first thought of EVE ADAMS to at once inform the festive PETERS of the utter detestation in which she held him, and a favourable opportunity soon offered. At a social gathering at the ORDETHS she had withdrawn for a moment to an ante-room, for the purpose of drawing

in her bosom an elegant silver snuff-box, dipping therein a small brush, and subsequently applying the same to her pearly teeth, when Mr. BOB PETERS entered unannounced, and agreeably demanded a 'pinch.' The situation was favourable to an avowal of enmity, and a suitable expression was rising to the lips of the maiden when the thought of a still keener revenge kept her silent, and she contented herself with a temporary sneer and a majestic exit from the apartment.

It was soon after this incident that Mr. BOB PETERS' presentation to Mr. ORDERII of the bill for furniture which he had been empowered to collect by a New-York house reminded the latter that it was his duty, as a patriot, to sacrifice even his cousin's son for the good of the Confederacy. With the stern self-devotion of an ancient Roman, Mr. ORDERII not only accused his hapless relative of flagrant Abolitionism, but at once made arrangements with the military authorities for that relative's immediate incarceration 'as an enemy to the Commonwealth. An enemy to the Commonwealth of Virginia must be indeed an unnatural wretch: for no such wealth is known to be in existence just now, and enmity to the dead is a thing inexcusable. It was a crime of which Mr. BOB PETERS was incapable; yet would he have suffered for it had not the devoted LIBBY concealed him in the hour of danger.

Of this concealment Miss EVE had learned from ERRUM, the son of JOCKO, though she knew not how long it was to be continued.

CHAPTER IV.—'TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE.'

Several of the Richmond churches

were opened that Sunday night, and thither repaired many of the Cottonocracy, devotional children of Bale, to implore Providence in behalf of an army whose heroes have generally appeared, in the eyes of the Federal troops, to be wholly Leav-ites. The recent intelligence of 'another Confederate victory' at Williamsburg had added a finishing touch to the panic created by reports of the triumphal retreat from Yorktown previously received; and the fervour of Richmond's piety on that evening was eminently worthy of a city liable at any moment to be canonised. The reverend clergy of the rebel capital selected their texts from Exodus by instinct as it were, and proved so conclusively that the Yankee invader was no man, that the listening congregations were impressed with an instructive and repentant sense of their own wickedness (for they are the wicked who invariably flee when 'no man' pursueth), and several members evinced their new-born disgust at this sinful world by resolutely closing their eyes upon it at once.

In his pew sat Mr. VICTOR E. ORDERII, with his wife and son, the latter a member of the Richmond Home Guard. Stiff and erect he sat, like a solemn note of admiration in a printer's case, ready to be used at the end of any sounding passages, suffering an expression of weighty approval to cross his countenance when the preacher hoped the same planets might not thereafter be destined to shine on the North and the South.

And well he might; for there had been something in the late capture of New Orleans and other ports by the Union fleets to impress the Southern mind with no small dread of the North's

LIBBY remained at home in explanation of sick headache; but no sooner were her parents fairly out of the house than said plea proved to be entirely invalid. At least the young lady darted to her own private room in a very sprightly manner, brought out from thence a small package, and finally repaired to the apartment wherein Mr. BOB PETERS kept solitary vigils and a bright look-out. Before passing in, however, she paused to have a few words with the faithful Jocko, whom she discovered on his knees before the door of the captive's cell, with his right eye slightly to the left of the knob.

'JOCKO!' she exclaimed, reproachfully, 'what are you doing here, you rasculous thing?'

'Miss LIBBY,' said the humble servant, looming dimly in the shadow of the hall, as he slowly arose from his feet, 'Le ben prayin' dat you might become a Christian, and one ob these days, when de great Hallelugurum come, hab wings and a harp.'

Scarcely were these affecting words uttered when Mr. BOB PETERS tore open the door rather disrespectfully, so greatly discomposing the devoted black that the latter incontinently fled.

'My dear girl,' said BOB, leading his fair visitor into the room, 'I'm delighted to see you. The shutters are up, the gas is lit, and I'm prepared to do the sentimental. Oh-um-m—Lubin's Extracts?' ejaculated Mr. BOB PETERS. For he had kissed her.

'There, dear ROBERT, don't be so absurd. You know you are going to leave us to-night, and I have brought you—' here LIBBY blushed with that exquisitely ingenuous emotion which is excited by the consciousness of being to one we love—'I have brought you some

things that may be of use on your journey. You won't be angry with me for it, will you, dear Bob?' There's a smoking-cap and a pair of crochet-slippers, and some drawing-pencils, and a volume of Tupper.'

'My darling LIBBY,' remarked the deeply-affected ROBERT, alighting on those tempting lips once more. 'But did you think, love,—did you think to put a quart of ice-cream and a few hair-pins in the package!'

'Why, no.'

'Ah, well,' said Mr. BOB PETERS, abstractedly. 'I suppose I can buy them on the road.'

Silent, disturbed only by the beating of those two hearts, reigned for a few seconds, then—

'Bob,' said LIBBY, looking shyly up to him, 'we shall be very happy when we are married and live North?'

'Yes, indeed,' said BOB.

'We'll live in such a beautiful house on Fifth Avenue, dear, and have such nice things. Because, you know, you can make so much money by your writings.'

'Millions! my love,' said Mr. BOB PETERS, with sudden and wonderful quietude of tone. 'When I left New York prose was bringing two dollars for seven pounds in the heavy dailies, and philosophical poetry quoted at six shillings a yard, and no hexameters allowed except for EMERSON and HOMER. Ah!' said Mr. PETERS, his melancholy deepening rapidly to bitterness, 'my last poem sickened me. It was called "Dirge: addressed to a lady after witnessing the Drama of the 'Toodles,"' and commenced in this way:

Not all the artist's power can limn,
Nor poet's grander verse disclose,
The plaintive charm that evening dim
Imparts unto the dying rose.

'How pretty!' said LIBBY.

'My dear,' responded Mr. PETERS, somewhat gloomily; 'but because I used "dam" to rhyme with "limn," all the papers credited it to GENERAL MORRIS.'

Recollections of this flagrant piece of injustice so affected Mr. BOB PETERS, that he snote his breast and called himself a miserable man. 'I really don't know but I'd better stay here and be hung like a respectable patriot,' murmured the desolated young man.

'How absurd!' exclaimed the young lady, 'you will be glad enough to get away to-night. Remember, now, you are to start downstairs at quarter-past Twelve, precisely, and JOCKO will open the front door for you. Then go straight to the bridge, where you will find my brother, who will get you by the guard.'

'That reminds me,' observed Mr. PETERS, 'what time is it? I must set my repeater.'

LIBBY consulted her watch, and answered that it was half-past eight, whereupon Mr. BOB PETERS fished from his fob a vast silver conglomeration, and having wound it up with a noise like that of a distant coffee mill, and set it correctly, proceeded to hang it, for convenient reference, upon the gas-branch across the mirror.

'Dear Bob, good-bye.'

'Fare thee well, and if for ever, still remember me,' responded Mr. PETERS, with some vagueness.

'We shall eat again?' said LIBBY, lingering.

'If I did not believe it,' replied Mr. BOB PETERS, with vehemence, 'I should at once proceed to kill myself at your feet, covering the walls and furniture of the apartment with my gore.'

'God bless you, Bob.'

They parted, pinning their mouths,

Miss ORDETH went down stairs in tears, had a fit of hysterics on the sofa, and fell asleep with her head in the card-basket.

CHAPTER V.—BETRAYED INNOCENCE.

There he slumbered on that rude lounge, with his head upon his hands and his hands under his head. A man, like you—or me—or any other man. Did you ever notice how you always keep your eyes shut when you are asleep? The lids come down over your orbs, your soul's windows, like night over the sun. You shall have visions of Heaven—or Hades, according to what you had for supper. Lobster salad, or truffles, will act upon a sleeping man's great, dark soul, like one of PAUL'S pictures on the open eye. Make it see light blue landscapes, and pallid faces looking out of pink distances. You think that young man there is sleeping upon a rude couch? No. He is sleeping upon something not palpable to your worldly eyes nor mine; he is sleeping upon an empty stomach. You dare not pity him. His scornful, stern man's soul would wither you if you talked to him of compassion. Such is man. An animal. A worm of the dust. Yet proud. Hal! you know it. You blush for your unworthy thought. Such is woman. Something aroused the sleeper suddenly. It might have been an angel's whisper, or the kiss of an insect. He sprang to his feet, shook himself, and mentally declared that he had come pretty near getting a sleep. The idea was rational.

'By all that's blue! it can't be, though it is, by Jupiter!'

The gas was still burning brightly.

Mr. BOB PETERS had caught sight of his watch as it was reflected in the mirror, with the hands pointing to a quarter-past Twelve. With great rapidity he grasped the repeater, stabbed it into his fob, crushed his demoralised hat upon his head, looked regretfully about the room, turned off the gas, and in another moment was stealthily groping his way downstairs, towards the front door. The door yielded to his hand, but no JOCKO was there. 'I suppose,' murmured Mr. PETERS to himself, 'I suppose the faithful fellow is praying for me somewhere in the kitchen, with his hands resting on a jar of sweetmeats. Ah! I ought to be a better man than I am.' With this excellent moral reflection, Mr. BOB PETERS stepped into the street and faced boldly for the path to freedom; but at the very first corner his road was barred by two individuals in military caps and the first stage of intoxication.

'Aryupeters—eters!' said one, who was evidently desirous of having but a single word with him.

'With a BOB,' replied the fugitive sententiously.

'Aw' ri', then, observed the two in chorus, and Mr. PETERS quickly found himself attended on either side by guardians whose affectionate manner of monopolising his arms suggested a civil process of the most uncivil sort.

'Trenchery!' he exclaimed, struggling fiercely. The twain held him tightly, however, with the strength of tight-uns, and his exertion only caused them to venture divers pleasant quips concerning the destiny of his eyes.

Onward they dragged him, down Broad Street and up half-a-dozen other streets, until a certain rebel institution was gained. 'In with'm,' said one of

his captors; and they hurried him past a sentry and through a hall into a long low room, where half-a-dozen miserable candles stuck up against the walls revealed a dismal company of over a hundred—some stretched upon the floor, some standing about, and others clustered around what appeared to be a cot in one corner.

'Is this the Confederate Congress?' asked the astonished BOB, as his captors left him, turning the key and adjusting various bolts as they went out.

'It's LIBBY's pork-packing-house,' answered the prisoner nearest him, 'and you're juggled, I suppose, as a spy.'

'Pork-packing!' ejaculated the bewildered BOB. 'Why, this is treating me like a hog.'

Several prisoners at once gave in their adhesion to this logical premise.

'Here's a case of betrayed innocence!' soliloquised Mr. BOB PETERS, bitterly, 'I've trusted to LIBBY, and Libby's taken me in.'

'I'm going to be exchanged, I tell you!'

The sound came from the cot in the corner, and as the crowd in that direction opened for a moment, the newcomer beheld a sight that, for a time, made him forget his own troubles. A tall gaunt man in ragged Zouave uniform was reclining upon his elbow on the miserable pallet, the pale, dismal light of the candles disclosing a ghastly wound on his right temple, from which the blood was trickling down upon his rusty and matted beard.

'I'm going to be exchanged, I tell you!' he exclaimed, waving the others away with his left hand, and glaring directly at BOB. 'I've been here a wacke year, and Eighty's boys wants me back; and I'm going to be exchanged.'

'The poor fellow was shot by one of

the sentries this morning. He's from a New York regiment, and has been a prisoner ever since Bull Run,' whispered one of the unfortunates to BOB.

The latter approached the wounded man and kindly asked, 'Can I do any thing for you, old fellow?'

The dying Zouave regarded him with a ghastly smile; 'Yee,' said he, 'you can go down to 'Eighty's truck-house and take care of little JAKE till I'm exchanged. Will you, bub, will you?'

'Is JAKE your child?' asked BOB.

'No,' responded the Zouave, softly, 'it's only a little yaller dorg. I ain't got no wife, nor child, nor no friend except the masheen and little JAKE. He's peety as a picture, bub, and he's slept with me many a gay old night around Catherine Market, he has. You'll be kind to him, bub, won't you?'

'Here! what's this noise about? What are yee doin' with lights this time er-night? I'll soon stop his Yankee groaning,' were the words of a brutal keeper, who had just come in, and was roughly elbowing his way toward the cot.

'Stand off, you hound!' shouted BOB, throwing himself between the keeper and the dying soldier. 'Stand off!' growled the prisoners, fiercely crowding upon the intruder with murder in their faces.

'Hark!' said the Zouave, leaning listlessly forward, 'there goes the Hall bell—one—two—three—' His feature lighted up as with the glow of a conflagration; his lips opened—

'Fire! Fire! Fire!'

And the Zouave fell back upon the cot—dead.

The keeper crawled forward like a whipped hound, and eyed the outstretched form with a face full of fear:

'Exchanged at last, by G—d!'

True, O traitor! and by

God alone. For when that honest, loyal soul went out, there came to take its place an Avenging Spirit that shall not cease to call on Heaven for vengeance on the Southern murderer until the cowardly stain of fifty thousand murders such as this are washed out in a terrible atonement.

'Poor lub's JAKE,' murmured Mr. BOB PETERS, 'I wonder if he's a terrier.' Then, turning to the keeper, 'How long is my imprisonment in this terrible place to be continued?'

The keeper eyed the querist with no very amiable expression, 'You'll stay here,' said he, 'until you take the Oath, I reckon.'

'In that case, my native land, good-night,' responded the interesting captive, Byronically; 'my incarceration will terminate with an epitaph—*"The Sweet ROBERT PETERS. A victim of misplaced confidence. He died young"*—Jailor, you are affected. Accept a quarter!'

The Cerberus clutched the proffered coin and eyed it with feverish intensity. It was evidently the first quarter he had seen since the commencement of his services in that hole. The man's better nature was touched. 'Hist!' he said, drawing Mr. PETERS aside and speaking in a whisper: 'I can no longer conceal the truth. I am a Southern Union man.'

It is a beautiful peculiarity of our common nature, *non animi*, that crime never sinks so deeply nor perversion spreads so obstinately in the human soul, but there is still a deeper current of normal rectitude responsive to the force of currency. That this was known to the ancients is evinced by the antique custom of placing coins on the eyes of the dead, thereby signifying to all concerned that, whatever faults might have per-

ished with the *locus*, *the artistis ubi nisi bonum*.

'Can't I have a room to myself?' asked Bob, after a short pause.

'Follow me,' was the response; and he followed the keeper through a crowd of curious prisoners, up a stair-way against a wall, to a room on the next floor. The keeper opened the door with a key from one of his pockets, and led the way into an apartment whose only furniture was a bed, a rickety chair, and a bit of looking-glass on a shelf.

'I sleep here sometimes myself,' said the keeper; 'but you shall stay here for a small rent. Make yourself comfortable.'

'Stop a minute,' said Bob, as the man turned to leave. 'Do you know how I came to be arrested?'

'I don't know exactly,' was the answer; 'but I believe you was informed upon by some woman. Good-night. Here's the candle.'

The prisoner cast him self upon the bed, as the key grated again in the lock, and was fast asleep before the poor fellows downstairs had extinguished their miserable lights.

In the morning the friendly keeper brought him his breakfast, consisting of a cup of something very much like 'sacred soil' after a heavy rain, two geological biscuits and a copy of the *Richmond Wig*.

'What do you call this stuff?' asked Mr. PETERS, ruefully eyeing the contents of the cup.

'Coffee,' replied the keeper, blandly, 'real Mocha.'

Mr. PETERS was silent. To call such fluid Mocha was sheer mockery.

The biscuits despatched and the coffee defied, the captive betook himself to deep and admiring contemplation of the news-

paper, and was deriving much valuable instruction from an article written to prove how skilfully and ingeniously the Southern Confederacy had struck a telling blow at its ruthless invaders by strategically surrendering Norfolk, when an early visitor was admitted. Said visitor was a young man confined in a picturesquely-tattered uniform, with a fatigue-cap on his head, and a rusty sword rattling at his heels.

'Bob, my boy,' said he, 'how the mischief did you get into this scrape?'

'This is some of your family's Chivalry,' responded Mr. PETERS, shortly.

'My governor certainly did come it over you a little,' observed the visitor, who was no other than the younger ORMSBY; 'but you might have gone off safely enough if you'd been at the bridge at a quarter-past Twelve, as you were told. I don't like the governor's style any more than you do, and if you had come to time I could have passed you out of the lines easily enough.'

'I did come to time,' answered Bob, with great bitterness, 'and a pretty time at night it was. How did I get into 'is scrape? The Southern Confederacy brought me here. I've had enough of you and your family. It affords me satisfaction to contemplate a perspective in which your family are attending a funeral of one of their number whose demise would be attended with funeral honours, if all his comrades were not engaged in the work of running away from McCLELLAN.'

Mr. PETERS hazarded this cutting insinuation of the future with an expression of countenance rigidly severe.

'But, my dear boy, there is some mistake. You—'

'Enough, sir.'

'Oh, very well; if you won't, you

won't,' exclaimed the Confederate youth, growing very red in the face. 'All I have to say is, that I have done my part as your friend. If you had been at the bridge at quarter-past Twelve last night, you might be back among the Yankees now. And, let me tell you, those same Yankees will never conquer the South.'

'Perhaps not,' said Mr. PETERS, ironically.

'One of our officers has just invented a new gun that will soon teach the North manners,' continued the Confederate, with increasing heat. 'It throws one-hundred-pound balls as fast as a man can turn the handle.'

'Ah!' said BOB, sneeringly.

'Yes; and it has but one defect.'

'What's that?' asked BOB, with some appearance of interest.

'The handle won't turn!' ejaculated the young Virginian, darting hastily from the room to hide his emotion.

Mr. PETERS looked vaguely after the retreating form of the sensitive youth, and as one of the keepers relocked the door again from the outside, his face sank upon his hands. What did his visitor mean by accusing him of not making his appearance at the appointed time? It was exactly a quarter-past Twelve when he left the house. 'I see how it is,' murmured Mr. PETERS, between his hands; 'the boy has been taking something hot.'

CHAPTER VI.—ANOTHER VISITOR.

The ladies were taking their usual promenade through the main corridor of the jail, curiously gazing at times through the newly-grated door at the prisoners in the main room, and seasoning their morning gossip with piquant

observations on the probable execution of the horrid creatures there confined. Mrs. PEYTON took occasion to inform Mrs. MASON that she wouldn't pass a day without taking a look at the wretches for all the world; and Mrs. MASON informed Mrs. PEYTON that her life would hardly be endurable if she did not live in hope of seeing all the Abolitionists there yet. Here young Mr. BARON ventured to intimate that the Yankee prisoners were fortunate in being favoured with such an array of *fair* before them; for which he was saluted as an 'absurd thing,' and received a shower of taps from adjacent fans.

Miss ADAMS led her companion, a neighbour's child, to where a keeper was leaning idly against the wall.

'Are these all your prisoners?' she asked.

'All but one that was taken last night and is upstairs,' replied the official.

'Is that one on exhibition?'

'I reckon he is; if you want to see him.'

'Well,' said Miss ADAMS, with an assumption of indifference, 'I don't know that it's worth while; but—well, I reckon I *will* look at him.'

'This way, then, if you please,' said the keeper, leading the way up an adjacent flight of stairs, and conducting the fair one to the room occupied by Mr. PETERS.

BOB was gazing gloomily out of the window and did not recognise the presence of his new guests until the end of a parasol touched his shoulder.

'Miss ADAMS!' he exclaimed, offering his hand.

The young lady tossed her head haughtily:

'I don't wish to shake hands with an enemy of my country, sir.'

'I see,' said BOB, coolly, 'the presence of a third party obliges us to veil our emotions. Keeper, leave the saloon.'

'Pay no attention to him, Keeper,' retorted EVE, indignantly; 'I wish your attendance.'

Not at all abashed by the severity of her tone, Mr. PETERS nodded to the officer and smiled pleasantly.

'Then I must expose you with a witness to it,' he said good-naturedly; 'you are offended, Miss EVE, because I did not comply with your kind note and meet your friends at a quarter-of-Twelve, instead of walking straight into trouble at quarter-past, as I did.'

'You are beneath my notice,' was the answer of Miss ADAMS; 'but since you choose to speak so I must explain myself to this good man here. You are indebted to me for your present situation. I am a Southern woman, sir, and it was my duty, as a Southerner, to see that you did not escape to injure our cause by telling some of your Northern falsehoods about us. I wrote you the note you speak of in order that you might be drawn from your hiding-place, and also one to the authorities, putting them on the watch. I may be a woman, but I have the heart of a man.'

If Miss ADAMS did *not* have the heart of a man, it was owing to no neglect on her part of any possible means to catch such a heart. That is to say, all her dearest and most intimate female friends said so.

Her speech was evidently intended to impress the prisoner with a torturing sense of woman's vengeance; but, contrary to her expectation, Mr. PETERS received it with the utmost complacency. In fact, he even evinced a playful disposition, and favoured the attentive keeper with an insidious wink.

'I don't doubt that your intentions were excellent, Miss EVE,' said Mr. BOB PETERS, with an air of great enjoyment; 'but they did not work as well as your affectionate heart designed. Because—you see—I didn't come out at a quarter-of-Twelve at all, nor did I follow any of your directions. Oh, no! It was just quarter-past Twelve by my repeater when I departed from my late residence, and it's my private opinion that your dear friend, Miss OLDFETH, had the privilege of being my adviser on that nocturnal occasion. Don't let your sensitive soul be afflicted with the thought that you have wronged confiding innocence,' added BOB, pathetically; 'for I do assure you that you are as guiltless as the child unborn.'

'What do you mean, sir?' asked EVE, in some haste; 'were you not arrested at a quarter-of-Twelve?'

'Why, no!' said BOB. 'Don't I tell you that I didn't break cover until quarter-past?'

'Well, sir,' snarled EVE, with no little irritation, 'you're here at any rate, and I hope you'll enjoy the society of your Yankee friends downstairs. I hope you'll all be hung. I do.'

And the injured fair swept magnificently from the room, dragging with her the neighbour's child, and leaving Mr. PETERS alone with the keeper.

'I say, she's a spunky one,' remarked the latter. 'It's a pity you really didn't wait till quarter-past. I wouldn't trust a woman with such eyes as hers—I wouldn't.'

'And I didn't trust them,' said BOB. 'It was full quarter-past by my repeater when I came out, and if I'm betrayed it's by another woman.'

'Oh, come now,' said the keeper deprecatingly, 'it's all right, you know,

between us two. It wasn't but quarter-past when I locked you in here, you know.'

'What!' exclaimed BOB.

'Fact,' said the keeper.

Mr. PETERS deliberately drew out his watch and held it up in full view.

'By all that's true!' said BOB, 'it was quarter-past Twelve by that repeater before I was taken last night.'

The rebel official looked steadily into the eyes of his prisoner for a moment, and then withdrew hurriedly and in silence. He evidently mistrusted the sincerity of Mr. PETERS, or believed that a man with such a fast watch was too much ahead of *his* time to be trusted without a watch of a different kind.

CHAPTER VII.—UNION SENTIMENT DEVELOPING.

If some modern BURTON would supply the world with an Anatomy of Patriotism, *mon ami*, I am inclined to believe that his first discovery in the process of dissection would be, that the modern quality of that name is essentially lacking in the anatomical composite of backbone. Ordinary patriotism in practice, as far as I have been able to observe it, is equivalent, in general aspect and result, to an irresistible force in contact with an immovable body, those who are chiefly carried away with it metaphorically being the last to yield to its impulsion personally. In short, the quality appears to be a sentiment rather than a motive in its character, and moves us to inspire others rather oftener than it inspires us to move ourselves.

Mr. VICTOR E. ORDETH was a patriot in the conventional sense of the term; and when the Southern heart was first ured he took a very large ember to his

own bosom. None could be more ready to repudiate all their Northern debts than was Mr. ORDETH to repudiate his; and his deadly hatred of the Abolitionist was only equalled by that of a New England man owning a coloured drayman, and living next door to him. 'We will raise a million of soldiers if need be,' said the chivalrous Virginian at a public meeting in Richmond, 'and sacrifice our last crust.' After which he went comfortably home and growled very much at the dampness of his slippers and the barely-perceptible chill in his buttered toast. Great admiration was evoked on all sides by this spirited conduct; and when he finally donated one hundred dollars of his creditors' money to the Volunteer fund, there was some talk of making him a brigadier; but it happened to leak out that he knew something of military business from early study, and, of course, that project had to be given up. A brigadier with military capability would be an anomaly indeed!

And so, this self-sacrificed gentleman meekly wore his honours in private life, his patriotism deepening and intensifying until it attained the pitch of verbal perfection demonstrated in the first chapter of this voracious narrative. Suddenly, however, this patriotism suffered what its possessor's pocket did not—a 'sea change': the Confiscation Act passed by the Congress of the United States induced Mr. ORDETH to consider seriously what might possibly happen to a certain little property of his near Danville, in the event of certain Union achievements; and the news of McCLELLAN's advance to within five miles of Richmond did not tend to increase the patriotic fervour of this chivalrous Virginian.

It was on the second morning after the summary incarceration of Mr. BOB PETERS, that Mr. ORDETH peremptorily called for his newspaper, and, having elevated his feet upon the window sill, proceeded to read the more humorous articles of the journal in question, which were chiefly devoted to the discussion of divers excellent plans for invading the North in one column, and burning Richmond in the next. The only other person in the apartment at the time was Mrs. ORDETH, who turned very pale when her lord took up his paper, and watched him as he read, with considerable agitation. She was evidently expecting an explosion, and it came.

Having perused with mitigated satisfaction a leader on the sublime nobility of soul evidenced by the people who destroyed their city at the approach of the enemy, Mr. ORDETH turned to the Local Department of the reduced sheet before him, and was electrified at the discovery therein of a full and accurate account of the arrest of 'one ROBERT PETERS, supposed to be a Yankee spy, who is said to have found refuge for some time past in the house of a well-known citizen, and who was seized at the instigation of a devoted Daughter of the South, who, by a pardonable device, lured him from his hiding-place for that purpose. But for the disordered state of things just now, the citizen said to have harboured this fellow would be called to account for his equivocal concern in the matter.'

The paper dropped from the hands of Mr. ORDETH, and he stared at his wife in utter bewilderment.

'Don't be angry with us, VICTOR!' exclaimed that lady, tremblingly; for she had seen the paper, and anticipated what was coming.' 'LIBBY hid poor

BOB away because she didn't want to see one of our own relations taken and hung, and when she told me of it I didn't dare to tell you.'

'And do you mean to tell me that it was in my house he was secreted?' asked the Virginian, tragically.

'Yes, my dear, upstairs, you know.'

This unexampled revelation might have produced a scene, had not the door been opened at the moment by JOCKO, who unceremoniously entered with a folded paper in his hand.

'Dis was brung for you, Mars'r, by de angel ob de—I mean by the gemman wid gold on he shoulder.'

The master hastily snatched the paper from the dutiful black, waved him magisterially from the presence, and found himself ordered to report on the following morning for military duty at the headquarters of the military commandant, Richmond. A new draft was ordered!

Passing the paper to his wife, without a word of comment, Mr. ORDETH commenced to pace the room with long and rapid strides. Finally, he stopped short before his lady's chair:

'I am beginning to think,' said he, coolly, 'that the Union is best for the South, after all.'

'Yes, my dear.'

'And we must be off for Danville this very afternoon.'

'Oh!'

A pause, and then—

'I was hasty about BOB. My friend, GENERAL EVANS, has just come in from Leesburg. I must explain this matter to him and get BOB discharged; for BOB may be of great service to us, my dear, when the Yankees take possession.'

Mrs. ORDETH understood her husband well enough to appreciate this remark.

able change in his sentiments, and refrained from exhibiting any astonishment at this speech. She only answered:

'You know best, VICTOR.'

The head of the house received this judicious reply in full payment of all demands on his wife's attention, and immediately went forth to put his designs into execution—as fine a specimen of the Southern-Union man as ever welcomed the advent of the loyal army with enthusiasm, and immediately presented a bill for damages sustained in the cause of Freedom.

CHAPTER VIII.—WITHOUT END.

Seated upon the lounge where *he* so often had rested, with her elbows resting upon the table on which *his* arms had so frequently reposed, sat the afflicted LIBBY. She had heard her paternal leave the house an hour before, and she had just heard the sound of his boots in the hall below as he returned; but she felt no desire to learn the reason thereof. Like her mother, she had seen the account of Mr. PETERS' arrest in the morning paper, and her bewilderment at the statement respecting the device used to entrap that persecuted youth by a Daughter of the South was only equalled by her grief at the unfortunate present predicament of her lover. So absorbed was she in her sorrows that she heard not the opening of the parlour-door below her, nor the sound of footsteps on the stairs:

'Miss ORDETH'

Was it a dream? The beautiful mourner turned quickly in the direction of the sound, and beheld the bodily presence of Mr. BOB PETERS, who

stood near the door with his shocking bad hat between his hands and an expression of stern reproach upon his countenance.

'BOB!—you here?' exclaimed the maiden, starting from her seat with a little shriek.

'Mr. PETERS, if you please, madame,' said the late captive, with much dignity. 'Owing to a great spread of Union sentiment in the bosom of your paternal relative, and his consequent representation in my behalf, I *am* here, to blast you with the sight of the innocence you have betrayed! I slipped up here to confront you, Madame,' observed Mr. PETERS, with some ease, of manner, 'while the old ones were packing the silver-plated spoons preparatory to a combined movement on the peaceful hamlet of Danville.'

'What do you mean, you ridiculous thing?' asked LIBBY, scarcely believing her own ears.

'That we must part,' returned Mr. PETERS, calmly straightening an angle in the rim of his hat. 'You named an hour for my nocturnal escape—quarter-past Twelve. I fled the Residence at that unseemly hour, though another maiden had previously invited me to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. I went, and walked straight into the arms of the unsleeping Southern Confederacy, who were inebriated at the time, and conducted me to the penal pork-packing establishment. Enough! we part. I go to Danville with you, but only as an ordinary acquaintance of chilling reserve.'

'Why BOB, what can you mean?' ejaculated LIBBY, to whom this remarkable speech was not particularly lucid; 'it was not my fault that you were taken. If you had gone at quarter-past Twelve,

as I told you, all would have been well. Oh, BOB, when JOCKO told me next morning that he had waited for you a whole hour in the hall in vain, and when ma and I found that you had really gone at the wrong time, I sat right down and cried my eyes out.'

'The wrong time!' exclaimed Mr. PETERS, striding suddenly towards the mirror; 'impossible! Observe this repeater of mine, which is a reliable time-piece. On the night in question this repeater was plainly before me, hanging on this gas-bracket, before this looking-glass. Here Mr. PETERS illustrated his assertion by suspending his watch from the bracket, under which it spun feebly for a moment. 'At the very instant of my waking from a temporary slumber I caught sight of this same repeater in the glass, and—why! what's this?'

In a moment every vestige of resentment had faded from the features of Mr. BOB PETERS, and he stood staring at the reflection of his watch in the glass with the look of a man in the last stage of wonder.

LIDBY timidly drew near and placed a hand on his arm.

'What's the matter, dear?'

'What time is it now by the repeater?' asked Mr. PETERS, excitedly, but without moving his eyes.

'Why, it's ten minutes past ten,' replied LIDBY, glancing at the face of the watch as it appeared in the mirror, and wondering what would come next.

'Look again!' thundered Mr. PETERS.

'Why,' repeated LIDBY, half-frightened, 'it's ten minutes past ten.'

Mr. BOB PETERS deliberately took down his watch, and pointed convulsively at its face with one finger. The time was ten minutes of ten!

Mr. PETERS' first act was to clasp the maiden to his bosom and kiss her unceremoniously. Then releasing her, he took two steps in a popular break-down, and burst into a stentorian peal of laughter.

'I shall have to call ya,' said poor LIDBY.

'Not a bit of it!' shouted BOB, ceasing his Terpsichoreanism for a moment; 'don't you see the joke? It's all in the looking-glass, my pet. When I thought it was a quarter-past twelve and fled the residence it was really a quarter of twelve—don't you see? The looking-glass reversed the hands on the watch!'

And so it was, *non ami*. Hold your own timepiece with its face to a mirror, and you will 'see the point.'

But what can excuse that General who, after lending the whole country to expect that he would take Richmond in time for me to conclude this picture of Southern life, as I originally planned to do, now changes his base of operation in a strategic manner, and introduces a fizzle into romantic literature—

Here Smith-Drown, who happened to be awake, coughed indignantly, my boy, and says he,

'The fault is not the General's, my friend. The Secretary of War is alone to blame for it. He has killed literature.'

How true was that speech, my boy. The Secretary is indeed responsible for this literary disaster, as well as for every thing else; and if he ever undertakes to stand on his own responsibility he will find plenty of room to move about.

Yours, droopingly,

ORPHEUS O. KERR,

THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

INTRODUCTION.



I HAVE heard, ere now, the works of James Russell Lowell, the successor of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow as Professor of the English Language and Literature in Harvard College, and who, as the author of the "Biglow Papers," has gained a world-wide reputation, compared with those of the late Mr. Justice Haliburton; and some persons whose conceit has exceeded their knowledge, have adjudged "Sam Slick" to be the better Yankee of the two. Than this, I apprehend there could scarcely be a grosser blunder. There is little if anything in common between Sam Slick and Hosea Biglow, or between the "Old Judge" and the Rev. Homer Wilbur. It should be remembered that Mr. Haliburton was not, after all, to the manner born. He was a Nova Scotian, a British North American, a "Blue nose," and a thorough going English

Tory to boot. He caught with infinitesimal tact and appreciation some of the most salient Yankee characteristics, and some of the most *outré* Yankee locutions; and with these, and an immensity of native humour and drollery, he was enabled to produce, in the "Clockmaker," one of the most diverting miscellanies in the English Language. But a thorough American can always see looming in the sallow countenance of the pseudo New Englander the cerulean proboscis of the Nova Scotian. His Yankeeisms were also mainly—I mean no pun—drawn from the State of Maine, the one most closely adjacent to the British maritime provinces in America; and, in a less restricted area of Yankee fun, the late Professor Aytoun, or Mr. Theodore Martin, in the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," showed an equally apt facility in imitation. Mr. Lowell is the Yankee *pur sang*—the bred and born New Englander; for a New Yorker, or a New Jerseyman, or a Pennsylvanian, is no more, in the right sense of the term, a Yankee, than a Manxman is a Liverpudlian, or a Cornishman a Northumbrian. New England has entered into Mr. Lowell's very soul. The scriptural phraseology, the nasal twang, the stiff-necked complacency, the iron will, the dogmatism and intolerance, and sincerity of the Pilgrim Fathers, are all latent in the "Biglow Papers,"

under a diaphanous veil of burlesque humour. You may see the writer is wearing a mask—albeit it is worn with infinite grace; for Mr. Lowell is terribly in earnest. Under the velvet glove is the strongest of iron hands. He is no mere sayer of funny things; no mere comic artist; but a keen and subtle wit, a trenchant and merciless satirist, and accomplished scholar, and, unhappily, a vehement and fanatical politician to boot. The “Biglow Papers”—some of the most prominent of which were written in ostensible denunciation of the Mexican war—had more to do with bringing about the Great Rebellion than most people fancy.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

64, GUILFORD STREET, RUSSELL SQUARE,

October, 1865.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

INTRODUCTION.

When, more than three years ago, my talented young parishioner, Mr. Biglow, came to me and submitted to my animadversions the first of his poems which he intended to commit to the more hazardous trial of a city newspaper, it never so much as entered my imagination to conceive that his productions would ever be gathered into a fair volume, and ushered into the august presence of the reading public by myself. So little are we short-sighted mortals able to predict the event! I confess that there is to me a quite new satisfaction in being associated (though only as sleeping partner) in a book which can stand by itself in an independent unity on the shelves of libraries. For there is always this drawback from the pleasure of printing a sermon, that, whereas the queasy stomach of this generation will not bear a discourse long enough to make a separate volume, those religious and godly-minded children (those Samuels, if I may call them so) of the brain must at first lie buried in an undistinguished heap, and then get such resurrection as is vouchsafed to them, mummy-wrapt with a score of others in a cheap binding, with no other mark of distinction than the word "*Miscellaneous*" printed upon the back. Far be it from me to claim any credit for the quite unexpected popularity which I am pleased to find these bucolic strains have attained unto. If I know myself, I am measurably free from the itch of vanity; yet if I may be allowed to say that I was not backward to recognize in them a certain

wild, puckery, acidulous (sometimes even verging toward that point which, in our rustic phrase, is termed *shut-eye*) flavour, not wholly unpleasing, nor unwholesome, to palates cloyed with the sugariness of tamed and cultivated fruit. It may be, also, that some touches of my own, here and there, may have led to their wider acceptance, albeit solely from my larger experience of literature and authorship.*

I was at first inclined to discourage Mr. Biglow's attempts, as knowing that the desire to poetize is one of the diseases naturally incident to adolescence, which, if the fitting remedies be not at once and with a bold hand applied, may become chronic, and render one, who might else have become in due time an ornament of the social circle, a painful object even to nearest friends and relatives. But thinking, on a further experience, that there was a germ of promise in him which required only culture and the pulling up of weeds from around it, I thought it best to set before him the acknowledged examples of English compositions in verse, and leave the rest to natural emulation. With this view, I accordingly lent him some volumes of Pope and Goldsmith, to the assiduous study of which he promised to devote his evenings. Not long afterward, he brought me some verses written upon that model, a specimen of which I subjoin, having changed some phrases of less elegance, and a few rhymes objectionable to the cultivated ear. The poem consisted of childish reminiscences; and the sketches which follow will not seem destitute of truth to those whose fortunate education began in a country village. And, first, let us hang up his charcoal portrait of the school-dame.

"Propt on the marsh, a dwelling now, I see
The humble school-house of my A, B, C,

* The reader curious in such matters may refer (if he can find them) to "A Sermon preached on the Anniversary of the Dark Day," "An Artillery Election Sermon," "A Discourse on the Late Eclipse," "Dorcas, a Funeral Sermon, on the Death of Madam Submit Tida, Relict of the late Experience Tida, Esq.," etc., etc.

INTRODUCTION.

Where well-drilled urchins, each behind his fire
Waited in ranks the wished command to fire,
Then altogether, when the signal came,
Discharged their *a-b abs* against the dame,
Who, 'mid the volleyed learning, firm and calm,
Patted the furloughed ferule off her palm,
And, to our wonder, could detect at once
Who flashed the pan, and who was downright dun

"There young Devotion learned to climb with ease
The gnarly limbs of Scripture family-trees,
And he was most commended and admired
Who soonest to the topmost twig perspired;
Each name was called as many various ways
As pleased the reader's ear on different days,
So that the weather, or the ferule's stings,
Colds in the head, or fifty other things,
Transformed the helpless Hebrew thrice a-week
To guttural Pequot or resounding Greek,
The vibrant accent skipping here and there,
Just as it pleased invention or despair;
No controversial Hebraist was the Dame;
With or without the points pleased her the same;
If any tyre found a name too tough,
And looked at her, pride furnished skill enough;
She nerved her *Pharynx* for the desperate thing,
And cleared the five-barred syllables at a spring.

"Ah, dear old times! there once it was my hap,
Perched on a stool, to wear the long-eared cap;
From books degraded, there I sat at ease,
A drone, the envy of compulsory bees."

I add only one further extract, which will possess a melancholy interest to all such as have endeavoured to glean the materials of Revolutionary history from the lips of aged persons, who took a part in the actual making of it, and, finding the manufacture profitable, continued the supply in an adequate proportion to the demand.

"Old Joe is gone, who saw hot Percy goad
His slow artillery up the Concord road."

A tale which grew in wonder year by year,
 As, every time he told it, Joe drew near
 To the main fight, till, faded and grown gray,
 The original scene to bolder tints gave way;
 Then Joe had heard the foe's scared double-quick
 Brat on stove drum with one uncaptured stick,
 And, ere death came the lengthening tale to lop,
 Himself had fired, and seen a red-coat drop;
 Had Joe lived long enough, that scrambling fight
 "Had squared more nearly to his sense of right,
 And vanquished Percy, to complete the tale,
 Had hammered stone for life in Concord jail."

I do not know that the foregoing extracts ought not to be called my own, rather than Mr. Biglow's, as, indeed, he maintained stoutly that my file had left nothing of his in them. I should not, perhaps, have felt entitled to take so great liberties with them, had I not more than suspected an hereditary vein of poetry in myself, a very near ancestor having written a Latin poem in the Harvard *Gratulation* on the accession of George the Third. Suffice it to say that, whether not satisfied with such limited approbation as I could conscientiously bestow, or from a sense of natural inaptitude, I know not, certain it is that my young friend could never be induced to any further essays in this kind. He affirmed that it was to him like writing in a foreign tongue—that Mr. Pope's versification was like the regular ticking of one of Willard's clocks, in which one could fancy, after long listening, a certain kind of rhythm or tune, but which yet was only a poverty-stricken *tick, tick*, after all—and that he had never seen a sweet-water on a trellis growing so fairly, or in forms so pleasing to his eye, as a fox-grape over a scrub-oak in a swamp. He added I know not what, to the effect that the sweet-water would only be the more disfigured by having its leaves starched and ironed out, and that Pegasus (so he called him) hardly looked right with his mane and tail in curl-papers. These and other such opinions I did not long strive to

eradicate, attributing them rather to a defective education and senses untuned by too long familiarity with purely natural objects, than to a perverted moral sense. I was the more inclined to this leniency since sufficient evidence was not to seek, that his verses, as wanting, as they certainly were in classic polish and point, had somehow taken hold of the public ear in a surprising manner. So, only setting him right as to the quantity of the proper name Pegasus, I left him to follow the bent of his natural genius.

There are two things upon which it would seem fitting to dilate somewhat more largely in this place—the Yankee character and the Yankee dialect. And; first, of the Yankee character, which has wanted neither open maligners, nor even more dangerous enemies in the persons of those unskilful painters who have given to it that hardness, angularity, and want of proper perspective, which, in truth, belonged, not to their subject, but to their own niggard and unskilful pencil.

New England was not so much the colony of a mother country, as a Harar driven forth into the wilderness. The little self-exiled band which came hither in 1620 came, not to seek gold, but to found a democracy. They came that they might have the privilege to work and pray, to sit upon hard benches and listen to painful preachers as long as they would, yea, even unto thirty-seventhly, if the Spirit so willed it. And surely, if the Greek might boast his Thermopylae, where three hundred men fell in resisting the Persian, we may well be proud of our Plymouth Rock, where a handful of men, women, and children not merely faced, but vanquished winter, famine, the wilderness, and the yet more invincible *storge* that drew them back to the green island far away. These found no lotus growing upon the surly shore, the taste of which could make them forget their little native Ithaca; nor were they so wanting to themselves in faith as to burn their ship; but could see the fair west wind belly the homeward sail.

and then turn unrepining to grapple with the terrible Unknean.

As Want was the prime foe these hardy exodists had to fortress themselves against, so it is little wonder if that traditional feud is long in wearing out of the stock. The wounds of the old warfare were long healing, and an east wind of hard times puts a new ache in every one of them. Thrift was the first lesson in their hornbook, pointed out, letter after letter, by the lean finger of the hard schoolmaster, Necessity. Neither were these plump, rosy-gilled Englishmen that came hither, but a hard-faced, atrabilious, earnest-eyed race, stiff from long wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and who had taught Satan to dread the new Puritan hug. Add two hundred years' influence of soil, climate, and exposure, with its necessary result of idiosyncrasies, and we have the present Yankee, full of expedients, half-master of all trades, inventive in all but the beautiful, full of shifts, not yet capable of comfort, armed at all points against the old enemy Hunger, longanimous, good at patching, not so careful for what is best as for what will *do*, with a clasp to his purse and a button to his pocket, not skilled to build against Time, as in old countries, but against sorepressing Need, accustomed to move the world with no *ποῦ στῶ* but his own two feet, and no lever but his own long forecast. A strange hybrid, indeed, did circumstance beget, here in the New World, upon the old Puritan stock, and the earth never before saw such mystic practicalism, such niggard geniality, such calculating fanaticism, such east-in enthusiasm, such unwilling humour, such close-fisted generosity. This new *Grazulus esuriens* will make a living out of anything. He will invent new trades as well as tools. His brain is his capital, and he will get education at all risks. Put him on Juan Fernandez, and he would make a spelling-book first and a salt-pan afterward. *In calum, jussuris, ibit*—or ~~the~~ other way either—it is all one, so anything is to be got by it. Yet, after all, thin, speculative Jonathan

is more like the Englishman of two centuries ago than John Bull himself is. He has lost somewhat in solidity, has become fluent and adaptable, but more of the original groundwork of character remains. He feels more at home with Fulke Greville, Herbert of Cherbury, Quarles, George Herbert, and Browne, than with his modern English cousins. He is nearer than John, by at least a hundred years, to Naseby, Marston Moor, Worcester, and the time when, if ever, there were true Englishmen. John Bull has suffered the idea of the Invisible to be very much fattened out of him. Jonathan is conscious still that he lives in the world of the Unseen as well as of the Seen. To move John you must make your fulcrum of solid beef and pudding; an abstract idea will do for Jonathan.

••• TO THE INDULGENT READER.

My friend, the Reverend Mr. Wilbur, having been seized with a dangerous fit of illness, before this Introduction had passed through the press, and being incapacitated for all literary exertion, sent to me his notes, memoranda, etc., and requested me to fashion them into some shape more fitting for the general eye. This, owing to the fragmentary and disjointed state of his manuscripts, I have felt wholly unable to do; yet, being unwilling that the reader should be deprived of such parts of his lucubrations as seemed more finished, and not well discerning how to segregate these from the rest, I have concluded to send them all to the press precisely as they are.

COLUMBUS NTE, *Pastor of a Church in Bangtown Corner.*

It remains to speak of the Yankee dialect. And, first, it may be premised, in a general way, that any one much read in the writings of the early colonists need not be told that the far greater share of the words and phrases now esteemed peculiar to New England, and local there, were brought from the mother-country. A person familiar with the dialect of certain portions of Massachusetts will not fail to recognize, in ordinary discourse, many words now noted in English vocabularies.

as archaic, the greater part of which were in common use about the time of the King James translation of the Bible. Shakspeare stands less in need of a glossary to most New Englanders than to many a native of the Old Country. The peculiarities of our speech, however, are rapidly wearing out. As there is no country where reading is so universal and newspapers are so multitudinous, so no phrase remains long local, but is transplanted in the mail-bags to every remotest corner of the land. Consequently our dialect approaches nearer to our *francité* than that of any other nation.

The English have complained of us for coining new words. Many of those so stigmatized were old ones by them forgotten, and all make now an unquestioned part of the currency wherever English is spoken. Undoubtedly we have a right to make new words, as they are needed by the fresh aspects under which life presents itself here in the New World; and, indeed, wherever a language is alive, it grows. It might be questioned whether we could not establish a stronger title to the ownership of the English tongue than the mother-landers themselves. Here, past all question, is to be its great home and centre. And not only is it already spoken here by great numbers, but with a far higher popular average of correctness, than in Britain. The great writers of it, too, we might claim as ours, were ownership to be settled by the number of readers and lovers.

As regards the provincialisms to be met with in this volume, I may say that the reader will not find one which is not (as I believe) either native or imported with the early settlers, nor one which I have not, with my own ears, heard in familiar use. In the metrical portion of the book, I have endeavoured to adapt the spelling as nearly as possible to the ordinary mode of pronunciation. Let the reader who deems me over particular remember this caution of Martial:—

*" Quem recitas, meus est, O Fulentina, libellus ;
Sed male eam recitas, incipit esse tuus."*

A few further explanatory remarks will not be impertinent.

I shall barely lay down a few general rules for the reader's guidance.

1. The genuine Yankee never gives the rough sound to the *r* when he can help it, and often displays considerable ingenuity in avoiding it even before a vowel.

2. He seldom sounds the final *g*, a piece of self-denial, if we consider his partiality for *na-als*. The same of the final *d*, as *hon'* and *stan'* for *hand* and *stand*.

3. The *h* in such words as *while*, *when*, *where*, he omits altogether.

4. In regard to *a*, he shows some inconsistency, sometimes giving a close and obscure sound, as *heo* for *have*, *hendy* for *handy*, *ez* for *as*, *thet* for *that*, and again giving it the broad sound it has in *fulker*, as *kánsome* for *handsome*.

5. To the sound *ou* he prefixes an *e* (hard to exemplify otherwise than orally).

The following passage in Shakspeare he would recite thus. —

" Neow is the winta uv eour discontent
Med glorious summa by this sun o' Yock,
An' all the clouds thet leowered upon eour heouse
In the deep buzzum o' the oshin buried ;
Neow air eour brews bound 'ith victorious wreaths,
Eour breused arms hung up fer monimunce ;
Eour sturn alarums chänged to meäry meetins,
Eour drille marches to delightful measures.
Grin-visaged war heth smeuthed his wrinkled front,
An' neow, instid o' mountin' barebid steeds
To fright the souls o' ferle edverseries,
He capers nimly in a lady's chämber,
To the lascivious pleasin' uv a loot."

6. As, in such words as *daughter* and *slaughter*, he pronounces *ah*.

7. To the dish thus seasoned add a drawl *ad libitum*.

[Mr. Wilbur's notes here become entirely fragmentary. C. N.]

α. Unable to procure a likeness of Mr. Biglow, I thought the curious reader might be gratified with a sight of the editorial effigies. And here a choice between two was offered—the one a profile (entirely black) cut by Doyle, the other a portrait painted by a native artist of much promise. The first of these seemed wanting in expression, and in the second a slight obliquity of the visual organs has been heightened (perhaps from an over-desire of force on the part of the artist) into too close an approach to actual *strabismus*. This slight divergence in my optical apparatus from the ordinary model—however I may have been taught to regard it in the light of a mercy rather than a cross, since it enabled me to give as much of directness and personal application to my discourses as met the wants of my congregation, without risk of offending any by being supposed to have him or her in my eye (as the saying is)—seemed yet to Mrs. Wilbur a sufficient objection to the engraving of the aforesaid painting. We read of many who either absolutely refused to allow the copying of their features, as especially did Plotinus and Agesilaus among the ancients, not to mention the more modern instances of Scioppius Palæottus, Pinellus, Velserus, Gataker, and others, or were indifferent thereto, as Cromwell.

β. Yet was Cæsar desirous of concealing his baldness. *Per contra*, my Lord Protector's carefulness in the matter of his wart might be cited. Men generally more desirous of being *improved* in their portraits than characters. Shall probably find very unflattered likenesses of ourselves in Recording Angel's gallery.

γ. Whether any of our national peculiarities may be traced to our use of stoves, as a certain closeness of the lips in pro-

nunciation, and a smothered smoulderingness of disposition, seldom roused to open flame? An unrestrained intercourse with fire probably conducive to generosity and hospitality of soul. Ancient Mexicans used stoves, as the friar Augustin Ruiz reports, Hakluyt, III., 468—but Popish priests not always reliable authority.

To-day picked my Isabella grapes. Crop injured by attacks of rose-bug in the spring. Whether Noah was justifiable in preserving this class of insects?

d. Concerning Mr. Biglow's pedigree. Tolerably certain that there was never a poet among his ancestors. An ordination hymn attributed to a maternal uncle, but perhaps a sort of production not demanding the creative faculty.

His grandfather a painter of the grandiose or Michael Angelo school. Seldom painted objects smaller than houses or barns, and these with uncommon expression.

e. Of the Wilburs no complete pedigree. The crest said to be a *wild boar*, whence, perhaps, the name (P). A connection with the Earls of Wilbraham (*quasi* wild boar ham) might be made out. This suggestion worth following up. In 1677 John W. m. Expect —, had issue, 1. John; 2. Haggai; 3. Expect; 4. Ruhamah; 5. Desire.

"Hear lyes y^e bodye of Mrs. Expect Wilber,
Y^e crewell saluages they kil'd her
Together wth other Christian soles ~~of~~ heaven,
October y^e ix daye, 1707.
Y^e stream of Jordan sh' as crost ore
And now expectts me on y^e other shore s.
I live in hope her soon to join;
Her earthlye yeeres were forty and nine."

From Gravestone in Pekussett, North Parish.

This is unquestionably the same John who afterward (1771) married Tabitha Hagg or Ragg.

But if this were the case, she seems to have died early ; for only three years after, namely 1714, we have evidence that he married Winifred, daughter of Lieutenant Tipping.

He seems to have been a man of substance, for we find him in 1696 conveying "one undivided eightieth part of a salt-meadow" in Yabbok, and he commanded a sloop in 1702.

Those who doubt the importance of genealogical studies *fuste potius quam argumento erudiendi*.

I trace him as far as 1729, and there lose him. In that year he was chosen selectman.

No gravestone. Perhaps overthrown when new hearse-house was built, 1802.

He was probably the son of John who came from Bilham Comit. Salop. circa 1612.

This first John was a man of considerable importance, being twice mentioned with the honourable prefix of *Mr.* in the town records. Name spelt with two *l*-s.

"Hear lyeth y^e bod [stone unhappily broken.]

Mr. Iben Willber [Esq.] [I inclose this in brackets as doubtful. To me it seems clear.]

Ob't die [illegible : looks like xviii.] ! . . iii. [prob. 1693.]

. paynt

. deceased scinte :

A friend and [fath]er untoe all all y^e opreast,

Hee gave y^e wicked familists noe reast,

When Sat[an] bljewe his Antinomian blaste,

Wee clong to [Willber as a stead]ust waste.

[A]gainst y^e horrid Qua[kers]"

It is greatly to be lamented that this curious epitaph is mutilated. It is said that the sacrilegious British soldiers made a target of this stone during the war of Independence. How odious an animosity which pauses not at the grave! How brutal that which spares not the monuments of authentic history! This is not improbably from the pen of Rev. Moody Pyram, who is mentioned by Hubbard as having been noted for a silver vein of poetry. If his papers be still extant, a copy might possibly be recovered.

No. 1.
A LETTER

FROM MR. EZEKIEL BIGLOW OF JAALAM TO THE HON. JOSEPH T.
BUCKINGHAM, EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COURIER, INCLOSING A
POEM OF HIS SON, MR. HOSEA BIGLOW.

JAYLEN, June 1846.

MISTER EDDYTER:—Our Hosea wuz down to Boston last week, and he see a cruetin Sargunt a struttin round as popler as a hen with 1 chicking, with 2 fellers a drummin and flin arter him like all nater. the sargunt he thout Hosea ledn't gut his i teeth cut cos he looked a kindo's though he'd jst com down, so he cal'lated to hook him in, but Hossy woodn't take none o' his sarse for all he hed much as 20 Rooster's tales stuck onto his hat and cenamost enuf brass a bobbin up 'and down on his shoulders and figured onto his coat and trousis, let alone wut nater hed sot in his fenters, to make a 6 pounder out on.

wal, Hosea he com home considerabal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I heern Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in fli-time. The old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zeckle, ses she, our Hossie's gut the chollery or sithin anuther ses she, don't you Bee skcered, ses I, he's ouey amakin pöttery* ses i, he's ollers on hand at that ore busynes lik Da & martin, and shure enuf, cum mornin, Hossy he cum down, stares full chizzle, hare on cend and cote tales flyin, and sol rife of to go reed his vorses to Parson Wilbur bein he haint avey grate shows o' book larnin himself, bimeby he cum back and sed the parson

* *Aut insani, aut versus facit.*—H. W.

wuz dresse tickled with 'em as I hoop you will Be, and said they wuz True grit.

Hosea ses taint hardly fair to call 'em hisn now, cos the parson kind o' slioked off sum o' the last vases, but he told Hosee he didn't want to put his ore in to tetch to the Rest on 'em, bein they wuz verry well As thay wuz, and then Hosity ses he sed sathin a nuther about Simplex Mundishes or sum sech feller, but I guess Hosea kind o' didn't hear him, for I never hearn o' nobody o' that name in this villadge, and I've lived hero man and boy 76 year cum next tater diggin, and thair aint no wheres a kitting spryer 'n I be.

If you print 'em I wish you'd jest let folks know who hosity's father is, cos my ant Keziah used to say it's nater to be curus ses she, she aint livin though and he's a likely kind o' lad.

EZEKIEL BIGLOW.

THRASH away, you'll hev to rattle
 On them kittle drums o' yourn—
 'Taint a knowin' kind o' 'attle
 Thet is ketched with mouldy corn;
 Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
 Let fòlks see how spry you be—
 Guess you'll toot till you are yellor
 'Fore you git ahoid o' me!

Thet air flag's a lcttle rotten,
 Hope it aint your Sunday's best;—
 Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
 To stuff out a sôger's chest:
 Since we farmers hev to pay fer't,
 Ef you must wear humps like these,
 Sposin' you shtould try salt hay fer't,
 It would du ez slick ez grease.

'T would n't suit them Southern fellers,
 They 're a dresfle graspin' s ef,
 We must ollers blow the bellers
 Wen they want their irons bet;
 May be it 's all right ez preachin',
 But *my* narves it kind o' grates,
 Wen I see the overreachin'
 O' them nigger-drivin' States.

Them thet rule us, them slave-traders,
 Haint they cut a thunderin' swartz,
 (Helped by Yankee renegaders)
 'Thru the vartu o' the North!
 We begin to think it 's water
 To take sarse an' not be riled;—
 Who 'd expect to see a fater
 All on eend at bein' biled?

Ez fer war, I call it murder—
 There you hev it plain an' flat;
 I don't want to go no farder
 Than my Testyment fer thet;
 God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
 It 's ez long ez it is broad,
 An' you 've gut to git up airly
 Ef you want to take in Goa

'Taint your oppyletts an' feathers
 Make the thing a grain more right;
 'Taint afofferin' your bell-wethers
 Will excuse ye in His sight;
 Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
 An' go stick a feller thru,
 Gav'ment aint to answer for it,
 God 'll send the bill to you.

Wut 's the use o' meetin'-goin'?

Every Sabbath, wet or dry,

Ef it 's right to go amowin'—

Feller-men like cuts an' rye?

I dunno but wut it 's pooty

Trainin' round in hobta'l coats—

Büt it 's curious Christian dooty

This ere cuttin' folks's throats.

They may talk o' Freedom's airy

Tell they 're pupple in the face—

It 's a grand gret cemetery

For the barthrights of our race;

They jest want this Californy

So 's to lug new slave-states in

To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,

An' to plunder ye like sin.

Aint it cute to see a Yankee

Take sech everlastin' pains

All to giv the Devil's thankee,

Helpin' on 'em wold their chains?

Wy, it's jest ez clear ez figgers,

Clear ez one an' one make two,

Chaps thot make black slaves o' niggers

Want to make wite slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the end I've come to

Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,

An' it makes a handy sum, ta,

Any gump could larn by heart;

Labourin' man an' labourin' woman

Hev one glory an' one shame,

Ev'y thin' thet 's done inhuman

Takes all on 'em the same.

'Taint by turnin' out to back folks

You 're agoin' to git your right,

Nor by lockin' down on black folks

Coz you 're put upon by wite;

Slavery aint o' nary colour;

'Taint the hide thet makes it wus,

All it keers fer in a feller

'S jest to make him fill its pus.

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye?

I expect you 'll hev to wait;

Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye

You 'll begin to kal'late;

'Spose the crows wun't fall to pickin'.

All the carkiss from your bones,

Coz you helped to give a lickin'

To them poor half-Spanish drones?

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy

Wether I'd be sech a goose

Ez to jine ye—guess you'd fancy

The eternal bung wuz loose!

She wants me fer home consumption,

Let alone the hay 's to mow—

Ef you 're arter folks o' gumption,

You 've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors that 's crowin

Like a cockerel three months old—

Don't ketch any on em' goin',

Though they be so blasted bold;

Aint they a prime set o' fellers?

'Fore they think on 't they will sprout

(Like a peach thet's got the yellers),

With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
Bigger pens to cram with slaves,
Help the men that 's ollers dealin'
Insults on your fathers' graves;
Help the strong to grind the feeble,
Help the many agin the few,
Help the men that call your people
Whitewashed slaves an' peddlin' crew!

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She 's akneelin' with the rest,
She, thet ough' to ha' clung fer ever
In her grand old eagle-nest;
She thet ough' to stand so fearless.
Wile the wracks are round her hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world!

Haint they sold your colored seamen?
Haint they made your env'ys wiz?
Wut 'll make ye act like freemen?
Wut 'll git your dander riz?
Come, I 'll tell ye wut I 'm thinkin'
Is our dooty in this fix,
They 'd ha' dono 't ez quick ez winkin'
In the days o' seventy-six.

Clang the bells in every steeplo,
Call all true men to disown
The tradooers of our people,
The enslavers o' their own;
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
Put the trumpet to her mouth,
Let her ring this messidge loudly
In the ears of all the South:—

"I'll return ye good for evil
 Much ez we frail mortils can,
 But I wun't go help the Devil,
 Makin' man the cus o' man;
 Call me coward, call me traiter,
 Jest ez suits your mean idees,—
 Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
 An' tho friend o' God an' Peace!"

Ef I'd my way I hed ruther
 We should go to work an' part—
 They take one way, we take t'other,—
 Guess it wouldn't break my heart;
 Men hed ough' to put asunder
 Them that God has noways jined;
 An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
 Ef there 's thousands o' my mind.

[The first recruiting sergeant on record I conceive to have been that individual who is mentioned in the Book of Job as *going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it*. Bishop Latimer will have him to have been a bishop, but to me that other calling would appear more congenial. The sect of Cainites is not yet extinct, who esteemed the first born of Adam to be the most worthy, not only because of that privilege of primogeniture, but inasmuch as he was able to overcome and slay his younger brother. That was a wise saying of the famous Marquis Pescara to the Papal Legate, that *it was impossible for men to serve Mars and Christ at the same time*. Yet in time past the profession of arms was judged to be *kar' koxh* that of a gentleman, nor does his opinion want for strenuous upholders even in our day. Must we suppose, then, that the profession of Christianity was only intended for laics, or, at best, to afford an opening for plebeian ambition? Or shall we hold with that nicely metaphysical Pomeranian, Captain Vratz, who was Count Königsmark's chief instrument in the murder of Mr. Thynne, that the Scheme of Salvation has been arranged with an especial eye to the necessities of the upper classes, and that "God would consider a gentleman, and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession he had placed him in"? It may be said of us all, *Exemplo plus quam ratione vivimus*.—H. W.]

No. III.

A LETTER

FROM MR. HOSEA BIGLOW TO THE HON. J. T. BUCKINGHAM, EDITOR OF
THE BOSTON COURIER, COVERING A LETTER FROM MR. B. SAWIN,
PRIVATE IN THE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

[THIS letter of Mr. Sawin's was not originally written in verse. Mr. Biglow, thinking it peculiarly susceptible of metrical adornment, translated it, so to speak, into his own vernacular tongue. This is not the time to consider the question, whether rhyme be a mode of expression natural to the human race. If leisure from other and more important avocations be granted, I will handle the matter more at large in an appendix to the present volume. In this place I will barely remark, that I have sometimes noticed in the unlanguage of prattlings of infants a fondness for alliteration, assonance, and even rhyme, in which natural predisposition we may trace the three degrees through which our Anglo-Saxon verse rose to its culmination in the poetry of Pope. I would not be understood as questioning in these remarks that pious theory which supposes that children, if left entirely to themselves, would naturally discourse in Hebrew. For this the authority of one experiment is claimed, and I could, with Sir Thomas Browne, desire its establishment, inasmuch as the acquirement of that sacred tongue would thereby be facilitated. I am aware that Herodotus states the conclusion of Psammetichus to have been in favor of a dialect of the Phrygian. But, beside the chance that a trial of this importance would hardly be blessed to a Pagan monarch whose only motive was curiosity, we have on the Hebrew side the comparatively recent investigation of James the Fourth of Scotland. I will add to this prefatory remark, that Mr. Sawin, though a native of Judah, has never been a stated attendant on the religious exercises of my congregation. I consider my humble efforts prospered in that not one of my sheep hath ever indured the wolf's clothing of war, save for the comparatively innocent diversion of a militia-training. Not that my flock are backward to undergo the hardships of *defensive* warfare. They serve cheerfully in the great army which fights even unto death *pro aris et foveis*, accoutred with the spade, the axe, the plane, the sledge, the spelling-book, and other such effectual weapons against want, and ignorance, and unthrift. I have taught them (under God) to esteem our human institutions as but tents of a night, to be stricken whenever Truth puts the bugle to her lips and sends a march to the heights of wider-viewed intelligence and more perfect organization.—H. W.]

MISTER BUCKINUM, the folerin Billet was writ hum by a Yung teller of our town that wuz cussed fool enuff to go atrotin inter Miss Cluff arter a Drum and sife. it ain't Nater for a feller to let on that he's sick o' any bizness that He went intu off his own free will and a Cord,* but I rather cal'late he's middlin tired o' voluntearin By this Time. I bleeve u may put dependants on his statemence. For I never heered nothin bad on him let Alone his having what Parson Wilbur cals a *ponyshony* for cocktales, and he ses it waz a soshiashun of idees sot him agoin arter the Crootin Sargient cos he wore a cocktale onto his hat.

his Folks gin the letter to me and i shew it to parson Wilbur and he ses it oughter B.e printed. send It to mister Buckinum, ses he, i don't ollers agree with him, ses he, but by Time,* ses he, I *du* like a feller that ain't a Feared.

I have intusspussed a Few reflekshuns heur and thair. We're kind o' prest with Hayin.

Ewers respectfly

HOSEA BIGLOW,

THIS kind o' sogerin' aint a mite like our October trainin',
A chap could clear right out from these ef 't only looked
like rainin'.

An' th' Cunnles, tu, could kiver up their shappoes with
bandanuers,

An' send the insines skootin' to th' bar-room with their
banners,

* In relation to this expression, I cannot but think that Mr. Biglow has been too hasty in attributing it to me. Though Time be a comparatively innocent personage to swear by, and though Longinus in his discourse *Depl' Vvovs* has commended timely oaths as not only a useful but sublime figure of speech, yet I have always kept my lips free from that obnoxious situation. *Odi profanum vulgus*, I hate your swearing and hectoring fellows.—H. W.

(Fear o' git'in' on, 'em spotted), an' a feller could cry quarter
 Ef he fired away his ramrod arter tu much rum an' water.
 R-ollect wat fun we had, you 'n I an' Ezzy Hollis,
 Up there to Waltham plain last fall, a-havin' the Cornwallis?
 This sort o' thing aint *jest* like thet,—I wish that I was
 funder,—†,
 Nimepunce a day fer killin' folks comes kind o' low fer
 murder,
 (Wy I 've worked out to slarterin' some fer Deacon Cephas
 Billins,
 An' in the hardest times there wuz I ollers tetched ten
 shillins.)
 There 's sutthin' gets into my throat thet makes it hard to
 swallow,
 It comes so nateral to think about a hempen collar;
 It 's glory,—but, in spite o' all my tryin' to git callous,
 I feel a kind o' in a cart, a-ridin' to the gallus.
 But wen it comes to *bein'* killed,—I tell yo I felt streaked
 The fust time ever I found out wy baggonets wuz peaked;
 Here's how it wuz: I started out to go to a fandango,
 The sentinul he ups an' sez, "Thet 's funder 'an you can go."
 "None o' your sarse," sez I; sez he, "Stau' back!" "Aint
 you a buster?"
 Sez I, "I'm up to all thet air, I guess I 've ben to muster;
 I know wy sentinuls air sot: you aint agoin' to eat us;
 Caleb haint no monopoly to court the seenoreetas;
 My folks to hum air figl ez good ez hisu be, by golly!"
 An' so ez I wuz goin' by, not thinkin' wut would folly,
 The everlastin' cus he stuck his one-pronged pitchfork in me
 An' made a hole right thru my close ez if-I wuz an in'my.

* I halt the Site of a feller with a muskit as I du pize But their is fun
 to a cornwallis I aint agoin' to deny it.—H. B.

† he means not quite so far I guess.—H. B.

Wal, it beats all how big I felt hoorawin' in olo Funnel
Wen Mister Bolles ha gin the sword to our Leftenant Cannle,
(It 's Mister Secondary Bolles,* thet writ the prizo peace
essay ;

Thet 's wy he did n't list himself along o' us, I dessay.)
An' Rantoul, tu, talked pooty loud, but don't put *his* foot in it,
Coz human life 's so sacred thet he 's principled agin' it,—
Though I myself can't rightly see it 's any wus achokin' on 'em
Than puttin' bullets thru their lights, or with a bagnet pokin'
on 'em ;

How dresle slick he reeled it off, (like Blitz at our lyceum
Ahaulin' ribbins from lus chops so quick you skeerely see 'em,)
About the Anglo-Saxon race (an' saxons would be handy
To du the buryin' down here upon the Rio Grandy),
About our patriotic pas an' our star-spangled banner,
Our country's bird alookin' on an' singin' out hosanner,
An' how he (Mister B. himself) wuz happy fer Ameriky,—
I felt, ez sister Patience sez, a leetle mite bistericky.
I felt, I swon, ez though it wuz a dresle kind o' privilege
Atrampin' round thru Boston streets among the gutter's
drivelage ;

I actilly thought it wuz a treat to hear a little drummin',
An' it did bonyfidy seem millanyum wuz acomin'
Wen all on us got suits (darned like them wore in the state
prison)
An' every feller felt ez though Mexico wuz hisn.†

* the ignerant creeter means Sekketary ; but he ollers stuck to his
books like cobbler's wax to an ile-stone.—H. B.

† it must be aloud that there's a streak o' nater in lovin' sho, but it
partinly is 1 of the curusest things in nater to see a respectable dri goods
dealer (derkon of a chutch mayby) a figgin' himself out in the Weigh they
du and struttin' round in the Regu a spin' his trowas and makin'et goods
of himself. Ef any thin 's foolisher and poorer dicklus than miluterry gloary
it is milishy gloary.—H. B.

This 'ere 's about the meanest place a skunk could wal diskiver

(Saltillo 's Mexican, I b'lieve, fer wut we call Salt-river).

The sort o' trash a feller gits to eat does beat all nater,
I'd give a year's pay fer 'a smell o' one good bluenose tater,
The country here thet Mister Bolles declared to be so charmin'
Throughout is swarmin' with the most alarmin' kind o' varmin'.

He talked about delishis froots, but then it wuz 'a wopper all,
The holl on't 's mud an' prickly-pears, with here an' there a chaparral;

You see a feller peekin' out, an', fust you know, a lariat
Is round your throat an' you a copse, 'fore you can say, "Wut air ye at?" *

You never see such darned gret bugs (it may not be irrelevant
To say I've seen a *scarabæus pilularius* † big ez a year old elephant,)

The rigiment come up one day in time to stop a red bug
From runnin' off with Cunule Wright,—'t wuz jest a common
cimex lectularius.

One night I started up on eend an' thought I wuz to hum agin,
I heern a horn, thinks I it 's Sol the fisherman hez com agin,
His bellowses is sound enough,—cz I'm a livin' creeter,
I felt a thing go thru my leg,—'t wuz nothin' more 'n a skeeter!

Then there's the yaller fever, tu, they call it here el vomito,—
(Come thet wun't du, you is derab there, I tell ye to le' go my toe!

* these fellers are verry propilly called Rank Horses, and the more tha kill the ranker and moje Herowlek tha bekum.—H. B.

† it was "tumblebug" as he Writ it, but the parson put the Latten inefid. I sed tother maid better meeter, but he said tha was eddykated peopl to Boston and tha would n't stan' it no how. idnow as tha wood and idnow as tha wood.—H. B.

My gracious! it's a scorpion thet's took a shine to play with 't,
 I dars n't skeer the tarnal thing fer fear he 'd run away with 't).
 Afore I come away from hum I hed a strong persuasion
 Thet Mexicans worn't human beans,*—an ourang outang
 nation,

A sort o' folks a chap could kill an' never dream on 't arter,
 No more 'n a feller'd dream o' pigs thet he hed³hed to slarter :
 I'd an ideo thet they were built arter the darkie fashion all,
 An' kickin colored folks about, you know, 's a kind o' national,
 But wen I jined I worn't so wise ez thet air queen o' Sheby,
 Fer, come to look at 'em, they ain't much diff'rent from wut
 we be,

An' here we air ascrugin' 'em out o' their own dominions,
 Ashelterin' 'em, ez Caleb sez, under our eagle's pinions,
 Wich means to take a feller up jest by the slack o' 's trowsis,
 An' walk him Spanish clean right out o' all his homes an'
 houses ;

Wal, it doos seem a curus way, but then hooraw fer Jackson!
 It must be right, fer Caleb sez it's reg'lar Anglo-Saxon.
 The Mex'cans don't fight fair, they say, they piz'n all the water,
 An' du amazin' lots o' things thet isn't what they ough' to ;
 Bein' they haint no lead, they make their bullets out o' copper,
 An' shoot the darned things at us, tu, wich Caleb sez aint
 proper ;

He sez they 'd ough' to stan' right up an' let us pop 'em fairly,
 (Guess wen he ketches 'em at thet he 'll hev to git up airly,)
 Thet our nation 's bigger 'n theirn an' so its rights air bigger,
 An' thet it's all to make 'em free thet we air pullin' trigger,
 Thet Anglo-Saxondom's ideo's abreakin' 'em to pieces,
 An' thet ideo 's thet every man doos jest wut he damn pleases ;
 Ef I don't make his meanin' clear, perhaps in some respec I can,
 I know thet "every man" don't mean a nigger or a Mexican ;

* he means human beans, that's wut he means. i spose he kinder
 thought the wuz human beans ware the Xisle Poles comes from.—H. B.

An' there's another thing I know, an' thet is, ef these creeturs,
 Thet stick an Anglosaxon mask onto State-prison feeturs,
 Should come to Jaalam Centre fer to argify an' spout on 't,
 The gals 'ould count the silver spoons the minnit they cleared
 out on 't.

This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable feetur,
 An' ef it worn't fer wakin' snakes, I'd home agin short meter;
 O, would n't I be off, quick time, ef 't worn't that I wuz sartin
 They'd let the daylight into me to pay me fer desartin!

I don't approve o' tellin' tales, but jest to you I may state
 Our ossifers aint wut they wuz afore they left the Bay-state;
 Then it wuz, "Mister Sawin, sir, you 'rè middlin' well now, be ye?
 Step up an' take a nipper, sir; I'm drestle glad to see ye;"
 But now it's "Ware's my eppylet? Here, Sawin, step an'
 fetch it!

An' mind your eye, be thund'rin' spry, or, damn ye, you shall
 ketch it!"

Wal, ez the Doctor sez, some pork will bile so, but by mighty,
 Ef I hed some on 'em to hum, I'd give 'em linkum vity,
 I'd play the rogue's march on their hides an' other music
 follerin'—

But I must close my letter here, for one on 'em 's a-hollerin',
 These Anglosaxon ossifers—wal, taint no use ajawin',
 I'm safe enlisted fer the war,

Yourn, BIRDOFREDOM SAWIN.

[Those have not been wanting (as, indeed, when hath Satan been to seek for attorneys?) who have maintained that our late inroad upon Mexico was undertaken, not so much for the avenging of any national quarrel, as for the spreading of free institutions and of Protestantism. *Capita viz duobus Antityris medenda!* Verily I admire that no pious sergeant among these new Crusaders beheld Martin Luther riding at the front of the host upon a tamed pontifical bulf, as, in that former invasion of Mexico, the valous Diaz (spawn though he were of the Scarlet Woman) was favoured with a vision of St. James of Compostella, skewering the infidels upon his apostolical lance. We read, also, that Richard of the lion heart, having gone to Palestine on a similar errand of mercy, was divinely encouraged to cut the throats of such Paynims as refused to swallow the bread of life

(doubtless that they might be thereafter incapacitated for swallowing the filthy gobbets of Mahound) by angels of heaven, who cried to the king and his knights—*Seigneurs, tuez ! tuez !* providentially using the French tongue, as being the only one understood by their auditors. This would argue for the pantoglottism of these celestial intelligences, while, on the other hand, the Devil, *teste* Cotton Mather, is unversed in certain of the Indian dialects. Yet must he be a semiologist the more expert, making himself intelligible to every people and kindred by signs ; no other discourse, indeed, being needful, than such as the mackerel-fisher holds with his finned quarry, who, if other bait be wanting, can, by a bare bit of white rag at the end of a string captivate those foolish fishes. Such piscatorial oratory is Satan cunning in. Before one he trails a hat and feather, or a bare feather without a hat ; before another, a Presidential chair, or a tides-waiter's stool, or a pulpit in the city, no matter what. To us, dangling there over our heads, they seem junkets dropped out of the seventh heaven, sops dipped in nectar, but once in our mouths, they are all one, bits of fuzzy cotton.

This, however, by the way. It is time now *revocare gradam*. While so many miracles of this sort, vouched by eyewitnesses, have encouraged the arms of Papiets, not to speak of those *Discepi* (whom we must conclude imps of the pit) who in dry times captained the pagan Roman soldiery, it is strange that our first American crusade was not in some such wise also signalized. Yet it is said that the Lord hath manifestly prospered our armies. This opens the question, whether, when our hands are strengthened to make great slaughter of our enemies, it be absolutely and demonstratively certain that this might is added to us from above, or whether some Potentate from an opposite quarter may not have a finger in it, as there are few pies into which his meddling digits are not thrust. Would the Sanctifier and Setter-apart of the seventh day have assisted in a victory gained on the Sabbath, as was one in the late war ? Or has that day become less an object of his especial care since the year 1837, when so manifest a providence occurred to Mr. William Trowbridge, in answer to whose prayers, when he and all on shipboard with him were starving, a dolphin was sent daily, "which was enough to serve 'em ; only on Saturdays they still caught a couple, and on the Lord's Days they could catch none at all ?" Haply they might have been permitted, by way of mortification, to take some few sculpins (those banes of the salt water angler), which unseemly fish would, moreover, have conveyed to them a symbolical reproof for their breach of the day, being known in the rude dialect of our mariners as *Cape Cod Clergymen*.

It has been a refreshment to many nice consciences to know that our Chief Magistrate would not regard with eyes of approval the (by many esteemed) sinful pastime of dancing, and I own myself to be so far of that mind, that I could not but set my face against this Mexican Polka, though

danced to the Presidential piping with a Gubernatorial ecceñ . the country should be seized with another such mania *de propagandæ fide*, I think it would be wise to fill our bombshells with alternate copies of the Cambridge Platform and the Thirty-nine Articles, which would produce a mixture of the highest explosive power, and to wrap every one of our cannon-balls in a leaf of the New Testament, the reading of which is denied to those who sit in the darkness of Popery, whose iron evangelists would thus be able to disseminate vital religion and Gospel truth in quarters inaccessible to the ordinary missionary. I have seen balls, unimpregnated with the more sublimated punctiliousness of Walton, secure powder, taking their unwary *siesta* beneath the lily-pads too nigh the surface, with a gun and small shot. Why not, then, since gunpowder was unknown to the Apostles (not to enter here upon the question whether it were discovered before that period by the Chinese), suit our metaphor to the age in which we live, and say *shooters* as well as *fishers of men*?

I do much fear that we shall be seized now and then with a Protestant fervour, as long as we have neighbour Naboths whose wallowings in Papiistical mire excite our horror in exact proportion to the size and desirableness of their vineyards. Yet I rejoice that some earnest Protestants have been made by this war,—I mean those who protested against it. Fewer they were than I could wish, for one might imagine America to have been colonized by a tribe of those nondescript African animals the Aye-Ayes, so difficult a word is *No* to us all. There is some malformation or defect of the vocal organs, which either prevents our uttering it at all, or gives it so thick a pronunciation as to be unintelligible. A mouth filled with the national pudding, or watering in expectation thereof, is wholly incompetent to this refractory monosyllable. An abject and herpetoid Public Opinion is the Pope, the Antichrist, for us to protest against *ecce de cordium*. And by what College of Cardinals is this our God's-vicar, our binder and looser, elected?—Very like, by the sacred conclave of Tag, Rag, and Hobtail, in the gracious atmosphere of the grog-shop. Yet it is of this that we must all be puppets. This thumps the pulpit-cushion, this guides the editor's pen, this wags the senator's tongue. This decides what Scriptures are canonical, and snuffles Christ away into the Apocrypha. According to that sentence fathered upon Solon, *Οὕτω δημόσιον κακὸν ἐρχεται ὁκάδ' ἐκαστῷ*. This unclean spirit is skilful to assume various shapes. I have known it to enter my own study and nudge my elbow *ô* a Saturday, under the semblance of a wealthy member of my congregation. It were a great blessing, if every particular of what in the sum we call popular sentiment could carry about the name of its manufacturer stamped legibly upon it. I gave a stab under the fifth rib to that pestilential fallacy,—“Our country, right or wrong,”—by tracing its original to a speech of Esquimaux at a dinner of the Bangs and Fencibles,—H. W.]

No. III.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

[A FEW remarks on the following verses will not be out of place. The satire in them was not meant to have any personal, but only a general application. Of the gentleman upon whose letter they were intended as a commentary Mr. Biglow had never heard, till he saw the letter itself. The position of the satirist is oftentimes one which he would not have chosen, had the election been left to himself. In attacking bad principles, he is obliged to select some individual who has made himself their exponent, and in whom they are impersonate to the end that what he says may not, through ambiguity, be despatched *tenues et acutas*. For what says Satan? *Longum iter per praecepta, brevis et effusus per exempla*. A bad principle is comparatively harmless while it continues to be an abstraction, nor can the general mind comprehend it fully till it is printed in that large type which all men can read at sight, namely, the life and character, the sayings and doings, of particular persons. It is one of the cunningest fetches of Satan, that he never exposes himself directly to our view, but, still dodging behind this neighbour or that acquaintance, compels us to wound him through them, if at all. He holds our affections as hostages, the while he patches up a truce with our conscience.

Meanwhile, let us not forget that the aim of the true satirist is not to be severe upon persons, but only upon *habits*; and, as Truth and Falsehood start from the same point, and sometimes even go along together for a little way, his business is to follow the path of the latter after it diverges, and to show her floundering in the bog at the end of it. Truth is quite beyond the reach of satire. There is so brave a stoutness in her, that she can no more be made ridiculous than an oak or a pine. The danger of the satirist is, that continual use may deaden his sensibility to the force of language. He becomes more and more liable to strike harder than he knows or intends. He may be careful to put on his boxing-gloves, and yet forget that, the older they grow, the more plainly may the knuckles inside be felt. Moreover, in the heat of contest, the eye is insensibly drawn to the crown of victory, whose tawdry tinsel glitters through that dust of the ring which obscures Truth's wreath of simple leaves. I have sometimes thought that my young friend, Mr. Biglow, needed a monetary hand laid on his arm—*aliquid suffraginandum erget*. I have never thought it good husbandry to water the tender plants of reform with *argus* pills, yet, where

so much is to do in the beds, he were a sorry gardener who should wage a whole day's war with an iron scruffle on those ill weeds that make the garden-walks of life unsightly, when a sprinkle of Attic salt will wither them up. *Est ars etiam maledicendi*, says Scaliger, and truly it is a hard thing to say where the graceful gentleness of the lamb merges in downright sheepishness. We may conclude with worthy and wise Dr. Fuller, that "one may be a lamb in private wrongs, but in hearing general affronts to goodness they are asses which are not lions."—H. W.]

GUVENER B. is a sensible man ;

He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks ;

He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,

An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes ;—

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My ! aint it terrible ? Wut shall we du ?

We can't never choose him, o' course,—thet 's flat
Guess we shall hev to come round (don't you ?)

An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that ;

Fer John P. ,

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

General C. is a drestle smart man :

He 's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf ;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—

He 's ben true to *one* party,—an' thet is himself ;

So John P.

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer General C.

General C. he goes in fer the war ;

He don't vally principle more 'n an old cud ;

Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,

By glory 'an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood ?

So John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez he shall vote fer Ginerat C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
 With good old ideas o' wut 's right an' wut aint,
 We kind o' thought Christ went agin war, an' pillage
 An' thet eppyletta worn't the best mark of a saint;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez this kind o' thing 's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
 An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country;
 An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
 Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry*;
 An' John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies;
 Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum*;
 An' thet all this big talk of our destipies
 Is half on it ignorance, an' t' other half rum;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez it aint no sech thing; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
 Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,
 An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
 To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
 But John P.
 Robm. on he
 Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've got folks to tell us
 'The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow,—
 God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
 To drive the world's team wen it gits in a slough ;
 Fer John P.,
 Robinson he
 Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee !

[The attentive reader will doubtless have perceived in the foregoing poem an allusion to that pernicious sentiment,—“Our country, right or wrong.” It is an abuse of language to call a certain portion of land, much more certain personages elevated for the time being to high station, our country. I would not sever nor loosen a single one of those ties by which we are united to the spot of our birth, nor diminish by a tittle the respect due to the Magistrate. I love our own Bay State too well to do the one, and as for the other, I have myself for nigh forty years exercised, however unworthily, the function of Justice of the Peace, having been called thereto by the unsolicited kindness of that most excellent man and upright patriot Caleb Strong. *Patrie fumus igne alieno luculentior* is best qualified with this,—*Ubi libertas, ibi patria*. We are inhabitants of two worlds, and owe a double, but not a divided allegiance. In virtue of our clay, this little ball of earth exacts a certain loyalty of us, while, in our capacity as spirits, we are admitted citizens of an invisible and holier fatherland. There is a patriotism of the soul whose claim absolves us from our other and terrene fealty. Our true country is that ideal realm which we represent to ourselves under the names of religion, duty, and the like. Our terrestrial organizations are but far-off approaches to so fair a model, and all they are verily traitors who resist not any attempt to divert them from this their original intentment. When, therefore, one would have us to fling up our caps and shout with the multitude,—“*Our country, however bounded!*” he demands of us that we sacrifice the larger to the less, the higher to the lower, and that we yield to the imaginary claims of a few acres of soil our duty and privilege as liegemen of Truth. Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west, by Justice, and when she oversteps that invisible boundary-line by so much as a hair's-breadth, she ceases to be our mother, and chooses rather to be looked upon *quasi nocera*. That is a hard choice, when our earthly love of country calls upon us to tread one path and our duty points us to another. We must make as noble and becoming an election as did Penelope between Icarus and Ulysses. Veiling our faces, we must take silently the hand of
 v to follow her.

Shortly after the publication of the foregoing poem, there appeared some comments upon it in one of the public prints which seemed to call for some animadversion. I accordingly addressed to Mr. Buckingham, of the Boston Courier, the following letter:—

"JALAN, November 4, 1847.

"To the Editor of the Courier :

"RESPECTED SIR,—Calling at the post-office this morning, our worthy and efficient postmaster offered for my perusal a paragraph in the Boston Morning Post of the third instant, wherein certain effusions of the pastoral muse are attributed to the pen of Mr. James Russell Lowell. For aught I know or can affirm to the contrary, this Mr. Lowell may be a very deserving person and a youth of parts (though I have seen verses of his which I could never rightly understand); and if he be such, he I am certain, as well as I, would be free from any proclivity to appropriate to himself whatever of credit (or dis-credit) may honestly belong to another. I am confident that, in penning these few lines, I am only forestalling a disclaimer from that young gentleman, whose silence hitherto, when rumour pointed to himward, has excited in my bosom mingled emotions of sorrow and surprise. Well may my young parishioner, Mr. Biglow, exclaim with the poet,—

"*Sic vos non vobis*," &c.;

though, in saying this, I would not convey the impression that he is a proficient in the Latin tongue,—the tongue, I might add, of a Horace and a Tully.

"Mr. B. does not employ his pen, I can safely say, for any lucre of worldly gain, or to be exalted by the carnal plaudits of men, *digito monstrari*, etc. He does not wait upon Providence for mercies, and in his heart mean *merces*. But I should esteem myself as verily deficient in my duty (who am his friend and in some unworthy sort his spiritual *fidus Achates*, etc.), if I did not step forward to claim for him whatever measure of applause might be assigned to him by the judicious.

"If this were a fitting occasion, I might venture here a brief dissertation touching the manner and kind of my young friend's poetry. But I dubitate whether this abstruse sort of speculation (though enlivened by some apposite instances from Aristophanes) would sufficiently interest your oppidan readers. As regards their satirical tone, and their plainness of speech, I will only say, that, in my pastoral experience, I have found that the Arch-Enemy loves nothing better than to be treated as a religious, moral, and intellectual being, and that there is no *apage Sathanas!* so potent as ridicule. But it is a kind of weapon that must have a button of good-nature on the point of it.

"The productions of Mr. B. have been stigmatized in some quarters as unpatriotic; but I can vouch that he loves his native soil with that hearty, though discriminating, attachment which springs from an intimate social intercourse of many years' standing. In the ploughing season, no one has a deeper share in the well-being of the country than he. If Deun Swift were right in saying that he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before confers a greater benefit on the state than he who taketh a city, Mr. B. might exhibit a fairer claim to the Presidency than General Scott himself. I think that some of those disinterested lovers of the hard-handed democracy, whose fingers have never touched anything rougher than the dollars of our common country, would hesitate to compare palms with him. It would do your heart good, respected Sir, to see that young man mow. He cuts a cleaner and wider sward than any in this town.

"But it is time for me to be at my Post. It is very clear that my young friend's shot has struck the lintel, for the Post is shaken (Amos ix. 1). The editor of that paper is a strenuous advocate of the Mexican war, and a colonel, as I am given to understand. I presume that, being necessarily absent in Mexico, he has left his journal in some less judicious hands. At any rate the Post has been too swift on this occasion. It could hardly have cited a more incontrovertible line from any poem than that which it has selected for animadversion, namely,—

'We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage.'

"If the Post maintains the converse of this proposition, it can hardly be considered as a safe guide-post for the moral and religious portions of its party, however many other excellent qualities of a post it may be blessed with. There is a sign in London on which is painted—'The Green Man.' It would do very well as a portrait of any individual who would support so unscriptural a thesis. As regards the language of the line in question, I am bo'd to say that He who readeth the hearts of men will not account any dialect unseemly which conveys a sound and pious sentiment. I could wish that such sentiments were more common, however uncouthly expressed. Saint Ambrose affirms, that *veritas a quoquoque* (why not, then, *quomodocumque*?) *dicatur, a spiritu sancto est*. Digest also this of Baxter:—'The plainest words are the most profitable oratory in the weightiest matters.'

"When the paragraph in question was shown to Mr. Biglow, the only part of it which seemed to give him any dissatisfaction was that which classed him with the Whig party. He says, that, if resolutions are a nourishing kind of diet, that party must be in a very hearty and flourishing condition; for that they have quickly eaten more good ones of their own baking than he could have conceived to be possible without repletion. He has been for some years past (I regret to say) an ardent opponent of

those sound doctrines of protective policy which form so prominent a portion of the creed of that party. I confess, that, in some discussions which I have had with him on this point in my study, he has displayed a vein of obstinacy which I had not hitherto detected in his composition. He is also (*horresco referens*) infected in no small measure with the peculiar notions of a print called the *Liberator*, whose heresies I take every proper opportunity of combatting, and of which, I thank God, I have never read a single line.

"I did not see Mr. B.'s verses until they appeared in print, and there is certainly one thing in them which I consider highly improper. I allude to the personal references to myself by name. To confer notoriety on an humble individual who is labouring quietly in his vocation, and who keeps his cloth as free as he can from the dust of the political arena (though *non mihi si non evangelizavero*), is no doubt an indecorum. The sentiments which he attributes to me, I will not deny to be mine. They were embodied, though in a different form, in a discourse preached upon the last day of public fasting, and were acceptable to my entire people (of whatever political views), except the postmaster, who dissented *ex officio*. I observe that you sometimes devote a portion of your paper to a religious summary. I should be well pleased to furnish a copy of my discourse for insertion in this department of your instructive journal. By omitting the advertisements, it might easily be got within the limits of a single number, and I venture to ensure you the sale of some scores of copies in this town. I will cheerfully render myself responsible for ten. It might possibly be advantageous to issue it as an *extra*. But perhaps you will not esteem it an object, and I will not press it. My offer does not spring from any weak desire of seeing my name in print; for I can enjoy this satisfaction at any time by turning to the Triennial Catalogue of the University, where it also possesses that added emphasis of italics with which those of my calling are distinguished.

"I would simply add, that I continue to fit ingenuous youth for college, and that I have two spacious and airy sleeping apartments at this moment unoccupied. *Ingenuas didicisse*, etc. Terms, which vary according to the circumstances of the parents, may be known on application to me by letter, post paid. In all cases the lad will be expected to fetch his own towels. This rule, Mrs. W. desires me to add, has no exceptions.

"Respectfully, your obedient servant,

"HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

"P.S.—Perhaps the last paragraph may look like an attempt to obtain the insertion of my circular gratuitously. If it should appear to you in that light, I desire that you would erase it, or charge for it at the usual rates, and deduct the amount from the proceeds in your hands from the

sale of my discourse, when it shall be printed. My circular is much longer and more explicit, and will be forwarded without charge to any who may desire it. It has been very neatly executed on a letter sheet, by a very deserving printer, who attends upon my ministry, and is a creditable specimen of the typographic art. "I have one hung over my mantelpiece in a neat frame, where it makes a beautiful and appropriate ornament, and balances the profile of Mrs. W., cut with her toes by the young lady born without arms."

"H. W."

I have in the foregoing letter mentioned General Scott in connection with the Presidency, because I have been given to understand that he has blown to pieces and otherwise caused to be destroyed more Mexicans than any other commander. His claim would therefore be deservedly considered the strongest. Until accurate returns of the Mexican killed, wounded, and maimed be obtained, it will be difficult to settle these nice points of precedence. Should it prove that any other officer has been more meritorious and destructive than General S., and has thereby rendered himself more worthy of the confidence and support of the conservative portion of our community, I shall cheerfully insert his name, instead of that of General S., in a future edition. It may be thought, likewise, that General S. has invalidated his claims by too much attention to the decencies of apparel, and the habits belonging to a gentleman. These abstruser points of statesmanship are beyond my scope. I wonder not that successful military achievement should attract the admiration of the multitude. Rather do I rejoice with wonder to behold how rapidly this sentiment is losing its hold upon the popular mind. It is related of Thomas Warton, the second of that honoured name who held the office of Poetry Professor at Oxford, that, when one wished to find him, being abscondered, as was his wont, in some obscure alchouse, he was counselled to traverse the city with a drum and fife, the sound of which inspiring music would be sure to draw the doctor from his retirement into the street. We are all more or less bitten with this martial insanity. *Nescio quid dulcedine cupetos ducit.* I confess to some infection of that itch myself. When I see a Brigadier-General maintaining his insecure elevation in the saddle under the severe fire of the training-field, and when I remember that some military enthusiasts, through haste, inexperience, or an over-desire to lend reality to those fictitious combats, will sometimes discharge their ramrods, I cannot but admire, while I deplore, the mistaken devotion of those heroic officers. *Semel insanivimus omnes.* I was myself, during the late war with Great Britain, chaplain of a regiment which was fortunately never called to active military duty. I mention this circumstance with regret rather than pride. Had I been summoned to actual warfare, I trust that I might have been strengthened to bear myself after the manner of that reverend father in our New England Israel, Dr. Benjamin Colman, who, as we are told in Turell's

life of him, when the vessel in which he had taken passage for England was attacked by a French privateer, "fought like a philosopher and a Christian, and prayed all the while he charged and fired." As this note is already long, I shall not here enter upon a discussion of the question, whether Christians may lawfully be soldiers. I think it sufficiently evident, that, during the first two centuries of the Christian era, at least, the two professions were esteemed incompatible. Consult Jordan on this head.—
H. W.] 2.

No. IV.

REMARKS OF INCREASE D. O'PHAOE, ESQUIRE, AT AN EXTRUMPETRY CAUCUS
IN STATE STREET, REPORTED BY MR. H. BIGLOW.

[THE ingenious reader will at once understand that no such speech as the following was ever *totidem verbis* pronounced. But there are simpler and less guarded wits, for the satisfying of which such an explanation may be needful. For there are certain invisible lines, which as Truth successively over-passes, she becomes Untruth to one and another of us, as a large river, flowing from one kingdom into another, sometimes takes a new name, albeit the waters undergo no change, how small soever. There is, moreover, a truth of fiction more veracious than the truth of fact, as that of the Poet, which represents to us things and events as they ought to be, rather than servilely copies them as they are imperfectly imaged in the crooked and smoky glass of our mundane affairs. It is this which makes the speech of Antonius, though originally spoken in no wider a forum than the brain of Shakespeare, more historically valuable than that other which Appian has reported, by as much as the understanding of the Englishman was more comprehensive than that of the Alexandrian. Mr. Biglow, in the present instance, has only made use of a licence assumed by all the historians of antiquity, who put into the mouths of various characters such words as seem to them most fitting to the occasion and to the speaker. If it be objected that no such oration could ever have been delivered, I answer, that there are few assemblies for speech-making which do not better deserve the title of *Parliamentum Indocorum* than did the sixth Parliament of Henry the Fourth, and that men still continue to have as much faith in the Oracle of Fools as ever Pantagruel had. Howell, in his letters, recounts a merry tale of a certain ambassador of Queen Elizabeth, who, having written two letters, one to her Majesty and the other to his wife, directed them at cross-purposes, so that the Queen was beduoked and bedeaded and requested to send a change of hose, and the wife was beprincessed and otherwise unwontedly besuperlatived, till the one feared for the wits of her ambassador, the other for those of her husband. In like manner it may be presumed that our speaker has misdirected some of his thoughts, and given to the whole theatre what he would have wished to confine only to a select auditory at the back of the curtain. For it is seldom that we can get any frank utterance from men, who address, for the most part, a Buncombe either in

this world or the next. As for their audiences, it may be truly said of our people, that they enjoy one political institution in common with the ancient Athenians: I mean a certain profitless kind of *ostracism*, wherewith, nevertheless, they seem hitherto well enough content. For in Presidential elections, and other affairs of the sort, whereas I observe that the *oysters* fall to the lot of comparatively few, the *shells* (such as the privileges of voting as they are told to do by the *ostrivori* aforesaid, and of huzzaing at public meetings) are very liberally distributed among the people, as being their prescriptive and quite sufficient portion.

The occasion of the speech is supposed to be Mr. Palfrey's refusal to vote for the Whig candidate for the Speakership.—H.W.]

No? Hez he? He haint, though? Wut? Voted agin-
him?

Ef the bird of our country could ketch him, she'd skin him.
I seem 's though I see her, with wrath in each quill,
Like a chancery lawyer, afillin' her bill,
An' grindin' her talents ez sharp ez all nater,
To pounce like a writ on the back o' the traitor.
Forgive me, my friends, ef I seem to be het,
But a crisis like this must with vigor be met;
Wen an Arnold the star-spangled banner bestains,
Holl Fourth o' July's seem to bile in my veins.

Who ever 'd 'ha' thought sech a poisonous rig
Would be run by a chap thet wuz chose fer a Wig?
"We knowed wut his principles wuz 'fore we sent him"?
Wut wuz ther in them from this vote to pervent him?
A marciful Providunce fashioned us holler
O' purpose thet we might our principles swaller;
It can hold any quantity on 'em, the belly can,
An' bring 'em up ready fer use like the pelican,
Or more like the kangaroo, who (wich 'is stranger)
Puts her family into her pouch wen there 's danger.
Aint principle precious? then, who 's goin' to use it -
Wen there's resk o' some chap's gittin' up to abuse it?

I can't tell the wy on't, but nothin' is so sure
 Ez that principle kind o' gits spiled by exposure;*
 A man that lets all sorts o' folks git a sight on't
 Ough' to hev it all took right away, every mite on't;
 Ef he can't keep it all to himself wen it's wise to,
 e aint one it's fit to trust nothin' so nice to.

Besides, there's a wonderful power in latitude,
 To shift a man's morril relations an' attitude;
 Some flos-ifers think thet a fakkilty's granted
 The minnit it's proved to be thoroughly wanted,
 Thet a change o' demand makes a change o' condition,
 An' thet everythin' is nothin' except by position;
 Ez, fer instance, thet rubber-trees fust begun bearin'
 Wen p'tickle counshances come into wearin',—
 Thet the fears o' a moukey, whose holt chanced to fail,
 Drawed the vertibry out to a prehensile tail;
 So, wen one's chose to Congriss, ez soon ez he's in it,
 A collar grows right round his neck in a minnit,
 An' sartin it is thet a man cannot be strict
 In bein' himself, wen he gits to the Deestriect,
 Fer a coat that sets wal here in ole Massachusetts,
 Wen it gits on to Washinton, somehow askew sets.

Resolves, do you say, o' the Springfield Convention?
 Thet's percisely the pint I was goin' to mention;

* The speaker is of a different mind from Tully, who, in his recently discovered tractate *De Republica*, tells us, *Nec vero habere virtutem saties est, quasi artem aliquam nisi utare*, and from our Milton, who says, "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat."—*Areop.* He had taken the words out of the Roman's mouth, without knowing it, and might well exclaim with Austin (if a saint's name may stand sponsor for a curse), *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint!*—H. W.

Resolves air the thing we most gen'ally keep ill,
 They 're a cheap kind o' dust fer the eyes o' the people;
 A parcel o' delligits jest git together
 An' chat fer a spell o' the crops an' the weather,
 Then, comin' to order, they squabble awhile,
 An' let off the speeches they 're ferful 'll'spule; [tory;
 Then—Resolve,—That we wunt hev an 'inch o' slave terri-
 That President Polk's holl perceedius air very tory;
 That the war's a damned war, an' them that enlist in it
 Should hev a cravat with a dresse tight twist in it;
 Thet the war is a war for the spreadin' o' slavery;
 That our army desaves our best thanks fer their bravery;
 That we 're the original friends o' the nation,
 All the rest air a paltry an' base fabrication;
 Thet we highly respect Messrs. A, B, an' C,
 An' ez deeply despise Messrs. E, F, an' G,
 In this way they go to the end o' the chapter,
 An' then they bust out in a kind of a raptur
 About their own vartoo, an' folks's stone-blindness
 To the men thet 'ould actilly do 'em a kindness,—
 The American Eagle, the Pilgrims that landed,
 Tili on ole Plymouth Rock they git finally stranded.
 Wal, the people they listen and say, "Thet's the ticket;
 Ez fer Mexico, t'aint no great glory to lick it,
 But 't would be a darned shame to go pullin' o' triggers
 To extend the aree of abu-in' the niggers."
 So they march in percessions, an' git up hooraws,
 An' tramp thru the mud for the good o' the cause,
 An' think they're a kind o' fulfillin' the prophecies,
 Wen they're ou'y jest changin' the holders of offices!
 Ware A sot afore, B is comf'tably seated,
 One humbug's victor'ous, an' t' other defeated.
 Each hounable doughface gits jest wut he axes,
 An' the people—their annuol soft sodden an' taxes.

Now, to keep unimpaired all these glorious features
 Thet characterize moril an' reasonin' creeturs,
 Th t give every paytriot all he can cram,
 Thet oust the untru-sworthy Presidunt Flam,
 And stick honest Presid^{nt} Sham in his place,
 To the manifest gain' o' the holl human race,
 An' to some indervidgewals on't in partickler,
 Who love Public Opin^{ion} and know how to tickle her,—
 I say that a party with great aims like these,
 Must stick jest ez close ez a hive full o' bees.

I 'm willin' a man should go tollable strong
 Agin wrong in the abstract, fer thet kind o' wrong
 Is ollers unpop'lar an' never gits pitied,
 Because it's a crime no one never committed;
 But he mus' n't be hard on partickler sins,
 Coz then he'll be kickin' the people's own shins;
 On'y look at the Demmercrats, see wut they've dono
 Jes simply by stickin' together like fun;
 They've sucked us right into a mis'able war,
 Thet no one on airth aint responsible for;
 They've run us a hundred cool millions in debt,
 (An' fer Demmercrat Horners ther 's good plums left yet);
 They talk agin tayriffs, but act for a high one,
 An' so coax all parties to build up their Zion;
 To the people they're ollers ez slick ez molasses,
 An' butter their bread on both sides with The Masses;
 Half o' whom they've persuaded, by way of a joke,
 Thet Washinton's mantelpiece fell upon Polk.

Now all o' these blessins the Wigs might enjoy,
 Ef they'd gumption enough the right means to imploy;*

* That was a pithy saying of Persius, and fits our politicians without a wrinkle, *Magister artis, ingenique largitor venter*.—H. W.

Fer the silver spoon born in Dermocracy's mouth
 Is a kind of a sringe that they hev to the South ;
 Their masters can cuss 'em an' kick 'em an' wale 'em,
 An' they notice it less 'an the ass did to Balaam ;
 In this way they screw into second-rate offices,
 Wich the slaveholder thinks 'ould substract too much off 't a
 case ;

The file-leaders, I mean, du, for they, by their wiles,
 Unlike the old viper, grow fat on their files.
 Wal, the Wigs hev been tryin' to grab all this prey frum 'em,
 An' to hook this nice spoon o' good fortin' away frum 'em.
 An' they might ha' succeeded, ez likely ez not,
 In lickin' the Demmercrats all round the lot,
 Ef it warn't thet, wile all faithful Wigs were their knees on,
 Some stuffy old codger would holler out,—“ Treason !
 You must keep a sharp eye on a dog that hez bit you once,
 An' I aint agoin' to cheat my constitoots,”—
 Wen every fool knows thet a man represents
 Not the fellers that sent him, but them on the fence,—
 Impartially ready to jump either side
 An' make the fust use of a turn o' the tide,—
 The waiters on Providence here in the city,
 Who compose wut they call a State Centerl Committy.
 Constitoots air hendy to help a man in,
 But arterwards don't weigh the heft of a pin.
 Wy, the people can't all live on Uncle Sam's pus,
 So they 've nothin' to du with 't fer better or wus ;
 It's the folks that air kind o' brought up to depend on 't
 Thet hev any consarn'in 't, an' thet is the end on 't.

Now here wuz New England ahevin' the honor
 Of a chance at the Speakership showered upon her ;—
 Do you say,—“ She don't want no more Speakers, but fewer ;
 She 's had plenty o' them, wut she wants is a *stronger* ? ”

Fer the matter o' thet, it's notorous in town
 Thet her own representatives du her quite brown.
 But thet's nothin' to du with it: wut right hed Palfrey
 To mix himself up with fanatical small fry?
 Warn't we gittin' on prime with our hot and cold blowin',
 A condemnin' the war wilst we kep' it agoin'?
 We'd assumed with gret skil a commandin' position,
 On this side or thet, no one couldn't tell wich one.
 So, wutever side whipped, we'd a chance at the plunder,
 An' could sue for infr'ingin' our paytented thunder;
 We were ready to vote fer whoever wuz eligibler,
 Ef on all pints at issoo he'd stay unintelligible.
 Wal, sposin' we hed to gulp down our perfessions,
 We were ready to come out next mornin' with fresh ones;
 Besides, ef we did, 't was our business alone,
 Fer could n't we du wut we would with our own?
 An' ef a man can, wen pervisions hev r'z so,
 Eat up his own words, it's a marcy it is so.
 Wy, these chaps frum the North, with back-bones to 'em,
 darn 'em,
 'Ould be wuth more 'un Gennle Tom Thumb is to Barnum;
 Ther's enough thet to office on this very plan grow,
 By exhibitin' how very small a man can grow;
 But an M. C.* from here ollers hastens to state he
 Belongs to the order called invertibraty.
 Wence some gret filologists judge primy fashy
 Thet M. C. is M. T. by paronomashy;
 An' these few exceptions air *loosus naytury*
 Folks 'ould put down their quarters to stare at, like fury.
 It's no use to open the doer o' success,
 Ef a member can bolt so fer nothin' or less;
 Wy, all o' them grand constitootional pillers
 Our four fathers fetched with 'em over the billers,

* Member of Congress.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

Them pillers the people so soundly hev slept on,
 Wile to slav'ry, invasion, an' debt they were swept on,
 Wile our Destiny higher an' higher kep' mountin',
 (Though I guess folks 'll stare wen she lends her account in.)
 Ef members in this way go kickin agin 'em,
 They wunt hev so much ez a feather left in 'em.

An', ez fer this Palfrey,* we thought wen we'd gut him in,
 He 'd go kindly in wutever harness we put him in;
 Supposin' we *did* know that he wuz a peace man?
 Docs he think he can be Uncle Sam^{well}'s policeman,
 An' wen Sam gits tipsy an' kiel's up a riot,
 • Lead him off to the lockup to snooze till he's quiet?
 Wy, the war is a war thet true patriots can bear, ef
 It leads to the fat promised land of a tayriff;
We don't go an' fight it, nor aint to be driv on,
 Nor Demmercrats nuther, thet hev wut to live on;
 Ef it aint jest the thing thet's well plessin' to God,
 It makes us thought highly on elsewhere abroad;
 The Rooshian black eagle looks blue in his erie,
 An' shakes both his heads when he hears o' Montecery;
 In the Tower Victory† sets, all of a fluster,
 An' reads, with locked doors, how we won° Cherry Buster
 An' old Philip Lewt^s—that come an' kep school here,‡
 Fer the mere sake o' scorin' his ryalist ruler
 On the tenderest part of our kings *in futuro*—
 Hides his crown underneath an old shut in his bureau,
 Breaks off in his brags to a suckle o' merry kings,
 How he often hed hided young native Amerrikins,

* There is truth yet in this of Juvenal—

“Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.”

Queen Victoria.

‡ Louis Philippe in early life kept a small school in Louisiana.

An' turnin' quite faint in the midst of his fooleries,
 Sneaks down stairs to bolt the front door-o' the Tooleries.*

You say—"We'd ha' scack'd 'em by growin' in peace,
 A plaguy sight more then by bobberies like these?"
 Who is it dares say that "our naytional eagle
 Wun't much longer be classed with the birds thet air regal,
 'Cuz theirn be hooked beaks, an' she, arter this slaughter,
 'I'll bring back a bill ten times longer'n she ough' to?"
 Wut's your name? Come, I see ye, you up-country feller,
 You've put me out severil times with your beller;
 Out with it! Wut? Biglow? I say nothin' farder,
 That feller would like nothin' better'n murder;
 He's a traiter, blasphemor, an' what rather worse is,
 He puts all his ath'ism in dresse bad verses;
 Socity aint safe till seeh monster's air out on it,
 Refer to the Post, ef you hev the least doubt on it;
 Wy, he goes agin war, again indirect taxes,
 Agin sellin' wild lands 'cept to settlers with axes,

*[Jortin is willing to allow of other miracles besides those recorded in Holy Writ, and why not of other prophecies? It is granting too much to Satan to suppose him, as divers of the learned have done, the inspirer of the ancient oracles. Wiser, I esteem it, to give chance the credit of the successful ones. What is said here of Louis Philippe was verified in some of its minute particulars within a few months' time. Enough to have made the fortune of Delphi or Hammon, and no thanks to Beelzebub neither! That of Senecewin Medea will suit here:—

"Rápida fortuna ac levis,
 Præcepsque regno eripuit, exilio dedit."

Let us allow, even to richly deserved misfortune, our commiseration, and be not over-hasty meanwhile in our censure of the French people left for the first time to govern themselves, remembering that wise sentence of Æschylus,—

"Ἄταρ δὲ τῶνδε βῆσις ἐς νέον κατὰ."

H. W.]

Agin holdin' o' slaves, though he knows it's the corner
 Our libbatty rests on, the mis'able scorner !
 In short, he would wholly upset with his ravages *
 All thet keeps us above the brute critters an' savages,
 An' pitch into all kinds o' briles an' confusions
 The holl of our civilized, free institutions ;
 He writes fer thet rather unsafe print, the *Courier*,
 An' likely ez not hez a squintin' to *Foorier*.
 I'll be —, thet is, I mean I'll be blest,
 Ef I hark to a word frum so noted a pest ;
 I shan't talk with *him*, my religion's too fervent.—
 Good mornin', my friends, I'm your most humble servant.

[Into the question, whether the ability to express ourselves in articulate language has been productive of more good or evil, I shall not here enter at large. The two faculties of speech and of speech-making are wholly diverse in their natures. By the first we make ourselves intelligible, by the last unintelligible, to our fellows. It has not seldom occurred to me (noting how in our national legislature everything runs to talk, as lettuces, if the season or the soil be unpropitious, shoot up lankly to seed, instead of forming handsome heads) that Babel was the first Congress, the earliest mill erected for the manufacture of gabble. In these days, what with Town Meetings, School Committees, Boards (lumber) of one kind and another, Congresses, Parliaments, Diets, Indian Councils, Palavers and the like, there is scarce a village which has not its factories of this description driven by (milk-and-) water power. I cannot conceive the confusion of tongues to have been the curse of Babel, since I esteem my ignorance of other languages as a kind of Mariello-tower, in which I am safe from the furious bombardments of foreign garrulity. For this reason I have ever preferred the study of the dead languages, those primitive formations being *Aruents* upon whose silent peaks I sit secure, and watch this new deluge without fear, though it rain figures (*simulacra*, semblances) of speech forty days and nights together, as it not uncommonly happens. Thus is my coat, as it were, without buttons by which any but a vernacular wild boro can seize me. Is it not possible that the Shakers may intend to convey a quiet reproof and hint, in fastening their outer garments with hooks and eyes ?

This reflection concerning Babel, which I find in no Commentary, was first thrown upon my mind when an excellent deacon of my congregation (being infected with the Second Advent delusion) assured me that he had,

received a first instalment of the gift of tongues as a small earnest of larger possessions in the like kind to follow. For, of a truth, I could not reconcile it with my ideas of the Divine justice and mercy that the single wall which protected people of other languages from the incursions of this otherwise well-meaning propagandist should be broken down.

In reading Congressional debates, I have fancied that, after the subsidence of those painful buzzings in the brain which result from such exercises, I detected a slender residuum of valuable information. I made the discovery that *nothing* takes longer in the saying than anything else, for, as *ex nihilo nihil fit*, so from one polyplus *nothing* any number of similar ones may be produced. I would recommend to the attention of *word-voc* debaters and controver-sialists the admirable example of the monk Copres, who, in the fourth century, stood for half an hour in the midst of a great fire, and thereby silenced a Manichean antagonist who had less of the salamander in him. As for those who quarrel in print, I have no concern with them here, since the eyelids are a Divinely-granted shield against all such. Moreover, I have observed in many modern books that the printed portion is becoming gradually smaller, and the number of blank, or fly-leaves (as they are called) greater. Should this fortunate tendency of literature continue, books will grow more valuable from year to year, and the whole Serbonian bog yield to the advances of firm arable land.

I have wondered in the Representatives' Chamber of our own Commonwealth, to mark how little impression seemed to be produced by that emblematic fish suspended over the heads of the members. Our wiser ancestors, no doubt, hung it there as being the animal which the Pythagoreans revered for its silence, and which certainly in that particular does not so well merit the epithet *cold-blooded*, by which naturalists distinguish it, as certain bipeds, afflicted with ditch-water on the brain, who take occasion to tap themselves in Fanueil Halls, meeting-houses and other places of public resort.—H. W.]

No. V. •

THE DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

NOT TO A NURSERY RHYME.

[The incident which gave rise to the debate satirized in the following verses was the unsuccessful attempt of Drayton and Sayres to give freedom to seventy men and women, fellow-beings and fellow-Christians. Huel Tripoli, instead of Washington, been the scene of this undertaking, the unhappy leaders in it would have been as secure of the theoretic as they now are of the practical part of martyrdom. I question whether the Dey of Tripoli is blessed with a District Attorney so benighted as ours at the seat of government. Very fitly is he named Key, who would allow himself to be made the instrument of locking the door of hope against sufferers in such a cause. Not all the waters of the ocean can cleanse the vile smutch of the jailer's fingers from off that little Key. *Athena clavis*, a brazen Key indeed !

Mr. Calhoun, who is made the chief speaker in this burlesque, seems to think that the light of the nineteenth century is to be put out as soon as he tinkles his little cow-bell curfew. Whenever slavery is touched he sets up his scarecrow of dissolving the Union. This may do for the North, but I should conjecture that something more than a pump-kin lantern is required to scare manifest and irretrievable Destiny out of her path. Mr. Calhoun cannot let go the apron-string of the Past. The Past is a good nurse, but we must be weaned from her sooner or later, even though, like Plotinus, we should run home from school to ask the by-gone, after we are tolerably well-grown youths. It will not do for us to hide our faces in her lap, whenever the strange Future holds out her arms and asks us to come to her.

But we are all alike. We have all heard it said, often enough, that little boys must not play with fire ; and yet, if the matches be taken away from us and put out of reach upon the shelf, we must needs get into our little corner, and scowl and stamp and threaten the dire revenge of going to bed without our supper. The world shall stop till we get our dangerous plaything again. Dame Earth, meanwhile, who has more than enough household matters to mind, goes bustling hither and thither as aches or a sputter tells her that this or that kettle of hers is boiling over, and before

bedtime we are glad to eat our porridge cold, and gulp down our dignity along with it.

Mr. Calhoun has somehow acquired the name of a great statesman, and, if it be great statesmanship to put lance in rest and run a tilt at the Spirit of the Age with the certainty of being next moment hurled neck and heels into the dust amid universal laughter, he deserves the title. He is the Sir Kay of our modern chivalry. He *should* remember the old Scandinavian mythus. Thor was the strongest of gods, but he could not wrestle with Time, nor so much as lift up a fold of the great snake which knit the universe together! and when he smote the Earth, though with his terrible mallet, it was but as if a leaf had fallen. Yet all the while it seemed to Thor that he had only been wrestling with an old woman, striving to lift a cat, and striking a stupid giant on the head.

And in old times, doubtless, the giants *were* stupid, and there was no better sport for the Sir Launcelots and Sir Gawains than to go about cutting off their great blundering heads with enchanted swords. But things have wonderfully changed. It is the giants, now-a-days, that have the science and the intelligence, while the chivalrous Don Quixotes of Conservatism still cumber themselves with the clumsy armour of a by-gone age. On whirls the restless globe through unsounded time, with its cities and its silences, its births and funerals, half light, half shade, but never wholly dark, and sure to swing round into the happy morning at last. With an involuntary smile, one sees Mr. Calhoun letting slip his pack-thread cable with a crooked pin at the end of it to anchor South Carolina upon the bank and shoal of the past.—H. W.]

TO MR. DUCKENHAM.

MR. EDITER, As i wuz kinder prumin round, in a little nussry sot out a year; or 2 a go, the Dbait in the sennit cum inter my mine An so i took & Sot it to, wut I call a nussry rime. I hev made sum onnable Gentlemun speak that dident speak in a Kind uv Poetikul lie sense the seeson is drafle backerd up This way

ewers as ushul

HOSEA BIGLOW.

"HERE we stan' on the Constitution, by thunder!

It's a fact o' wich ther's bushills o' proofs;

Fer'now could we trample on 't so, I wonder,

Eft worn't thet it 's ollers under our hoofs?"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—

“Human rights haint no more

Right to come on this floor,

No more 'n the man in the moon,” sez he,

‘The North haint no kind o’ bisness with nothin’,

An’ you’ve no idee how much bother it saves;”

We aint none riled by their frettin’ an’ frothin’,

We’re *used* to layin’ the string on our slaves,”

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—

Sez Mister Foote,

“I should like to shoot

The holl gang, by the gret horn spoon!” sez he.

“Freedom’s Keystone is Slavery, thet ther’s no doubt on,

It’ suthin’ thet’s—wha’d ye call it?—divine,—

An’ the slaves that we ollers *makes* the most out on

Air them north o’ Mason an’ Dixon’s line,”

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—

“Fer all thet,” sez Mangum,

“’T would be better to hang ‘em,

An’ so git red on ‘em soon,” sez he.

“The mass ough’ to labour an’ we lay on sofies,

Thet’s the reason I want to spread Freedom’s arce

It puts all the cunnigest on us in office,

An’ reelises our Maker’s orig’nal idee,”

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—

“Thet ’s ez plain,” sez Cass,

“Ez thet some one’s an ass,

It’s ez clear ez the sun is at noon,” sez he.

"Now don't go to say I'm the friend of oppression,
 But keep all your spare breath for coolin' your broth,
 Fer I ollers hev strove (at least thet's my impression)
 To make cussed free with the rights o' the North,"
 Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
 "Yes," sez Davis o' Miss.,
 "The perfection o' bliss
 'Is in skinnin' thet same old coon," sez he.

"Slavery's a thing that depends on complexion,
 It's God's law that fetters on black skins dex't chafe;
 Ef brains wuz to settle it (horrid reflection!)
 Wich of our ornable body 'd be safe?"
 Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
 Sez Mister Hannegan,
 Afore he began agin,
 "Thet exception is quite oppertoon," sez he.

"Gen'le Cass, Sir, you needn't be twitchin' your collar,
 Your merit's quite clear by the dut on your knees,
 At the North we dont' make no distinction o' colour;
 You can all take a lick at our shoes wen you please,"
 Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
 Sez Mister Jarnagin,
 "They wunt hev to larn agin,
 They all on 'em know the old toon," sez he.

"The slavery question aint no ways bewilderin'.
 North an' South hev one int'rest, it's plain to a glance;
 No'thern men, like us patriarchs, don't sell their childrin,
 But they *do* sell themselves, ef they git a good chance,"
 Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
 Sez Atherton here,
 "This is gittin' severe,
 I wish I could divt like a loon," sez he.

It'll break up the Union, this talk about freedom,
An' your fact'ry gals (soon ez we split) 'll make head,
An' gittin' some Miss chief 'or other to lead 'em,
'll go to work raisin' promiscuous Ned,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Yes, the North," sez Colquitt,
"Ef we Southerners all quit,
Would go down like a busted balloon," sez he.

"Jest look wut is doin', what annybody's brewin'
In the beautiful clime o' the olive and vine,
All the wise aristoxxy is tumblin' to ruin,
An' the sankylots drozin' an' drinkin' their wine,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Yes," sez Johnson, "in France
They're beginnin' to dance
Beelzebub's own rigadloon," sez he.

"The South's safe enough, it don't feel a mite skceery,
Our slaves in their darkness an' dut air tu blest
Not to welcome with proud hally lagers the cry
Wen our eagle licks yourn from the naytional nest,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"O," sez Westcott o' Florida,
"Wut treason is horridier
Then our priv'leges tryin' to proon?" sez he.

"It's 'coz they're so happy, thet, wen crazy sarpints
Stick their nose in our bizness, we git so darned riled
We think it's our duty to give pooty sharp hints,
That the last crumb of Edin on earth shan't be spiled."
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Ah," sez Dixon M. Lewis,
"It perfectly true is
Thet slavery's airth's grettest boon," sez he.

[It was said of old time, that riches have wings; and, though this be not applicable in a literal strictness to the wealth of our patriarchal brethren of the South, yet it is clear that their possessions have legs, and an unaccountable propensity for using them in a northerly direction. I marvel that the grand jury of Washington did not find a true bill against the "North Star" for aiding and abetting Drayton and Sayres. It would have been quite of a piece with the intelligence displayed by the South on other questions connected with slavery. I think that no ship of state was ever freighted with a more veritable Jonah than this same domestic institution of ours. Mephistopheles himself could not feign so bitterly, so satirically, and a sight as this of three millions of human beings crushed beyond help or hope by this one mighty argument—*Our fathers knew no better!* Nevertheless, it is the unavoidable destiny of Jonahs to be cast overboard sooner or later. Or shall we try the experiment of hiding our Jonah in a safe place, that none may lay hands on him to make jetsam of him? Let us then, with equal forethought and wisdom, lash ourselves to the anchor, and await, in pious confidence, the certain result. Perhaps our suspicious passenger is no Jonah after all, being black. For it is well known that a superintending Providence made a kind of sandwich of Ham and his descendants, to be devoured by the Caucasian race.

In God's name, let all who hear nearer and nearer the hungry moans of the storm and the growl of the breakers, speak out! But, alas! we have no right to interfere. If a man pluck an apple of mine, he shall be in danger of the justice; but if he steal my brother, I must be silent. Who says this? Our Constitution, consecrated by the callous sardony of sixty years, and grasped in triumphant argument in the left hand of him whose right hand clutches the clotted slave-whip. Justice, venerable with the undethronable majesty of countless æons, says,—*SPEAK!* The past, wise with the sorrows and desolation of ages from amid her shattered fanes and wolf-housing palaces, echoes,—*SPEAK!* Nature, through her thousand trumpets of freedom, her stars, her sunrises, her sets, her winds, her cataclysms, her mountains blue with cloudy pipes, blows jubilant encouragement, and cries,—*SPEAK!* From the soul's trembling abysses the still, small voice not vaguely murmurs,—*SPEAK!* But, alas! the Constitution and the Honourable Mr. Bagowind, M.C., say,—*BE DUMB!*

It occurs to me to suggest, as a topic of inquiry in this connection, whether, on that momentous occasion when the goats and the sheep shall be parted, the Constitution and the Honourable Mr. Bagowind, M.C., will be expected to take their places on the left as our hircine vicars.

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?*

There is a point where toleration sinks into sheer baseness and poltroonery. The toleration of the worst leads us to look on what is barely better as good.

enough, and to worship what is only moderately good. Woe to that man, or that nation, to whom mediocrity has become an ideal!

Has our experiment of self-government succeeded, if it barely manage to rub and go? Here, now, is a piece of barbarism which Christ and the nineteenth century say shall cease, and which Messrs. Smith, Brown, and others say shall *not* cease. I would by no means deny the eminent respectability of these gentlemen, but I confess, that, in such a wrestling-match, I cannot help having my fears for them. c.

Miseris justitiam, moniti, et non temere divos.

No. VI.

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

[At the special instance of Mr. Biglow, I preface the following with an extract from a sermon preached during the past summer, from Ezekiel xxxiv. 2:—"Son of man, prophecy against the shepherds of Israel." Since the Sabbath on which this discourse was delivered, the editor of the "Jaalun Independent Blunderbuss" has unaccountably absented himself from our house of worship.

"I know of no so responsible position as that of the public journalist. The editor of our day bears the same relation to his time that the clerk bore to the age before the invention of printing. Indeed, the position which he holds is that which the clergyman should hold even now. But the clergyman chooses to walk off to the extreme edge of the world, and to throw such seed as he has clear over into that darkness which he calls the Next Life. As if *next* did not mean *nearest*, and as if any life were nearer than that immediately present one which boils and bubbles all around him at the caucus, the ratification meeting, and the polls! Who taught him to exhort men to prepare for eternity, as for some future era of which the present forms no integral part? The furrow which Time is even now turning runs through the Everlasting, and in that must he plant, or nowhere. Yet he would fain believe and teach that we are *going* to have more of eternity than we have now. This *going* of his is like that of the auctioneer, on which *gone* follows before we have made up our minds to bid,—in which manner, not three months back, I lost an excellent copy of Chappelow on Job. So it has come to pass that the preacher, instead of being a living force, has faded into an emblematic figure at christenings, weddings, and funerals. Or, if he exercises any other function, it is as keeper and feeder of certain theologic dogmas, which, when occasion offers, he unkennels with a *staboy*! 'to hark and bibe as 't is their nature to,' whence that reproach of *odium theologicum* has arisen.

"Meanwhile, see what a pulpit the editor mounts daily, sometimes with a congregation of fifty thousand within reach of his voice, and never so much as a nodder, even, among them! And from what a Bible can he choose his text,—a Bible which needs no translation, and which no priestcraft can shut and clasp from the laity,—the open volume of the world, upon which, with a pen of sunshine or destroying fire, the inspired Present is even now writing the annals of Go! Methinks the editor who should understand

his calling, and be equal thereto, would truly deserve that title of *πασις λαός*, which Homer bestows upon princes. He would be the Moses of our nineteenth century, and whereas the old Sinai, silent now, is but a common mountain stared at by the elegant tourist and crawled over by the hammering geologist, he must find his tables of the new law here among factories and cities in this wilderness of Sin (Numbers xxxiii. 12) called Progress of Civilization, and be the captain of our Exodus into the Canaan of a truer social order.

"Nevertheless, our editor will not come so far within even the shadow of Sinai as Mahomet did, but chooses rather to con-true Moses by Joe Smith. He takes up the crook, not that the sheep may be fed, but that he may never want a warm woollen suit and a joint of mutton.

Immemor, O, Julei, precor, utque oblitus tuorum!

For which reason I would derive the name *editor*, not so much from *edo*, to publish, as from *edo*, to eat, that being the peculiar profession to which he esteems himself called. He blows up the flames of political discord for no other occasion than that he may thereby handily boil his own pot. I believe there are two thousand of these mutton-loving shepherds in the United States, and of these, how many have even the dimmest perception of their immense power, and the duties consequent thereon? Here and there, haply, one. Nine hundred and ninety-nine labour to impress upon the people the great principles of *Twocelledum*, and other nine hundred and ninety-nine preach with equal earnestness the gospel according to *Twocelledum*."—H. W.]

I du believe in Freedom's call;

Ez fur away ez Paris is;

I love to see her stick her claws

In them infarnal Pharisees;

It's wal enough agin a king

To dror resolves an' triggors,—

But libbaty's a kind o' thing

That don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want

A tax on teas an' coffees,

That nothin' aint extravygant—

Purvidin' I'm in office;

THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

Fer I hev loved my country sence
My eye-teeth filled their socket
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
Partic'arly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan
" O' levyin' the taxes,
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
I git jest wut I axes;
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
Because it kind o' rouses
The folks to vote—an' keeps us in
Our quiet custom-houses.

I du believe it's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions ;—
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.
Nine thousan' more fer outfit.
An' me to reconfriend a man
The placo 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
O' prayin' an' convartin';
'The bread comes back in many day
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin ;—
I mean in preyin' till one busts
On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff
Far 'lectionceers to spout on ;
The people's ollers soft enough
To make hard money out on ;

Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
 An' giv'es a good-sized junk to ali—
 I don't care *how* hard money is,
 Ez long ez mine's paid punctooat.

I du believe with all my soul
 In the gret Press's freedom,
 To pint the people to the goal
 Ap' in the traces lead 'em;
 Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
 At my fat contracts squintin',
 An' withered be the nose thet pokes
 Inter the gov'ment printin'!

I du believe thet I should give
 Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,
 Fer it's by him I move an' live,
 Frum him my bread an' cheese air;
 I du believe thet all o'me
 Doth bear his scuperscription—
 Will, conscience, honor, honesty,
 An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
 To him thet hez the grantin'
 O' jobs—in every thin' thet pays.
 But most of all in CANTIN';
 This doth my cup with marcies fill,
 This lays all thought o' sin to rest—
 I *don't* believe in princerple,
 But, O, I *du* in interest.

I *du* believe in bein' this
 Or thet, ez it may happen
 One way or t'other hendiest is
 To ketch the people nappin' ;

It aint by princerples nor men
 My preudent course is steadied—
 I scent wich pays the best, an' then
 Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
 Comes nat'ral tu a Presidunt,
 Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
 To hev a wal-broke preecedunt;
 Fer any office, small or gret,
 I could't ax with no face,
 Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
 Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wntever trash
 'll keep the people in blindness—
 Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
 Right inter brotherly kindness,
 Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
 Air good-will's strongest magnets,
 Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
 Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
 In Humberg generally,
 Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
 To hev a solid vally;
 This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
 In pasturs sweet heth led me,
 An' this'll keep the people green
 To feed ez they hov fed me.

[I subjoin here another passage from my before-mentioned discourse.

"Wonderful, to him that has eyes to see it rightly, is the newspaper
 To me, for example, sitting on the critical front bench of the pit, in my
 study here in Jaulam, the aspect of my weekly journal is as that of a
 strolling theatre, or rather of a puppet-show, on whose stage, narrow as it

is, the tragedy, comedy, and farce of life are played in little. Behold the whole huge earth sent to me hebdomadally in a brown-paper wrapper!

"Hitler, to my obscure corner, by wind or steam, on horseback or dromedary-back, in the pouch of the Indian runner, or clicking over the magnetic wires, troop all the famous performers from the four quarters of the globe. Looked at from a point of criticism, tiny puppets they seem all, as the editor sets up his booth upon my desk and officiates as showman. Now I can truly see how little and transitory is life. The earth appears almost as a drop of vinegar, on which the solar microscope of the imagination must be brought to bear in order to make out anything distinctly. That animalcule there, in the pea-jacket, is Louis Philippe, just landed on the coast of England. That other, in the gray surtout and cocked hat, is Napoleon Bonaparte Smith, assuring France that she need apprehend no interference from him in the present alarming juncture. At that spot where you seem to see a speck of something in motion, is an immense mass-meeting. Look sharper, and you will see a unite brandishing his mandibles in an excited manner. That is the great Mr. Soundso, defining his position amid tumultuous and irrepressible cheers. That infinitesimal creature, upon whom some score of others, as minute as he, are gazing in open-mouthed admiration, is a famous philosopher, expounding to a select audience their capacity for the Infinite. That scarce discernible puffet of smoke and dust is a revolution. That speck there is a reformer, just arranging the lever with which he is to move the world. And lo, there creeps forward the shadow of a skeleton that blows one breath between its grinning teeth, and all our distinguished actors are whisked off the slippery stage into the dark Beyond.

"Yes, the little show-box has its solemn suggestions. Now and then we catch a glimpse of a grim old man, who lays down a scythe and hour-glass in the corner while he shifts the scenes. There, too, in the dim background, a weird shape is ever delving. Sometimes he leans upon his mattock, and gazes, as a coach whirls by, hearing the newly-married on their wedding jaunt, or glances carelessly at a babe brought home from christening. Suddenly (for the scene grows larger and larger as we look) a bony hand snatches back a performer in the midst of his part, and him, whom yesterday two infinities (past and future) would not suffice, a handful of dust is enough to cover and silence for ever. Nay, we see the same fleshless fingers opening to clutch the showman himself, and guess, not without a shudder, that they are lying in wait for spectator also.

"Think of it: for three dollars a year I buy a season-ticket to this great Globe Theatre, for which God would write the dramas (only that we like farces, spectacles, and the tragedies of Apollyon better), whose scene-shifter is Time, and whose curtain is rung down by Death.

"Such thoughts will occur to me sometimes as I am tearing off the

wrapper of my newspaper. Then suddenly that otherwise too often vacant sheet becomes invested for me with a strange kind of awe. Look! deaths and marriages, notices of inventions, discoveries, and books, lists of promotions, of killed, wounded, and missing, news of fires, accidents, of sudden wealth and as sudden poverty:—I hold in my hand the ends of myriad invisible electric conductors, along which tremble the joys, sorrows, wrongs, triumphs, hopes, and despairs of as many men and women everywhere. So that upon that mood of mind which seems to isolate me from mankind as a spectator of their puppet-pranks, another supervenes, in which I feel that I, too, unknown and unheard of, am yet of some import to my fellows. For, through my newspaper here, do not families take pains to send me, an entire stranger, news of a death among them? Are not here two who would have me know of their marriage? And, strangest of all, is not this singular person anxious to have me informed that he has received a fresh supply of Dimitry Bruisgin? But to none of us does the Present (even if for a moment discerned as such) continue miraculous. We glance carelessly at the sunrise, and get used to Orion and the Pleiades. The wonder wears off, and to-morrow this sheet, in which a vision was let down to me from Heaven, shall be the wrappage to a bar of soap or the platter for a beggar's broken victuals."—H. W.]

No. VII.

A LETTER

FROM A CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY IN ANSWER TO SEVEN QUESTIONS PROPOSED BY MR. HOSEA BIGLOW, INCLOSED IN A NOTE FROM MR. BIGLOW TO S. H. GAY, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

[CURIOSITY may be said to be the quality which pre-eminently distinguishes and segregates man from the lower animals. As we trace the scale of animated nature downward, we find this faculty of the mind (as it may truly be called) diminished in the savage, and quite extinct in the brute. The first object which civilized man proposes to himself I take to be the finding out whatsoever he can concerning his neighbours. *Nihil humanum a me alienum puto*; I am curious about even John Smith. The desire next in strength to this (an opposite pole, indeed, of the same magnet) is that of communicating intelligence.

Men in general may be divided into the inquisitive and the communicative. To the first class belong Peeping Toms, eavesdroppers, navel-contemplating Brahmins, metaphysicians, travellers, Empedocleses, spies, the various societies for promoting Rhinohism, Columbuses, Yankees, discoverers, and men of science, who present themselves to the mind as so many marks of interrogation wandering up and down the world, or sitting in studies and laboratories. The second class I should again subdivide into four. In the first subdivision I would rank those who have an itch to tell us about themselves—as keepers of diaries, insignificant persons generally, Montaignes, Horace Walpoles, autobiographers, poets. The second includes those who are anxious to impart information concerning other people—as historians, barbers, and such. To the third belong those who labour to give us intelligence about nothing at all—as novelists, political orators, the large majority of authors, preachers, lecturers, and the like. In the fourth come those who are communicative from motives of public benevolence—as finders of marcs'-nests and bringers of ill news. Each of us two-legged fowls without feathers embraces all these subdivisions in himself to a greater or less degree, for none of us so much as lays an egg, or incubates a chalk one, but straightway the whole barnyard shall know it by our cackle or our cluck. *Unnibus hoc vitium est*. There are different grades in all these classes. One will turn his telescope towards a back-

yard, another towards Uranus; one will tell you that he dined with Smith, another that he supped with Plato. In one particular, all men may be considered as belonging to the first grand division, inasmuch as they all seem equally desirous of discovering the mote in their neighbour's eye.

To one or another of these species every human being may safely be referred. I think it beyond a peradventure that Jonah prosecuted some inquiries into the digestive apparatus of whales, and that Noah sealed up a letter in an empty bottle, that now in regard to him might not be wanting in case of the worst. They had also been super or subter human. I conceive, also, that, as there are certain persons who continually peep and pry at the key-hole of that mysterious door through which, sooner or later, we all make our exits, so there are doubtless ghosts sidgiting and fretting on the other side of it, because they have no means of conveying back to the world the scraps of news they have picked up. For there is an answer ready somewhere to every question, the great law of *give and take* runs through all nature, and if we see a hook, we may be sure that an eye is waiting for it. I read in every face I meet a standing advertisement of information wanted in regard to A. B., or that the friends of C. D. can hear of him by application to such a one.

It was to gratify the two great passions of asking and answering that epistolary correspondence was first invented. Letters (for by this usurped title epistles are now commonly known) are of several kinds. First, there are those which are not letters at all—as letters patent, letters dimissory, letters inclosing bills, letters of administration, Pliny's letters, letters of diplomacy, of Cato, of Meutor, of Lords Lyttleton, Chesterfield, and Orrery, of Jacob Behmen, Seneca (whom St. Jerome includes in his list of sacred writers), letters from abroad, from sons in college to their fathers, letters of marque, and letters generally, which are in no wise letters of mark. Second, are real letters, such as those of Gray, Cowper, Walpole, Howel, Lamb, the first letters from children (printed in staggering capitals), Letters from New York, letters of credit, and others, interesting for the sake of the writer or the thing written. I have read also letters from Europe by a gentleman named Pauto, containing some curious gossip, and which I hope to see collected for the benefit of the curious. There are, besides, letters addressed to posterity—as epitaphs, for example, written for their own monuments by monarchs, whereby we have lately become possessed of the names of several great conquerors and kings of kings, hitherto unheard of and still unpronounceable, but valuable to the student of the entirely dark ages. The letter which St. Peter sent to King Pepin in the year of grace 755 I would place in a class by itself, as also the letters of candidates, concerning which I shall dilate more fully in a note at the end of the following poem. At present, *sat prata biberunt*. Only, concerning the shape of letters, they are all either square or oblong, to

which general figures circular letters, and round-robins also conform themselves.—H. W.]

DEAR SIR its gut to be the fashun now to rite letters to the candid 8s and i-wus chose at a publick Meetin in J. laam to du wut wus nessary fur that town. i writ to 271 ginerals and gut anasers to 209. tha air called candid 8s but I don't see nothin candid about em. this here I wich I send was thought satty's factory. I dunno as it's usble to print Poscripts, but as all the anasers I got hed the saim, I sposed it wus best. times has gretly changed. Formaly to knock a man into a cocked hat wus to use him up, but now it ony gives him a chance fur the cheef malgustracy.—H. B.

DEAR SIR.—You wish to know my notions

On sartin pints that rile the land;
There's nothin' thet my natur so-shuns
Ez bein' mum or underhand;
I'm a straight-spoken kind o' creetur
Thet blurts right out wut's in his head,
An' ef I've one pecooler fetur,
It is a nose thet wunt be led.

So, to begin at the beginnin',
An' come directly to the pint,
I think the country's underpinnin'
Is some consid'ble out o' jint;
I aint agoin' to try your patience
By tellin' who done this or thet,
I don't make no insinooations,
I jist let on I smell a rat.

Thet is, I mean, it seems to me so,
But, ef the public think I'm wrong
I wunt deny but wut I be so—
An', fact, it don't smell very strong;

My mind 's tu fair to lose its balance,
 An' say wich party hez most sense;
 There may be folks o' greater talence
 Thet can't set stiddier on the fence.

I 'm an eclectic; ez to choosin'
 'Twixt this and thet, I 'm plaguy lawth;
 'I leave a side thet looks like losin',
 But (wile there 's doubt) I stick to both;
 I stan' upon the Constitution,
 Ez preudent statesmen say, who 've plan:
 A way to git the most profusion
 O' chances ez to *were* they 'll stand.

Ez fer the war, I go agin it—
 I mean to say I kind o' du—
 Thet is, I mean thet, bein' in it,
 The best way wuz to fight it thru;
 Not but wut abstract war is horrid,
 I sign to thet with all my heart;
 But civlyzation *does* git forrid
 Sometimes upon a powder-cart.

About thet darned Proviso matter
 I never hed a grain o' doubt,
 Nor I aint one my sense to scatter
 So 's no one could n't pick it out;
 My love fer North : n' South is equil,
 So I 'll jest answer plump an' frank,
 No matter wut may be the sequil—
 Yes, Sir, I *am* agin a Bank.

Ez to the answerin' o' questions,
 I 'm an off ox at bein' druv,
 Though I aint one thet ary test shunk
 'll give our folks a helpin' shove;

Kind o' promiscuous I go it
 Fer the holl country, an' the ground
 I take, ez nigh ez I can show it,
 Is pooty gen'ally all round.

I don't appruve o' givin' pledges ;
 You 'd ough' to leave a feller free,
 An' not go knockin' out the wedges
 To ketch his fingers in the tree ;
 Pledges air awfle broachy cattle
 Thet preudunt farmers don't turn out—
 Ez long 'z the people git their rattle,
 Wut is there fer 'm to groat about ?

Ez to the slaves, there 's no confusion
 In *my* idees consarnin' them—
 I think they air an Institution,
 A sort of—yes, jest so—ahem.
 Do I own any ? Of my merit
 On thet pint you yourself may jedge ;
 All is, I never drink no sperit,
 Nor I haint never signed no pledge.

Ez to my principles, I glory
 In hevin' nothin' o' the sort ;
 I aint a Whig, I aint a Tory,
 I'm jest a candidate, in short ;
 Thet 's fair an' square an' perpendicler
 But, ef the Public cares a fig
 To hev' me an' thin' in particler,
 Wy, I 'm a kind o' peri-wig.

P. S.

Ez, we 're a sort o' privateerin',
 O' course, you know, it's sheer and sheer,

An' there is suttthin' wuth your hearin'
 I 'll mention in *your* privit ear;
 Ef you git *me* inside the White House,
 Your head with ile I 'll kin' o' 'uint
 By gittin *you* inside the Light-house
 Down to the ecnd o' Jaalam Pint

An' ez the North hez took to brustlin'
 At bein' scrouged from off the roost,
 I 'll tell ye wut 'll save all tusslin'
 An' give our side a harnsome boost—
 Tell 'em thet on the Slavery question
 I'm RIGHT, although to speak I'm lawth.
 This gives you a safe pint to rest on,
 An' leaves me frontin' South by North.

[And now of epistles candidatial, which are of two kinds—namely, letters of acceptance, and letters definitive of position. Our republic, on the eve of an election, may safely enough be called a republic of letters. Epistolary composition becomes then an epidemic, which seizes one candidate after another, not seldom cutting short the thread of political life. It has come to such a pass, that a party dreads less the attacks of its opponents than a letter from its candidate. *Litera scripta manet*, and it will go hard if something bad cannot be made of it. General Harrison, it is well understood, was surrounded, during his candidacy, with the *cordon sanitaire* of a vigilance committee. No prisoner in Spielberg was ever more cautiously deprived of writing materials. The soot was scraped carefully from the chimney-places; outposts of expert rifle-shooters rendered it sure death for any goose (who came clad in feathers) to approach within a certain limited distance of North Bend; and all domestic fowls about the premises were reduced to the condition of Plato's original man. By these precautions the General was saved. *Parva componere magnis*, I remember, that, when party-spirit once ran high among my people, upon occasion of the choice of a new deacon, I, having my preferences, yet not caring too openly to express them, made use of an innocent fraud to bring about that result which I deemed most desirable. My stratagem was no other than the throwing a copy of the Complete Letter-Writer in the way of the candidate whom I wished to defeat. He caught the infection, and addressed a short note to his constituents, in which the opposite party detected so many and

so grave improprieties (he had modelled it upon the letter of a young lady accepting a proposal of marriage), that he not only lost his election, but, falling under a suspicion of Sabellianism, and I know not what (the widow Endive assured me that he was a Paralipomenon, to her certain knowledge), was forced to leave the town. Thus it is that the letter killeth.

The object which candidates propose to themselves in writing is to convey no meaning at all. And here is a quite unsuspected pitfall into which they successively plunge headlong. For it is precisely in such cryptographies that mankind are prone to seek for and find a wonderful amount and variety of significance. *Omne ignotum pro mirifico*. How do we admire at the antique world striving to crack those oracular nuts from Delphi, Hammon, and elsewhere, in only one of which can I so much as surmise that any kernel had ever lodged; that, namely, wherein Apollo confessed that he was mortal. One Didymus is, moreover, related to have written six thousand books on the single subject of grammar, a topic rendered only more tenebrous by the labours of his successors, and which seems still to possess an attraction for authors in proportion as they can make nothing of it. A singular loudstone for theologians, also, is the Beast in the Apocalypse, whereof, in the course of my studies, I have noted two hundred and three several interpretations, each lethal to all the rest. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*, yet I have myself ventured upon a two hundred and fourth, which I embodied in a discourse preached on occasion of the demise of the late usurper, Napoleon Bonaparte, and which quieted, in a large measure, the minds of my people. It is true that my views on this important point were ardently controverted by Mr. Shearjashub Holden, the then preceptor of our academy, and in other particulars a very deserving and sensible young man, though possessing a somewhat limited knowledge of the Greek tongue. But his heresy struck down no deep root, and, he having been lately removed by the hand of Providence, I had the satisfaction of reaffirming my cherished sentiments in a sermon preached upon the Lord's-day immediately succeeding his funeral. This might seem like taking an unfair advantage, did I not add that he had made provision in his last will (being celibate) for the publication of a posthumous tractate in support of his own dangerous opinions.

I know of nothing in our modern times which approaches so nearly to the ancient oracle as the letter of a Presidential candidate. Now, among the Greeks, the eating of beans was strictly forbidden to all such as had it in mind to consult those expert amphibologists, and this same prohibition on the part of Pythagoras to his disciples is understood to imply an abstinence from politics, beans having been used as ballots. That other explication, *quod videlicet sensus eo cibo obtundi existimaret*, though supported *pugnis et calibus* by many of the learned, was not wanting the

countenance of Cicero, is confuted by the larger experience of New England. On the whole, I think it safer to apply here the rule of interpretation which now generally obtains in regard to antique cosmogonies, myths, fables, proverbial expressions, and knotty points generally, which is, to find a common-sense meaning, and then select whatever can be imagined the most opposit^e thereto. In this way we arrive at the conclusion, that the Greeks objected to the questioning of candidates. And very properly, if, as I conceive, the chief point be not to discover what a person in that position is, or what he will do, but whether he can be elected. *Vos exemplaria Græca nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*

But, since an imitation of the Greeks in this particular (the asking of questions being one chief privilege of freemen) is hardly to be hoped for, and our candidates will answer, whether they are questioned or not, I would recommend that these ante-electionary dialogues should be carried on by symbols, as were the diplomatic correspondences of the Scythians and Macrobiani, or confined to the language of signs, like the famous interview of Panurge and Goatsnoot. A candidate might then convey a suitable reply to all committees of inquiry by closing one eye, or by presenting them with a phial of Egyptian darkness, to be speculated upon by their respective constituencies. These answers would be susceptible of whatever retrospective construction the exigencies of the political campaign might seem to demand, and the candidate could take his position on either side of the fence with entire consistency. Or, if letters must be written, profitable use might be made of the Dighton rock hieroglyphic or the cuneiform script, every fresh decipherer of which is enabled to educe a different meaning, whereby a sculptured stone or two supplies us, and will probably continue to supply posterity, with a very vast and various body of authentic history. For even the briefest epistle in the ordinary chirography is dangerous. There is scarce any style so compressed that superfluous words may not be detected in it. A severe critic might curtail that famous brevity of Cæsar's by two-thirds, drawing his pen through the supererogatory *veni* and *vidi*. Perhaps, after all, the surest footing of hope is to be found in the rapidly increasing tendency to demand less and less of qualification in candidates. Already have statesmanship, experience, and the possession (nay, the profession, even) of principles been rejected as superfluous, and may not the patriot reasonably hope that the ability to write will follow? At present there may be death in post-hooks as well as pots, the loop of a letter may suffice for a bow-string, and all the dreadful heresies of Anti-slavery may lurk in a flourish.—H. W.]

No. VIII.

A SECOND LETTER FROM B. SAWIN, ESQ.

[In the following epistle we behold Mr. Sawin returning, a *miles emeritus*, to the bosom of his family. *Quantum mutatus!* The good Father of us all had doubtless intrusted to the keeping of this child of his certain faculties of a constructive kind. He had put in him a share of that vital force, the nicest economy of every minute atom of which is necessary to the perfect development of Humanity. He had given him a brain and heart, and so had equipped his soul with the two strong wings of knowledge and love, whereby it can mount to hang its nest under the eaves of heaven. And this child, so dowered, he had entrusted to the keeping of his vicar, the State. How stands the account of that stewardship? The State, or Society (call her by what name you will), had taken no manner of thought of him till she saw him swept out into the street, the pitiful leavings of last night's debauch, with cigar ends, lemon-parings, tobacco-quids, slops, vile stenches, and the whole loathsome next-morning of the bar-room—an own child of the Almighty God! I remember him when he was brought to be christened, a ruddy, rugged babe; and now there he wallows, reeking, scething—the dead corpse, not of a man, but of a soul—a putrefying lump, horrible for the life that is in it. Comes the wind of heaven, that good Samaritan, and parts the hair upon his forehead, nor is to nice to kiss those parched, cracked lips; the morning opens upon him her eyes full of pitying sunshine, the sky yearns down to him—and there he lies fermenting. O sleep! let me not profane thy holy name by calling that stertorouse unconsciousness a slumber. By and by comes along the State, God's vicar. Does she say—"My poor, forlorn foster-child! Behold here a force which I will make dig and plant and build for me?" Not so, but—"Here is a recruit, ready-made to my hand, a piece of destroying energy lying unprofitably idle." So she claps an ugly grey suit on him, puts a musket in his grasp, and sends him off, with Gubernatorial and other godspeeds to do duty as a destroyer.

I made one of the crowd at the last Mechanics' Fair, and, with the rest, stood gazing in wonder at a perfect machine, with its soul of fire, its boiler-heart that sent the hot blood pulsing along the iron arteries, and its thwangs of steel. And while I was admiring the adaptation of means to end, the harmonious involutions of contrivances, and the never-bewildered complexity, I saw a grimed and greasy fellow, the imperious engine's

lackey and drudge, whose sole office was to let fall at intervals, a drop or two of oil upon a certain joint. Then my soul said within me, See there a piece of mechanism to which that other you marvel at is but as the rude first effort of a child—a force which not merely suffices to set a few wheels in motion, but which can send an impulse all through the infinite future—a contrivance, not for turning pins, or stitching button-holes, but for making Hamlets and Lears. And yet this thing of iron shall be housed, waited on, guarded from rust and dust, and it shall be a crime but so much as to scratch it with a pin; while the other, with its fire of God in it, shall be buffeted hither and thither, and finally sent carelessly a thousand miles to be the target for a Mexican cannon-ball. Unthrifty Mother State! My heart burned within me for pity and indignation, and I renewed this covenant with my own soul—*In aliis mansuetus ero, at, in blasphemis contra Christum, non ita.*—[H. W.]

I spose you wonder ware I be; I can't tell, for the soul o' me,
Exactly ware I be myself—meanin' by thet the holl o' me.

Wen I left hum, I hed two legs, an' they wor'n't bad ones
neither,

(The scaliest trick they ever played wuz bringin' on me hither),
Now one on 'em's I dunno ware;—they thought I wuz adyin',
An' sawed it off because they said 'twuz kin' o' mortifyin';

I'm willin' to believe it wuz, an' yit I don't see, nuther,
Wy one should take to feelin' cheap a'minut sooner 'n t'other,
Sence both wuz equilly to blame; but things is ez they be;
It took on so they took it off, an' thet 's enough for me:
There's one good thing, though, to be said about my wooden
new one—

The liquor can't git into it ez't used to in the true one;
So it saves drink; an' then, besides, a feller could n't beg
A gretter blis'n' then to hev one ollers sober peg;
It 's true a chap's in want o' two for foll'rin' a drum,
But all the march I'm up to now is jest to Kingdom Come.

I've lost one eye, but thet 's a loss it's easy to supply
Out o' the glory thet I've gut, fer thet is all my eye:
An' one is big enough, I guess, by diligently usin' it,
To see all I shall ever git by way o' pay for losin' it;

Officers, I notice, who git paid fer all our thumps an' kickins,
 Du wul by keepin' single eyes arter the fittest pickins;
 So, ez the eye's put fairly out, I'll larn to go without it,
 An' nct allow *myself* to be no gret put out about it.
 Now, le' me see, that is n't all; I used, ~~sfore~~ leavin' Jaalam,
 To count things on my finger-cends, but sutthin' seems to
 ail 'em:

Ware 's my left hand? O, darn it, yes, I recollect wut's come
 on 't;

I haint no left arm but my right, an' that 's gut jest a thumb
 on 't;

It aint so hendy ez it wuz to cal'late a sum on't.

I've hed some ribs broke—six (I b'lieve)—I haint kep' no
 account on 'em;

Wen pensions git to be the talk, I'll settle the amount on em.

An' now I'm speaking about ribs, it kin' o' brings to mind

One thet I could n't never break—the one I lef' behind;

Ef you should see her, jest clear out the spout o' your inven-
 tion,

An' pour the longest sweetnin' in about an annoal pension,

An' kin' o' hint (in case, you know, the critter should refuse
 to be

Consoled) I aint so 'xpensive now to keep ez wut I used to be;

There 's one arm less ditto one eye, an' then the leg thet 's
 wooden

Can be took off an' sot away wenever ther' 's a puddin'.

I spose you think I'm comin' back ez opperlunt ez thunder,
 With shiploads o' gold images an' varus sorts' o' plunder;
 Wal, 'fore I vullintced, I thought this country wuz a sort o'
 Canaan, a reg'lar Promised Land flowin' with rum an' water,
 Ware propaty grewed up like time, without no cultivation.
 An' gold wuz dug ez taters be among our Yankee nation, -

Ware nateral advantages were puffyly amazin',
 Ware every rock there wuz about with precious stuns wuz
 blazin',
 Ware mill-sites filled the country up ez thick ez you could
 cram 'em,
 An' desput rivers run about abeggin' folks to dam 'em;
 Then there werf meetinhouses, tu, chockful o' gold an' silver
 That you could take, an' no one could n't hand ye in no
 bill fer;—
 Thet 's wut I thought afore I went, thet 's wut them fellers
 told us
 Thet stayed to hum an' speechified an' to the buzzards
 sold us;
 I thought thet gold mines could be gut cheaper than china
 asters,
 An' see myself acomin' back like sixty Jacob Astors;
 But sech iders soon melted down an' did n't leave a grease-spot;
 I vow my holl sheer o' the spiles would n't come nigh a V
 spot;
 Although, most anywares wo've ben, you need n't break
 no locks,
 Nor run no kin' o' risks, to fill you pocket full 'o rocks.
 I guess I mentioned in my last some o' the nateral feeturs
 O' this all-fiered buggy hole in th' way o' awfle creeturs,
 But I fergut to name (new things to speak on so abounded)
 How one day you 'll most die o' thust, an' 'fore the next
 git drowned.
 The clymit seems to me jest like a teapot made o' pewter
 Our Prudence hed, thet would n't pour (all she could du)
 to suit her;
 Fust place the leaves 'ould choke the spout, so 's not a drop
 'ould drean out,
 Then Prude 'ould tip an' tip an' tip, till the holl kit bust
 ch an out,

The kiver-hinge-pin bein' lost, tea-leaves an' tea an' kiver
'ould all come dawn *Zerswosh!* ez though the dam broke in
a river. [weather,

Jest so 't is here; holl months therə aint a day o' rainy
An' jest ez th' officers 'ould be alayin' heads together
Ez t' how they'd mix their drink at such a milingtary deepot,—
'T 'ould pour ez though the lid wuz off the everlastin' scapot.
The cons'quence is, thet I shall take, wen I'm allowed to
leave here,

One piece o' propaty along,—an' thet 's the shakin' fever;
It 's reggilar employment, though, an' thet aint thought to
harm one,

Nor 't aint so tiresome ez it wuz with t' other leg an' arm on;
An' it 's a consolation, tu, although it does n't pay,
To hev it said you 're some gret shakes in any kin' o' way.
'T worn't very long, I tell ye wut, I thought o' fortin-
makin',—

One day a reg'lar shiver-de-freeze, an' next ez good ez
bakin',—

One day abrilin' in the sand, then smoth'rin' in the meshes,—
Git up all sound, be put to bed a mess o' hacks an' smashes,—
But then, thinks I, at any rate there's glory to be hed,—
Thet 's an investment, arter all, thet may n't turn out so bad;
But somehow, wen we 'd fit an' licked, I ollers found the
thanks

Gut kin' o' lodged afore they come ez low down ez the ranks;
The Gin'rails gut the biggest sheer, the Cunnles next, an'
so on,—

We never got a blasted mite o' glory ez I know on;
An' spose we hed, I wonder how you 're goin' to contrive its
Division so 's to give a piece to twenty thousand privits;
Ef you should multiply by ten the portion o' the brav'st one,
You would n't get more 'n half enough to speak of on a
grave-stun;

We git the licks,—we 're jest the grist thet 's put into
 War's hoppers ;
 Leftenants is the lowest grado thet helps pick up the coppers.
 It may suit folks thet go agin a body with a soul in 't,
 An' aint contented with a hide without a bagnet hole in 't ;
 But glory is f' kin' o' thing I shan't pursue no further,
 Coz thet 's the off'cer's parquisite,—yourn 's on'y jest the
 murder.

Wal, arter I gin glory up, thinks I at least there's one
 Thing in the bill we aint hed yit, and thet's the GLORIOUS FUN ;
 Ef once we git to Mexico, wo fairly may presume we
 All day an' night shall revel in the halls o' Montezumy.
 I 'll tell ye wut *my* revels wuz, an' see how you would
 like 'em ;

We never gut inside the hall : the nighest ever I come
 Wuz stan'in sentry in the sun (an', fact, it *seemed* a cent'ry)
 A ketchin' smells o' biled an' roast thet come out thru the
 entry,

An' hearin' ez I sweltered thru my' passes an' repasses,
 A rat-tat-too o' knives an' forks, a clinkty-clink o' glasses .
 I can't tell off the bill o' fare the Gin'ral hed inside ;
 All I know is, thet out o' doors a pair o' soles wuz fried,
 An' not a hundred miles away from ware this child wuz
 posted,

A Massachusetts citizen wuz baked an' biled an' roasted ;
 The on'y thing like revellin' thet ever come to me
 Wuz bein' routed out o' sleep by thet darned revelee.

They say the quarrel 's settled now ; fer my part I 've some
 doubt on 't,

T 'll take more fish-skin than folk think to take the rife
 clean out on 't ;

At any rate, I'm so used up I can't do no more fightin',
 The only chance that 's left to me is politics or writin';
 Now, ez the people's gut to hev a milingtary man,
 An' I aint nothin' else jest now, I've hit upon a plan;
 The can'idatin' line, you know, 'ould set me to a T,
 An' ef I lose, 't wunt hurt my ears to lodge another flea;
 So I'll set up ez can'idato fer any kin' o' office;
 (I mean fer any thet includes good easy-cheers an' soffies;
 Fer ez to runnin' fer a placo ware work's the time o' day,
 You know thet 's wut I never did,—except the other way;)
 Ef it 's the Presidential cheer fer which I'd better run,
 Wut two legs anywares about could keep up with my one?
 There, aint no kin' o' quality in can'idates, it's said,
 'So useful ez a wooden leg,—except a wooden head;
 There 's nothin' aint so poppylar—wy, it 's a perfect sin
 To think wut Mexico hez paid for Santy Anny's pin;
 Then I haint got no principles, an', sence I wuz knee-high,
 I never *did* have any gret, ez you can testify;
 I'm a decided peace-man, tu, an' go agin the war,—
 Fer now the holl on 't 's gone an' past, wut is there to go *for*?
 Ef, wilo you're 'lectioneerin' round, some curus chaps should
 beg

To know my views o' state affairs, jest answer **WOODEN LEG**!
 Ef they aint settisfied with thet, an' kin' o' pry an' doubt
 An' ax fer suthin' deffynit, jest say **ONE EYE PUT OUT**!
 Thet kin' o'talk I guess you 'll find 'll answer to a charm,
 An' wen you 're druv tu nigh the wall, holl up my missin' arm;
 Ef they should nose round fer a pledge, put on a vartuous look
 An' tell 'm thet 's percisely wut I never gin nor—took!

Then you can call me "Timbertoes,"—thet's wut the people
 likes;
 Suthin combinin' morril truth with phrases seah ez strikes;

Some say the people 's fond o' this, or thet, or wut you please,—
I tell ye wut the people want is jest correct idees ;

"Old Timbertocs," you see, 's a creed it 's safe to be quite
bold on,

There 's nothin' in 't the other side can any ways git hold on ;

It 's a good tangible idee, a sutthin' to embody

Thet valooable class o' men who look thru brandy-toddy ;

It gives a Party Platform, tu, jest level with the mind

Of all right-thinkin', honest folks thet mean to go it blind ;

Then there air other good hooraws to dror on ez you need 'em'

Sech ez the ONE-EYED SLARTERER the BLOODY BIRDOFREDUM ;

Them 's wut takes hold o' folks thet think, ez well ez o' the
masses,

An' makes you sartin o' the rid o' good men of all classes.

There 's one thing I 'm in doubt about ; in order to be
Presidunt,

It's absolutely ne'ssary to be a Southern residunt ;

The Constitution settles thet, an' also thet a feller

Must own a nigger o' some sort, jet black, or brown, or yellor.

Now I haint no objections agin particklar climes,

Nor agin ownin' anythin' (except the truth sometimes),

But, ez I haint no capital, up there among ye, may be,

You might raise funds enough fer me to buy a low-priced
baby,

An' then, to suit the No'thern folks, who feel obleeged to say

They hate an cuss the very thing they vote for every day,

Say you 'r assured I go fuli butt fer Libbaty's diffusion

An' made the purchis on'y jest to spite the Institootion ;—

But, golly ! there 's the currier's hoos upon the pavement
pawin' !

I'll be more 'xplicit in my next.

Yourn,

" BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN.

[We have now a tolerably fair chance of estimating how the balance-sheet stands between our returned volunteer and glory. Supposing the entries to be set down on both sides of the account in fractional parts of one hundred, we shall arrive at something like the following result:—

Cr.	B. SAWIN, Esq., in account with (BLANK) GLORY.	Dr.
By loss of one leg 20	To one 675th three cheers in Faneuil Hall 30	
„ do. one arm 15	„ do. do. on occasion of presentation of sword to Colonel Wright 25	
„ do. four fingers 5	„ one suit of grey clothes (ingeniously unbecoming) . 15	
„ do. one eye 10	„ musical entertainments (drum and fife six months) 5	
„ the breaking of six ribs . . 6	„ one dinner after return . . 1	
„ having served under Colonel Cushing one month . . 44	„ chance of pension . . . 1	
	„ privileges of drawing long-bow during rest of natural life 23	
		—
		100

E. E.

It would appear that Mr. Sawin found the actual feast curiously the reverse of the bill of fare advertised in Faneuil Hall and other places. His primary object seems to have been the making of his fortune. *Quarenda pecunia primum, virtus post nummos.* He hoisted sail for Eldorado, and shipwrecked on Point Tribulation. *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacra fames?* The speculation has sometimes crossed my mind, in that dreary interval of drought which intervenes between quarterly stipendiary showers, that Providence, by the creation of a money-tree, might have simplified wonderfully the sometimes perplexing problem of human life. We read of bread-trees, the butter for which lies ready-churned in Irish bogs. Milk-trees we are assured of in South America, and stout Sir John Hawkins testifies to water-trees in the Annaries. Boot-trees bear abundantly in Lynn and elsewhere; and I have seen, in the entries of the wealthy, hat-trees with a fair show of fruit. A family-tree I once cultivated myself, and found therefrom but a scanty yield, and that quite tasteless and innutritious. Of trees bearing men we are not without examples; as those in the park of Louis the Eleventh of France. Who has forgotten, moreover, that olive-tree, growing in the Athenian's back-garden, with its

strange uxorious crop, for the general propagation of which, as of a new and precious variety, the philosopher Diogenes, hitherto uninterested in arboriculture, was so zealous? In the *sylva* of our own Southern States, the females of my family have called my attention to the china-tree. Not to multiply examples, I will barely add to my list the birch-tree, in the smaller branches of which has been implanted so miraculous a virtue for communicating the Latin and Greek languages, and which may well, therefore be classed among the trees producing necessaries of life—*venerabile donum fatalis virga*. That money-trees existed in the golden age there want not prevalent reasons for our believing. For does not the old proverb, when it asserts that money does not grow on *every* bush, imply *a fortiori* that there were certain bushes which did produce it? Again, there is another ancient saw to the effect that money is the *root* of all evil. From which two analogies it may be safe to infer that the aforesaid species of tree first degenerated into a shrub, then absconded underground, and finally, in our iron age, vanished altogether. In favourable exposures it may be conjectured that a specimen or two survived to a great age, as in the garden of the Hesperides; and, indeed, what else could that tree in the Sixth Æneid have been, with a branch whereof the Trojan hero procured admission to a territory, for the entering of which money is a surer passport than to a certain other more profitable (too) foreign kingdom? Whether these speculations of mine have any force in them, or whether they will not rather, by most readers, be deemed impertinent to the matter in hand, is a question which I leave to the determination of an indulgent posterity. That there were, in more primitive and happier times, shops where money was sold, and that, too, on credit, and at a bargain, I take to be matter of demonstration. For what but a dealer in this article was that Ætolus who supplied Ulysses with motive power for his fleet in *bags*? What that Ericus, King of Sweden, who is said to have kept the winds in his cap? What, in more recent times, those Lapland Nornas who traded in favourable breezes? All which will appear the more clearly when we consider that, even to this day, *raising the wind* is proverbial for raising money, and that brokers and banks were invented by the Venetians at a later period.

And now for the improvement of this digression. I find a parallel to Mr. Sawin's fortune in an adventure of my own. For, shortly after I had first broached to myself the before-stated, natural-historical, and archæological theories, as I was passing, *hæc negotia penitus mecum revolvens*, through one of the obscure suburbs of our New England metropolis, my eye was attracted by these words upon a sign-board,—**CHEAP CASH-STORE**. Here was at once the confirmation of my speculations, and the substance of my hopes. Here lingered the fragment of a happier past, or stretched out the first tremulous organic filament of a more fortunate future. Thus glowed

the distant Mexico to the eyes of Sawin, as he looked through the dirty pane of the recruiting-office window, or speculated from the summit of that mirage-Pisgah which the Imps of the bottle are so cunning in raising up. Already had my Alnaschar-fancy (even during that first half-believing glance) expended in various useful directions the funds to be obtained by pledging the manuscript of a proposed volume of discourses. Already did a clock ornament the tower of the Jalaam meeting-house, a gift appropriately, but modestly, commemorated in the parish and town records, both, for now many years, kept by myself. Already had my son Seneca completed his course at the University. Whether, for the moment, we may not be considered as actually lording it over those Baratarias with the vicar-royalty of which Hope invests us, and whether we are ever so warmly housed as in our Spanish castles, would afford matter of argument. Enough that I found that sign-board to be no other than a bait to the trap of a decayed grocer. Nevertheless, I bought a pound of dates (getting short weight by reason of immense flights of harpy flies who pursued and lighted upon their prey even in the very scales), which purchase I made, not only with an eye to the little ones at home, but also as a figurative reproof of that too frequent habit of my mind, which, forgetting the due order of chronology, will often persuade me that the happy sceptre of Satan is stretched over this Astræa-forsaken nineteenth century.

Having glanced at the ledger of Glory under the title *Sawin, B.*, let us extend our investigations, and discover if that instructive volume does not contain some charges more personally interesting to ourselves. I think we should be more economical of our resources, did we thoroughly appreciate the fact, that, whenever Brother Jonathan seems to be thrusting his hand into his own pocket, he is, in fact, picking ours. I confess that the late *muck* which the country has been running has materially changed my views as to the best method of raising revenue. If by means of direct taxation, the bills for every extraordinary outlay were brought under our immediate eye, so that, like thrifty housekeepers, we could see where, and how fast the money was going, we should be less likely to commit extravagances. At present, these things are managed in such a lugger-mugger way, that we know not what we pay for; the poor man is charged as much as the rich; and, while we are saving and scrimping at the spigot, the government is drawing off at the bung. If we could know that a part of the money we expend for tea and coffee goes to buy powder and balls, and that it is Mexican blood which makes the clothes on our backs more costly, it would set some of us athinking. During the present fall, I have often pictured to myself a government official entering my study and handing me the following bill:—

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30, 1848,

REV. HOMER WILBUR to Uncle Samuel,

Dr.

To his share of work done in Mexico on partnership account,
sundry jobs as below.

„ killing, maiming, and wounding about 5000 Mexicans . . .	\$2 00
„ slaughtering one woman carrying water to wounded10
„ extra work on two different Sabbaths (one bombardment and one assault) whereby the Mexicans were prevented from defiling themselves with the idolatries of high mass	3.50
„ throwing an especially fortunate and Protestant bombshell into the cathedral at Vera Cruz, whereby several female Papists were slain at the altar50
„ his proportion of cash paid for conquered territory . . .	1.75
„ do. do. for conquering do.	1.50
„ measuring do. with new superior compass called "American Citizen"50
„ extending the area of freedom and Protestantism01
„ glory01

Immediate payment is requested.

\$9.87

N.B.—Thankful for former favours, U.S. requests a continuance of patronage. Orders executed with neatness and despatch. Terms as low as those of any other contractor for the same kind and style of work.

I can fancy the official answering my look of horror with, "Yes, sir, it looks like a high charge, sir; but in these days slaughtering is slaughtering." Verily, I would that every one understood that it was; for it goes about obtaining money under the false pretence of being glory. For me, I have an imagination which plays me uncomfortable tricks. It happens to me sometimes to see a slaughterer on his way home from his day's work, and forthwith my imagination puts a cocked-hat upon his head and epaulettes upon his shoulders, and sets him up as a candidate for the Presidency. So, also, on a recent public occasion, as the place assigned to the "Reverend Clergy" is just behind that of "Officers of the Army and Navy" in processions, it was my fortune to be seated at the dinner-table over against one of these respectable persons. He was arrayed as (out of his own profession) only kings, court-officers, and footmen are in Europe, and Indians in America. Now what does my over-officious imagination but set to work upon him, strip him of his gay livery, and present him to me coatless, his trowsers thrust into the tops of a pair of boots thick with clotted blood, and a basket on his arm, out of which lolled a gore-smear'd axe, thereby destroying my relish for the temporal mercies upon the board before me?—H. W.]

No IX.

A THIRD LETTER FROM B. SAWIN, Esq.

[UPON the following letter slender comment will be needful. In what river Selemnus has Mr. Sawin bathed, that he has become so swiftly oblivious of his former loves? From an ardent, and (as befits a soldier) confident wooer of that coy bride, the popular favor, we see him subside of a sudden into the (I trust not jilted) Cincinnatus, returning to his plough with a goodly sized branch of willow in his hand; figuratively returning, however, to a figurative plough, and from no profound affection for that honoured implement of husbandry, (for which, indeed, Mr. Sawin never displayed any decided predilection,) but in order to be gracefully summoned therefrom to more congenial labors. It would seem that the character of the ancient Dictator had become part of the recognised stock of our modern political comedy, though, as our term of office extends to a quadrennial length, the parallel is not so minutely exact as could be desired. It is sufficiently so, however, for purposes of scenic representation. An humble cottage (if built of logs the better) forms the Arcadian background of the stage. This rustic paradise is labelled Ashland, Jnalam, North Bend, Marshfield, Kinderhook, or Baton Rouge, as occasion demands. Before the door stands a something with one handle (the other painted in proper perspective), which represents in happy ideal vagueness, the plough. To this the defeated candidate rushes with delirious joy, welcomed as a father by appropriate groups of happy laborers, or from it the successful one is torn with difficulty sustained alone by a noble sense of public duty. Only I have observed, that, if the scene be laid at Baton Rouge or Ashland, the laborers are kept carefully in the background, and are heard to shout from behind the scenes in a singular tone resembling ululation, and accompanied by a sound not unlike vigorous clapping. This, however, may be artistically in keeping with the habits of the rustic population of those localities. The precise connection between agricultural pursuits and statesmanship I have not been able, after diligent inquiry, to discover. But, that my investigations may not be barren of all fruit, I will mention one curious statistical fact, which I consider thoroughly established, namely, that no real farmer ever attains practically beyond a seat in General Court, however theoretically qualified for more exalted station. •

It is probable that some other prospect has been opened to Mr. Sawin, and that he has not made this great sacrifice without some definite under-

standing in regard to a seat in the cabinet or a foreign mission. It may be supposed that we of Jaalam were not untouched by a feeling of villatic pride in beholding our townsman occupying so large a space in the public eye. And to me, deeply revolving the qualifications necessary to a candidate in these frugal times, those of Mr. S. seemed peculiarly adapted to a successful campaign. The loss of a leg, an arm, an eye, and four fingers, reduced him so nearly to the condition of a *vox et præterea nihil*, that I could think of nothing but the loss of his head by which his chance could have been bettered. But since he has chosen to balk our suffrages, we must content ourselves with what we can get, remembering *lartucas non esse dandas, æm cam dui sufficient.*—H. W.]

I SPOSE you recollect thet I explained my gennle views
 In the last billet thet I writ, 'way down from Veery Cruze,
 Jest arter I'd a kind o' ben spontaneously sot up
 To run unanimously fer the Presidential cup ;
 O' course it worn't no wish o' mine, 't wuz ferflicly distressin',
 But poppiler enthusiasm gut so almighty pressin'
 Thet, though like sixty all along I fumed an' fussed an' sorrered,
 There didn't seem no ways to stop their bringin' on me forrerd :
 Fact is, they udged the matter so, I couldn't help admittin'
 The Father o' his Country's shoes no feet but mine 'ould fit in,
 Besides the savin' o' the soles fer ages to succeed,
 Seein' thet with one wannut foot, a pair 'd be more 'n I need ;
 An', tell ye wut, them shoes 'll want a thund'rin' sight o'
 patchin',
 Ef this ere fashion is to last wo've gut into o' hatchin'
 A pair o' second Washingtcs fer every new election,—
 Though, fur ez number one 's consarned, I don't make no
 objection.

I wuz agoin' on to say thet wen at fust I saw
 The masses would stick to 't I wuz the Country's father-'n-law
 (They would ha' hed it *Father*, but I told 'em 't wouldn't du,
 Coz thet wuz sutt'in' of a sort they couldn't split in tu,

An' Washington hed hed the thing laid fairly to his door,
 Nor dars n't say 't worn't his'n, much ez sixty year afore,)
 But 't aint no matter ez to thet; wen I was nomernated,
 'T worn't natur but wut I should feel consid'able elated,
 An' wile the hooraw o' the thing wuz kind o' noo an' fresh
 I thought our ticket would ha' caired the country with a resh.
 Sence I've come hum, though, an' looked round, I think I seem
 to find

Strong argimunts ez thick ez fleas to make me change my minf;
 It's clear to any one whose brain ain't fur gone in a phthisis,
 Thet hail Columby's happy land is goin' thru a crisis,
 An' 't wouldn't noways du to hev the people's mind distracted
 • By bein' all to once by sev'ral pop'lar names attackted; [jaw,
 'T would save holl haycartloads o' fuss an' three four months o'
 Ef some illustrious paytriot should back out an' withdraw;
 So, ez I aint a crooked stick, jest like—like old (I swow,
 I dunno ez I know his name)—I'll go back to my plough.
 Now, 't aint no mor 'n is proper 'n' right in sech a sitooation
 To hint the course you think 'll be the savin' o' the nation;
 To funk right out o' p'lit'cal strife aint thought to be the thing,
 Without you deacon off the toon you want your folks should
 sing;

So I edvise the noomrous friends thet's in one boat with me
 To jest up killock, jam right down their hellum hard a lee,
 Haul the sheets taut, an', laying out upon th Suthun tack,
 Make fer the safest port they can, which, I think, is Ole Zack.

Next thing you'll want to know, I spose, wut argimunts I seem
 To see thet makes me think this ere 'll be the strongest team;
 Fust place, I've ben consid'ble round in bar-rooms an' saloons
 • Agethrin' public sentiment, 'mongst Demmercrats and Coons,
 An' 't aint ve'y often thet I meet a chap but wut goes in
 Fer Rough an' Ready, fair an' square, hufs, taller, horns, au
 skin;

I don't deny but wut, fer one, ez fur ez I could see,
 I didn't like at fust the Pheladelpy nomornee;
 I could ha' pinto to a man thet wuz, I guess, a peg
 Higher than him,—a soger, tu, an' with a wooden leg;
 But every day with more an' more o' Taylor zeal I'm burnin',
 Secin' wich way the tide that sets to office is aturnin';
 Wy into Bellers's we notched the votes down on three sticks,—
 'T wuz Birdofredum *one*, Cass *ought*, an' Taylor *twenty-six*,
 An', bein' the on'y canderdate thet wuz upon the ground,
 They said 't wuz no more 'n right thet I should pay the drinks
 all round:

Ef I 'd expected such a trick, I wouldn't ha' cut my foot
 By goin' an votin' for myself like a consumed coot;
 It didn't make no diff'rence, though; I wish I may be cust,
 Ef Bellers wuzn't slim enough to say he wouldn't trust!

Another pint thet influences the minds o' sober judges
 Is thet the Gin'ral hez n't gut tied hand an' foot with pledges;
 He hez n't told yo wut he is, an' so there aint no knowin'
 But wut he may turn out to be the best there is agoin';
 This, at the on'y spot thet pinched, the shoe directly eases,
 Coz every one is free to 'xpect precisely wut he pleases:
 I want free-trade; you don't; the Gin'ral is n't bound to
 neither;—

I vote my way; you, yourn; an' both air sox ted to a T
 there.

Ole Rough an' Ready, tu, 's a Wig, but without bein' ultry
 (He's like a holsomo hayinday, thet's warm, but is n't
 sultry);

He's jest wut I should call myself, a kin' o' *scratch*, ez't ware,
 Thet aint exacly all a wig nor wholly your own hair;
 I've ben a Wig three weeks myself, jest o' this mod'rate sort,
 An' don't find them an' Demmercrats so different ez I
 thought;

They both act pooty much alike, an' push, an' scrouge, an' cus;

They'ro like two pickpockets in league for Uncle Samwell's pus;

Each takes a side, an' then they squeeze the old man in between 'em,

Turn all his pockets wrong side out an' quick ez lightnin' clean 'em;

To nary one on 'em I'd trust a secon'-handed rail,
No furdur off 'an I could sling a bullock by the tail.

Webster sot matters right in thot air Mashiel' speecch o' his'n;—

“Taylor,” sez he, “ain't nary ways the one that I'd a chizzen,

Nor he aint fittin' fer the place, an' like ez not he aint

No more 'n a tough ole bullethead, an' no gret of a saint;

But then,” sez he, “obsarve my pint, hez jest ez good to vote fer

Ez though the greasin' on him worn't a thing to hire Choate fer;

Aint it ez easy done to drop a ballot in a box

Fer one ez 't fer t' othar, fer the bulldog ez the fox?”

It takes a mind like Dannel's, fact, ez big ez all ou' doors,

To find out thot it looks like rain arter it fairly pours;

I 'gree with him, it aint so dreffle troublesome to vote

Fer Taylor arter all,—it's jest to go an' change your coat;

When he 's once greased, you 'll swaller him an' never know on 't, source,

Unless he scratches, goin' down, with them air Gin'ral's spurs.

I 've ben a votin' Demmererat, ez reg'lar ez a clock,

But don't find goin' Taylor gives my narves no gret 'f a shock;

Truth is, the cutest leadin' Wigs, ever sence fust they found

Wich side the bread gut buttered on, hev been a edgin' round;

They kin' o' slipt the planks frum out th' ole platform one
by one

An' made it gradooally noo, 'fore folks know'd wut wuz done,
Till, fur 'z I know, there ain't an inch thet I could lay my
han' on,

But I, or any Demmcrerat, feels comf'table to stan' on,
An' ole Wig doctriincs act'lly look, their occ'panta bein' gone,
Lonesome ez staddles on a mash without no hayricks on.
I suppose it 's time now I should give my thoughts upon the
plan,

Thet chipped the shell at Buffalo, o' settin' up ole Van.
I used to vote fer Martin, but, I swan, I 'm clean disgusted,—
He aint the man thet I can say is fittin' to be trusted;
He ain't half antislav'y 'nough, nor I ain't sure, ez some be,
He 'd go in fer abolishin' the Deestrick o' Columby;
An', now I come to recollect, it kin' o' maks me sick 'z
A horse, to think o' wut he wuz in eighteen thirty-six.
An' then, another thing;—I guess, though mebbly I am
wrong,

This Buff'lo plaster aint agoin' to dror almighty strong;
Some folks, I know, hev gut th' idee thet No'thun dough 'll
rise,

Though, 'fore I see it riz an' baked, I wouldn't trust my
eyes;

'T will take more emptins, a long clalk, than this noo party's
gut,

To give sech heavy cakes ez them a start, I tell ye wut.

But even if they caird the day, there would n't be no
endurin'

To stand upon a platform with sech critters ez Van Buren;—
An' his son John, tu, I can't think how thet air chap should
dare

To speak ez he doos; wy, they say he used to cuss an'
'swear'

I spose he never read the hymn thet tells how down the stairs

A feller with long legs wuz throwed that would n't say his prayers.

This brings me to another pint: the leaders o' the party
Aint jest sech men ez I can act along with f'ree an' hearty;
They aint not quite respectable, an' wen a feller's niorrils
Don't toe the straightest kin' o' mark, wy, him and me jest
quarrils:

I went to a f'ree soil meetin' once, an' wut d' ye think I see?
A feller wuz aspoutin' there that ret'lly come to me,
About two year ago last spring as nigh ez I can jedge,
An' axed me ef I didn't want to sign the Temprunce pledge!
He 's one o' them thet goes about an' sez you hed n't
ough' to

Drink nothin', mornin', noon, or night, stronger 'an Taunton
water.

There's one rule I've ben guided by, in settlin' how to voto
ollers,—

I take the side thet *is* n't took by them consarned teetotallers.

Ez fer the niggers, I 've been South, an' thet hez changed
my mind;

A lazier, more ungrateful set you could n't nowers find.
You know I mentioned in my last thet I should buy a nigger,
Ef I could make a purchase at a pooty mod'rate figger;
So, ez there's nothin' in the world I'm fonder of 'an gunnin',
I closed a bargain finally to take a feller runnin'.

I shou'dered queen's-arm an' stumped out, and wen I come t'
th' swamp,

'T worl't very long afore I ght upon the nest o' Pomp;
I come acrost a kin' o' hut, an', playin' round the door,
Some little woolly-headed cubs, ez many 's six or more.

At fust I thought o' firin', but *think twice* is safest ollers ;
There aint, thinks I, not one on em' but's wuth his twenty
dollars,

Or would be, ef I hed 'em back into a Christian land—
How temptin' all on 'em' would look upon an auction-stand !
(Not but wut I hate slavery in th' abstract, stem to starn—
I leave it ware our fathers did, a privit State consarn.)
Soon'z they see me, they yelled an' run, but Pomp wuz out
ahooiin'

A leetle patch o' corn he hed, or else there aint no knowin'
He would n't ha' took a pop at me ; but I hed gut the start,
An' wen he looked, I vow he groaned ez though he'd broke his
heart ;

He done it like a wite man, tu, ez nat'ral ez a pictur,
The imp'dunt, pis'nous hypocrite ! wus 'an a boy constrictur.
' You can't gum me, I tell ye now, an' so you need n't try,
I 'xpect my eye-teeth every mail, so jest shet up," sez I.
" Don't go to actin' ugly now, or else I'll jest let strip,
You'd best draw kindly, seein' 'z how I've gut ye on the hip ;
Besides you darned ole fool, it aint no gret of a disaster
To be benev'lently druv back to a contented master,
Ware you hed Christian priv'ledges you don't seem quite
aware of,

Or you'd ha' never run away from bein' well took care of :
Ez fer kin' treatment, wy, he wuz so fond on ye, he said
He'd give a fifty spot* right out, to git ye, 'live or dead ;
Wite folks aint sot by half ez much ; 'member I run away,
Wen I wuz bound to Cap'n Jakes, to Mattysqumscot bay ;
Don' know him, likely ? Spose not ; wal, the mean ole codger
went

An' offered—wut reward, think ? Wal, it worn't no *less* 'n a
cent."

* A fifty-dollar "bill," or bank note.

Wal, I jest gut 'em into line, and druv 'em on afore me,
 The pis'nous brutes, I'd no idee o' the ill-will they bore me;
 We walked till som'ers about noon, an, then it grew so hot
 I thought it best to camp awile, so I chose out a spot
 Jest under a magnoly tree, an' there right down I sot;
 Then I unstrapped my wooden leg, coz it begun to chafe,
 An' laid it down jest by my side, supposin' all wuz safe;
 I made my darkies all set down around me in a ring,
 An' sot an' kin' o' ciphered up how much the lot would bring;
 But, wile I dranked the peaceful cup of a pure heart an' mind,
 (Mixed with some wiskey, now an' then), Pomp he snaked up
 behind,

- An', creepin' grad'lly close tu, ez quiet ez a mink,
 Jest grabbed my leg, and then pulled foot, quicker 'an you
 could wink,

An', come to look, they each on 'em hed gut behin' a tree,
 An' Pomp poked out the leg a piecco, jest so ez I could see,
 An' yelled to me to throw away my pistils an' my gun,
 Or else thet they'd cair off the leg an' fairly cut the run.

I vow I didn't b'lieve there wuz a decent alligator
 Thet hed a heart so destitoot o' common human natur;
 However, ez there worn't no help, I finally give in
 An' heft my arms away to git my leg safe back agin.

Pomp gathered all the weapins up, an' then he come an'
 grinned,

He showed his ivory some, I guess, an' sez, "You're fairly
 pinned;

Jest buckle on your leg agin, an' git right up an' come,
 'T wun't du fer fammierly men like me to be so long from hum."
 At fust I put my foot right down an' swore I wouldn't budge.

- "Jest ez you choose," sez he, quite cool, "either be shot or
 trudge."

So this black-hearted monster took an' act'lly druv me back
 Along the very feetmarks o' my happy mornin' track,

An' kep' mo pris'ner 'bout six months, an' worked me, tu, like
sin,

Till I hed gut his corn an' his Carliny taters in;
He made me larn him readin', tu (although the crittur saw
How much it hurt my morril sense to act agin the law),
So'st he could read a Bible he'd gut; an' axed ef I could pint
The North Star out; but there I put his nose some out o' jint,
For I weecied roun' about son'west, an', lookin' up a bit,
Picked out a middlin' shiny one an' tole him thet wuz it.
Fin'ly, he took me to the door, an', givin' me a kick,
Sez—"Ef you know wut's best fer yo, bo off, now, double-
quick;

The winter-timo's a-comin' on, an', though I gut ye cheap,
You're so darned lazy, I don't think you're hardly wuth your
keep;

Besides, the childrin's growin' up, an' you aint jest the model
I'd like to hev 'em immerstate, an' so you'd better toddle!"

Now is there any thin' on airth 'll ever prove to mo
Thet renegader slaves like him air fit fer bein' free?
D' you think they'll suck me in to jine the Bull'lo chaps, an'
them

Rank insidels thet go agin the Scriptor'l cus o' Shem?
Not by a jugfull! sooner'n thet, I'd go thru fire an' water;
Wen I hev once made up my mind, a meet'nhus ain't sotter;
No, not though all the crows thet flies to pick my bones wuz
cawin',—

I guess we're in a Christian land,

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN.

[Here, patient reader, we take leave of each other; I trust with some mutual satisfaction. I say *patient*, for I love not that kind which skims dippingly over the surface of the page, as swallows over a pool before rain. By such no pearls shall be gathered. But if no pearls there be (as, indeed, the world is not without example of books wherefrom the longest-winded diver shall bring up no more than his proper handful of mud), yet let us hope that an oyster or two may reward adequate perseverance. If neither pearls nor oysters, yet is patience itself a gem worth digging deeply for.

It may seem to some that too much space has been usurped by my own private lucubrations, and some may be fain to bring against me that old jest of him who preached all his hearers out of the meeting-house save only the sexton, who, remaining for yet a little space, from a sense of official duty, at last gave out also, and, presenting the keys, humbly requested our preacher to lock the doors when he should have wholly relieved himself of his testimony. I confess to a satisfaction in the self act of preaching, nor do I esteem a discourse to be wholly thrown away even upon a sleeping or unintelligent auditory. I cannot easily believe, that the Gospel of Saint John, which Jacques Cartier ordered to be read in the Latin tongue to the Canadian savages upon his first meeting with them, fell altogether upon stony ground. For the earnestness of the preacher is a sermon appreciable by dumbest intellects and most alien ears. In this wise did Episcopius convert many to his opinions, who yet understood not the language in which he discoursed. The chief thing is, that the messenger believe that he has an authentic message to deliver. For counterfeit messengers that mode of treatment which Father John de Plano Carpini relates to have prevailed among the Tartars would seem effectual, and, perhaps, deserved enough. For my own part, I may lay claim to so much of the spirit of martyrdom as would have led me to go into banishment with those clergymen whom Alphonso the Sixth of Portugal drove out of his kingdom for refusing to shorten their pulpit eloquence. It is possible, that having been invited into my brother Biglow's desk, I may have been too little scrupulous in using it for the venting of my own peculiar doctrines to a congregation drawn together in the expectation and with the desire of hearing him.

I am not wholly unconscious of a peculiarity of mental organization which impels me, like the railroad-engine with its train of cars, to run backward for a short distance in order to obtain a firmer start. I may compare myself to one fishing from the rocks when the sea runs high, who misinterpreting the suction of the under-tow for the biting of some larger fish, jerks suddenly, and finds that he has caught bottom, hauling in upon the end of his line a trail of various *algæ*, among which, nevertheless, the naturalist may haply find somewhat to repay the disappointment of the angler. Yet have I unconsciously endeavoured to adapt myself to the impatient temper of the age, daily degenerating more and more from the

high standard of our pristine New England. To the catalogue of lost arts I would mournfully add also that of listening to two-hour sermons. Surely we have been abridged into a race of pigmies. For, truly, in those of the old discourses yet subsisting to us, in print, the endless spinal column of divisions and subdivisions can be likened to nothing so exactly as to the vertebrae of the saurians, whence the theorist may conjecture a race of Anakim proportionate to the withstanding of these other monsters. I say Anakim rather than Nephelim, because there seem reasons for supposing that the race of those whose heads (though no giants) are constantly enveloped in clouds (which that name imports) will never become extinct. The attempt to vanquish the innumerable *heads* of one of these aforementioned discourses may supply us with a plausible interpretation of the second labour of Hercules, and his successful experiment with fire affords us a useful precedent.

But while I lament the degeneracy of the age in this regard, I cannot refuse to succumb to its influence. Looking out through my study-window I see Mr. Biglow at a distance busy in gathering his Baldwins, of which, to judge by the number of barrels lying about under the trees, his crop is more abundant than my own; by which sight I am admonished to turn to those orchards of the mind wherein my labours may be more prospered and apply myself diligently to the preparation of my next Sabbath's discourse.—H. W.]

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